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HOW PARENTS Go Wrong About CHILDREN

Many Err in the Selection of Careers for Their Sons and Daughters

By CONSTANCE WALLER

A charming woman whose husband is the owner of a large hotel was talking to me recently with great pride and affection about her son.

He is sixteen and at a public school.

"He'll leave when he's about seventeen," she said.

"And then what are you going to do with him?"

"Oh, the hotel business," she said immediately.

"DOES he want to?" I asked.

She was frank. "No. He hates it. He just isn't interested in anything to do with the hotel except building alterations. He wants to be an architect."

"He really is wonderfully clever at making drawings. Spends all his nights at them. He's done a few designs for a local builder, and he designed an extension to the hotel."

"Then why put him into the hotel business?" I said.

She shrugged slightly. "I suppose it's a pity, but you don't want the business to go out of the family. My husband's father was in it, and his father."

An urgent sympathy with the young man I shall never meet forced me to try to fight his battle. "But if you force him into a trade he doesn't like, his heart will not be in it, and he will never do it well. And architecture can be a fine profession. Why not let him do what he has a gift for?"

"H'm. But people tell me that except for a few at the top architects don't make much money."



"MONEY" spent on careers for girls is wasted—they only marry—is the common attitude.

This—as I thought—survival of a Victorian attitude so surprised me that I made inquiries—and found that it is quite common.

One man told me that his son wanted to be a naturalist. Since he was a tiny child he had a passion for nature.

He saved all his pennies to buy better and better cameras. He would sit for days in trees waiting for young birds to make their first flight, or lie on the wet grass to get pictures of frogs.

"What happened to him?" I said.

Another boy with a passion for the cinema—he used to give three-hour performances at home of his own films, with his own commentaries and his own music—was put into an office.

Into an office. Into an office.

Over and over again I heard it. Safety. I do not know of a single instance—do you?—where a father putting his son into a job has put him into anything except one of the so-called "safe" places. Most of the Civil Service men are "put" there by their fathers.

YET these fathers are the very same men who, if you catch them in a sentimental mood, will say:— "Ah, if I'd my time over again. If only I hadn't married, what I'd have done! I'm not saying anything against my wife—she's one of the best and I wouldn't be married to anybody else—but if I'd not been tied I'd have gone all over the world. I'd have chased my luck and done this and that and the other."

They'd have adventured. These are the men who are trying with all their power to tie their sons down to safety.

One boy couldn't be a naturalist, another couldn't go in for the cinema, and the other couldn't be an architect because, their parents said, there was no money in those things.

But what can money do more than buy happiness? Isn't the satisfaction of the spirit that comes from following the urge within one happiness?

"No," they chorused. "You can't be happy without money."

So if dustmen were paid more than doctors they would all make their sons dustmen?

Well, that's what they were saying.

"Getting On"

ON the other hand, there was the woman who told me that she is having her eight-year-old son given special chemistry lessons because he has shown himself exceptionally clever at chemistry and very fond of it.

I remarked that one man had told me his son wanted to be a chemist, but he had refused and put him into the Civil Service because "chemists don't make much."

"I hadn't thought of that," she said. "All I thought of was that Hugh has a gift for chemistry and I must help him to develop it."

That attitude, I think, is rather



THE BOY likes engineering. His parents would prefer him to take a "white collar" job. So the tug-of-war goes on in thousands of homes.

"I put him in the bank," said his father.

"Does he like it?"

"No. He isn't interested. But he's safe. He keeps up his nature study as a hobby."

And the further "on" a man is himself the keener is he that his son should follow in his footsteps. I know lots of miners, a gardener, a postman, a widowed charwoman who all sent their children to universities, not primarily so that the children could make money, but so that they could be equipped to find the best in life and in themselves.

rare. Parents are usually more concerned with their children "getting on" than with their fulfilling themselves.

And the further "on" a man is himself the keener is he that his son should follow in his footsteps. I know lots of miners, a gardener, a postman, a widowed charwoman who all sent their children to universities, not primarily so that the children could make money, but so that they could be equipped to find the best in life and in themselves.

Careers for Girls

GIRLS are still not treated as seriously as boys.

"MONEY SPENT ON GIRLS IS WASTED. THEY ONLY MARRY," IS A COMMON ATTITUDE.

The arguments—supposing she doesn't marry; supposing the marriage goes wrong; supposing the husband dies or falls on bad times, what is to happen to her then if she cannot earn her living; why, anyway, should she be forced to catch a man for her livelihood?—are so old that one feels embarrassed repeating them. But age has not brought them honor. The reasonable attitude is to consider the children's capacities and temperament and to try to do the best for them.

IF a child doesn't know what he wants to do, a trial at one or two things will usually show him what he doesn't want to do and give him an idea of what he would prefer.

It may be trying for the parents, especially if they are needing his help in the home.

But since it is obvious that anyone does something he likes better than something he doesn't like, it is surely worth a little waiting for the greater reward.

An old fireman told me how his parents wanted him to be apprenticed to engineering.

"I refused; absolutely refused," he said. "I wanted to go to sea. Well, I went. I roughed it at sea, and when I was old enough I joined the fire brigade because I fancied it. I was there twenty-eight years and have been retired fifteen years with a pension and a business house job."

"I often think how much better off I am than if I'd been an engineer."

"But there's my nephew, now. He wanted to be an engineer. Engineers' wages being what they are, his parents didn't want him to, but he insisted. He read books and he studied, and he's now an inspector in a big motor works."

"So he was right, too. It's a difficult problem, miss. It is. The only thing that's certain is that you mustn't force a child to do anything, or it won't do it well."

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Dorothy Welding.

Hebridean Song Exponent

MADAME SCOTIA, who sings

Hebridean songs to the accompaniment of a Celtic harp, recently broadcast from Melbourne in the course of a world tour, and intended giving recitals in Adelaide and Perth before returning to Scotland. Since her last visit to Australia, nine months ago, she has toured the East and New Zealand.

Originally a concert pianist, Mme. Scotia later turned her attention to collecting traditional Hebridean songs, and culled her collection from old people scattered through the countryside.



International Dog Judge

MR. GEORGE STEADMAN

THOMAS, who came from America to judge all but Australian breeds of dogs at the Royal Melbourne Show, judged his first show at Sheffield, England, in 1889.

Since then his services have been utilised at every large show in Britain. He has also judged in Germany, France, Holland and Belgium, and at every large show in America, Canada, Honolulu and Mexico. Last year he covered over 50,000 miles judging dogs in U.S.A. and Canada.



Gifted Australian

DOROTHY WHITE, G.R.S.M.

(London), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. White, of Pymble Sydney, first Australian graduate of Royal Schools of Music, London.

She won the gold medal for N.S.W. at the 7th grade examination of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, and was awarded the Emmeline M. Woolley Travelling Scholarship before going to London in 1934.

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CAKE THAT Won £100 PRIZE...

Final Winners in Our Great £500 Recipe Competition MELBOURNE WOMAN'S VICTORY

The £100 prize offered by The Australian Women's Weekly for a cake recipe has been won by Mrs. E. Frater, of Heller Street, West Brunswick, Melbourne, who submitted a delicious fruit cake recipe.

Judging of entries in the cake section of our £500 recipe competition has now been completed, and the full list of winners in this section is given on this page.

The second prize of £50 has been awarded to Mrs. A. Braddon, Huntley's Point Road, Gladesville, N.S.W., for a sponge sandwich recipe.

PRIZEWINNERS in three sections of the contest were published last week. These embraced the £50 winners and 150 consolation prizes of £1 each for economical dinners, puddings and sweets, jams, jellies, and preserves.

During the past week, cakes from recipes selected as finalists from over 30,000 cake entries were skillfully prepared and carefully baked. They were then tested and judged by a committee of cookery experts.

The £100 prize cake is rich, moist, and full-flavored. Its coloring is not obtained by artificial aids but is derived from its perfectly balanced ingredients. This applies also to its delicious flavor. Neither is it an expensive cake, for ingredients cost only 8/- and the cake weighs 7lb.

This cake will keep moist for months if wrapped in several thicknesses of greaseproof paper and kept in an airtight tin. You can make it now for a Christmas cake.

The second prize of £50 was awarded to a feather-light sponge sandwich, the well-balanced ingredients of which cost exactly 1/6.

This delicious sponge can be quickly and easily made at a minimum cost of time, labor, and money.

Following are the first and second prize recipes:

£100 for Cake Recipe

First Prize Awarded to
MRS. E. FRATER,
Heller Street, West Brunswick,
Melbourne, Vic.
CHRISTMAS CAKE

One pound butter, 1lb. sugar,
1lb. plain flour, 1lb. self raising

flour, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants,
1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. glace
cherries, 6oz. almonds, 2oz. citron
peel, 2 tablespoons orange mar-
malade, grated rind of 1 orange,
grated rind and juice of 1 lemon,
8 eggs, saltspoon salt, 1 cup
brandy.

Prepare fruit previous day. Blanch almonds, cut in two lengthwise. Shred citron peel and grate orange and lemon rind. Place all together in basin and pour over lemon juice and brandy. Cover closely till needed. Blend butter and sugar till quite smooth. Add eggs, one at a time, using a little of the weighed and sifted flour to prevent curdling. Add fruit, etc., and flour mixed with salt a little at a time. Have oven tin ready with 4-fold of white paper lining. Pour in mixture, hollow slightly, and bake very slowly 6 hours. When thoroughly cool, wrap well in greaseproof paper and leave for three weeks before cutting. Ice one week before cutting.

ICING: 1lb. icing sugar, 1lb. ground almonds, 1 egg yolk, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and water (or any flavoring liked).

Roll and sift icing sugar, and mix with almond meal. Add egg-yolk and lemon water. Keep it stiff and mead well. Roll out to fit cake, brush with white of egg. Brush all crumbs off cake, press icing gently upon it, and allow to stand 2 days before covering finally with royal icing, which is made as follows: Mix 1lb. icing sugar with a beaten egg-white, and add a squeeze of lemon juice. Make very stiff and spread on with a knife dipped in hot water.

Decorate according to taste.



A CAKE made from the recipe that won £100 prize.



THE RECIPE for this sponge sandwich won £50.

£50 for Cake Recipe

Second Prize Awarded to
MRS. A. BRADDON,
Huntley's Point Road,
Gladesville.

SPONGE SANDWICH

Four eggs, 1 level breakfast cup white sugar, 1 breakfast cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Separate whites and yolks of eggs. Whisk whites to a stiff froth, then add unbeaten yolks and beat together for 5 minutes. Add sugar gradually, beat well for 10 to 15 minutes. (A splendid idea is to beat eggs and sugar over a basin of hot water). Add flour, cornflour and cream of tartar (previously put through a sieve three times). Stir lightly. Have water and butter boiling, remove from fire, and add carb. soda. Stir this in quickly and evenly. Pour into well-buttered and floured tin. Bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes. Remove and cool. Fill, ice and decorate according to taste.

£1 Winners

Consolation Prizes of £1 each have been awarded to the following:—

Mrs. Joyce McGinley, Canning St., Warwick, Qld.
Mrs. E. B. White, Wonnaminia Station, Broken Hill, N.S.W.
Mrs. L. Carey, Rayer St., Avoca, Vic.
Mrs. E. Smith, Tyrone St., South Yarra, Vic.
Mrs. V. B. Jackson, Hosiers, Emu Bridge, Burra, S.A.
Miss Phyllis Baxter, Wilga Road, Bondi, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. H. Honeysett, All Crescent, Adelaide, Canberra, F.C.T.
Mrs. H. Baker, Maryland, Aston St., Rose Hill, N.S.W.
Miss E. McKinlay, Narran Station, via Charleville, Qld.
Miss E. Chambers, Seavall Crs., Glenelg, S.A.
Mrs. E. Viven, Clyde Rd., Berwick, Vic.
Mrs. L. W. Cousens, Gwyer, Tas.
Miss M. Richards, Starkey, Welsh St., Southport, Qld.
Mrs. A. Wright, Margaret St., Toowoomba, Qld.
Mrs. Bowen, Kite St., Orange, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. W. Scott, Barrer Rd., East Coburg, N.T. Vic.
Mrs. S. G. Barber, Rodney St., Woodville, S.A.
Mrs. A. J. Perkins, Marlborough St., Brighton, S.A.
Mrs. F. Fuzell, Telopes St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

NEW CIRCLE of Friends at Buckingham PALACE

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in England

Art and literature are finding favor at Court. King George and Queen Elizabeth are making more and more friends among the writers, musicians, artists and thinkers among their people.

THE King's daughters are growing up in an atmosphere of pleasant culture, where people like Edmund Brock, the portrait painter, Sir Henry Wood, the conductor, and Arnold Bax, the composer, are honored guests.

One of the Queen's greatest friends is her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Buccleuch. The Duchess is fond of country pursuits and she is also a knowledgeable judge of antiques, china, and glassware, in which the Queen takes as great an interest as does Queen Mary.

The Queen is intensely musical, and both her recently-appointed Ladies-in-Waiting, the Countess Spencer and Lady Katharine Seymour, are splendid pianists.

Just before the Court moved to Scotland, Mr. Osbert Sitwell, of the famous literary Sitwell family, spent a week-end at Royal Lodge, Windsor, and another frequent literary visitor is John Masefield, the Poet Laureate.

Lord and Lady Elphinstone are constant visitors to Court. Lady Elphinstone is the eldest sister of the Queen. Both she and her husband are studiously inclined, and are not at all society people in the accepted sense.

Their youngest daughter, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, is a cherished friend of the Princesses. She is, at

Next Week:

THE Australian Women's Weekly, by gracious permission of Their Majesties the King and Queen, will begin publication next week of an intimate and authentic study of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

This study of their life has been written by Lady Cynthia Asquith, and will be accompanied by snapshots of the children taken by the King himself.

It is an enchanting series about the daily life of the two most important little girls in the Empire. It is something every woman will enjoy reading.

the moment, their guest at The Cottage at Balmoral, and every morning the three little girls go riding together.

In the afternoons they have botany rambles, or on wet days gramophone concerts, and sometimes they go up to the Castle to see Mickey Mouse and historical films, shown in a room which has been converted into an ultra-modern cinema.

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JOY HOWARTH'S Own Full STORY

Australian Star Still Puzzled About Brent "WILL NOT MARRY AGAIN"

By Air Mail from Our New York Office—Exclusive

Joy Howarth is sure she will never marry again, because she "would always remember what happened once and be afraid it might happen again."

The young film actress, with the tumbled golden hair and the shy smile, is rather like a bewildered little girl suddenly plunged into a strange world.

SHE has been trying desperately, ever since her first and only romance went on the rocks, to find out what it is all about—and she still doesn't know.

It all began when Miss Worth, as Joy Howarth, came from Australia nine months ago to act for American films, and met George Brent, Irish actor.

"I was lonely," she said. "Everything was so strange and so different. I didn't care much for parties and all that sort of thing."

"And then I met Mr. Brent—and, for the first time, I believed I had

found someone who—well, every girl who believes she has met the right man will understand what I thought."

IN her Australian girlhood, Constance Worth had inevitably dreamed of romance and marriage—of a church wedding with all its stately beauty, a white veil and a wedding gown, a honeymoon, a home to be built together.

She shook her head helplessly.

"Of course, all that doesn't really matter. A real marriage can happen anywhere, under any circumstances. I don't blame that for what happened. I don't blame Hollywood."

Instead of the wedding of which Constance Worth had dreamed, there

What Brent Said

WHEN George Brent married Constance Worth (Joy Howarth) a lot of people remembered that less than a couple of years ago George, discussing women, made two definite statements: "I'll never marry until my contract in movies is completed in 1942. I'll never marry a Hollywood actress."

George, however, was smart enough to add: "But love may come—and love has made a liar out of more men than me."

was a hurried dash across the border to Tia Juana on May 10, a ceremony that lacked any semblance of formality, a rush back to work.

"Mr. Brent suggested Tia Juana because he didn't want all the publicity that a Hollywood wedding means," she said. "Reporters and photographers, and people crowding around. And neither did I."

All she knew about Tia Juana was that it was somewhere just across the line in Mexico, where a couple could be married without delay.

Nothing about the wedding—except that she was marrying the man of her choice—was like Constance Worth's dreams.

Her family couldn't be there. Most



AUSTRALIA'S Joy Howarth and Hollywood's George Brent, snapped after their courtship had led to marriage.

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New Contract for Joy?

A LEADING film gossip writer for a Los Angeles paper makes the following comment about Joy Howarth's chances of securing a good film contract:

It won't be too surprising if R.K.O. pulls a very smart move and resigns Constance Worth Brent on another contract. The blonde girl from Australia made a big hit with the "Court fans," who stormed the court-room to hear the annulment suit filed by George Brent.

Newspaper columnists were surprised at the amount of fan mail extolling Constance to the skies, how pretty and nice she seemed and so on.

But here is the pay off: Hear tell that several studios sent "talent scouts" down to the proceedings to watch her going through a real life test of tears and drama as hectic as anything written for the screen.

Miss Worth's R.K.O. contract was allowed to lapse following her marriage to Brent, but the gossip is they'd be glad to get her back if another major studio hasn't already nabbed her.

haven't so much to start with; if they can't have, right away, the home or the car or the trip they want.

"There's something then for them to plan and work for and dream of together. It means more, when it comes. It's dangerous, when things come too easily.

"Even," she said, "such an everyday matter as Christmas or birthday gifts.

"I couldn't even think of anything that Mr. Brent didn't have that I could give him for a wedding present."

She thought of something at last, but what it was she won't tell.

"Just a little personal thing."

"Will Never Marry"

MISS WORTH is sure that she never will marry again.

"Yes, I know that I might meet someone else, some day; that I might even think that this time it would last.

"But I feel now that there would always be the little cold chill of uncertainty; that I would always remember what happened once, and be afraid it might happen again."

Other people in Hollywood marry and divorce, and marry again—but she doesn't feel that way.

"I wish I could be casual and hard, and even bitter about it," she said. "I see other girls whose romances have gone to bits, and they don't seem to care—or, at least, they don't show it. I meet people who have been married two, three, even four times, and they seem to be so matter-of-fact and unconcerned about it. It doesn't seem to mean anything in their lives.

"Perhaps I'm different. Perhaps I'm too sentimental. All I know is that I don't understand what it's all about—and it hurts."

of them were still in Australia. Her mother couldn't cross the border because she is here on a visitor's permit.

Bride and bridegroom had to hurry away from location, stealing time to rush to Tia Juana and back again. That same night, the bride had to return to work. And when she was free at last, the bridegroom was sent off on location. They had just four days together.

And, to cap it all, Miss Worth was injured in a studio accident and spent many days in a hospital.

A Nightmare

THEN came the thing that has the girl from Australia dazed and wondering. Brent filed suit for annulment, asserting that the Mexican marriage was illegal because Mexican legal requirements as to witnesses and residence were not met.

"Why? Why that?" she asks. "If you love someone, or believe you do—and then find that you really don't—I can understand separation and divorce, even though divorce in Australia is a much more serious matter than it seems to be in America.

"But, suddenly to be told that you aren't married and never have been married—that I can't understand."

So she sat through court-room sessions and listened to witnesses and took the stand herself, wondering what it was all about.

She is trying to be philosophical about it all, deliberately trying to harden herself.

"It seems like a dream—a bad dream," she said. "I'm trying to protect myself against it, the way you do against a nightmare."

"Sometimes I wish that I could be bitter and cynical. Things don't hurt so much when you can laugh at them. But I can't. Perhaps I'm too sentimental, but I can't crush my ideals. They keep coming to life."

BIT by bit, she is putting together a picture of Hollywood and Hollywood's ideas of romance.

"Not that Hollywood is to blame for everything," she said. "There are happy marriages here—many of them. But it's a queer place, a strange place, a hard place to understand. It isn't like anywhere else in the world.

"Perhaps one trouble is that in Hollywood you have so much already. Take a man or a woman who is successful, and there is so little that one can give. Hollywood success isn't like success anywhere else. It's more intensely personal and self-centred. Admiration goes with it—even adoration.

"Suppose a man in some other field wins some little success; a promotion, a raise in salary, anything. Isn't it his wife's praise, his wife's happiness that is the first to meet him?

Penalty of Fame

"BUT a Hollywood actor who is successful is surrounded by people who praise him and flatter him, sometimes even before his wife has a chance to speak. You can't blame them. You can't blame Hollywood. It just happens that way.

"There's a better outlook for happiness when a man and a woman

FOR Love of a LADY

Two men
and a maid.
An old plot
...but this one was complicated
because these men loved each
other like brothers



WHEN Matt Corbin reached the little hollow in the bad-lands, he peered through the hot Arizona sun-glare, to find Big Jeff Randolph already waiting—a dogged, glowing Jeff, straddling his bay mare in the shade of some cottonwoods. Matt, too, drew rein on the hollow's rim, fifty feet from Big Jeff; and for a while they studied each other grimly, in silence; both of them as tense and hostile as if the girl still stood between them. Their hands rested stiffly on the saddle-horns, neither of them yet venturing a move toward the Colt in his holster.

As in every other serious dispute which divides men one against the other, there was a girl in the case.

Marcella was beautiful, more beautiful than any other girl Jeff knew. The trouble was that his friend, Matt, felt exactly the same way about Marcella. There had been quarrels—hard words—and friendship, the friendship which had begun in childhood, had been strained beyond endurance.

"Well?" Big Jeff's challenging voice finally cracked across the hollow like a shot. "What in thunder we waitin' for? Seems to me the quicker we get it over with, the better!"

"Right," Matt tersely agreed. He swung out of his creaking saddle. His heart thudded abnormally, and a strange dryness irritated his mouth. Over his shoulder he called, "How we goin' to work it?"

He didn't like the way Jeff was going about things, that suppressed ferocity that was so much a part

of the hollow. Their sombreros shaded faces that were drawn and a little haggard, eyes that were secretly frightened.

Matt thought again of the girl—black-haired, full-breasted, luscious of mouth—over whom they were about to fight. The very vision of her set his heart to throbbing. He had never known anybody else like Marcella. Merely to be near her was like drinking hot Mexican wine. And only a few hours ago, in San Marese, he had crushed her against himself and had kissed her until his stifled breath had ached in pounding lungs, until his eyes had become wild with desire. He wanted her now with a hunger beyond all reason. And if Jeff, too, loved her and bitterly insisted on fighting for possession of the girl, "Hang hi!" Matt grated to himself. "She's worth fighting for—even with him!"

But why would other things intrude on his mind? The day Jeff hauled him out of the river—the flooded river which had swept his horse away and left him struggling helpless in the stream—

it was Jeff again who helped him out of the desert when tired of cow-punching they went prospecting for gold together. Still busy with his thoughts, he reached the sandy bottom of the hollow.

QUEER, he thought as he advanced, that he and Jeff should be ending things this way. He and Jeff, who had been riding range together for seven years. Who had until now been gaily willing to share everything—except Marcella. Yes, it was queer to end up like this. It wouldn't be easy to kill Big Jeff Randolph. If it had been any other man . . . They met at last in the centre of the hollow; and as they halted the frowning Jeff bluntly demanded: "Ready?"

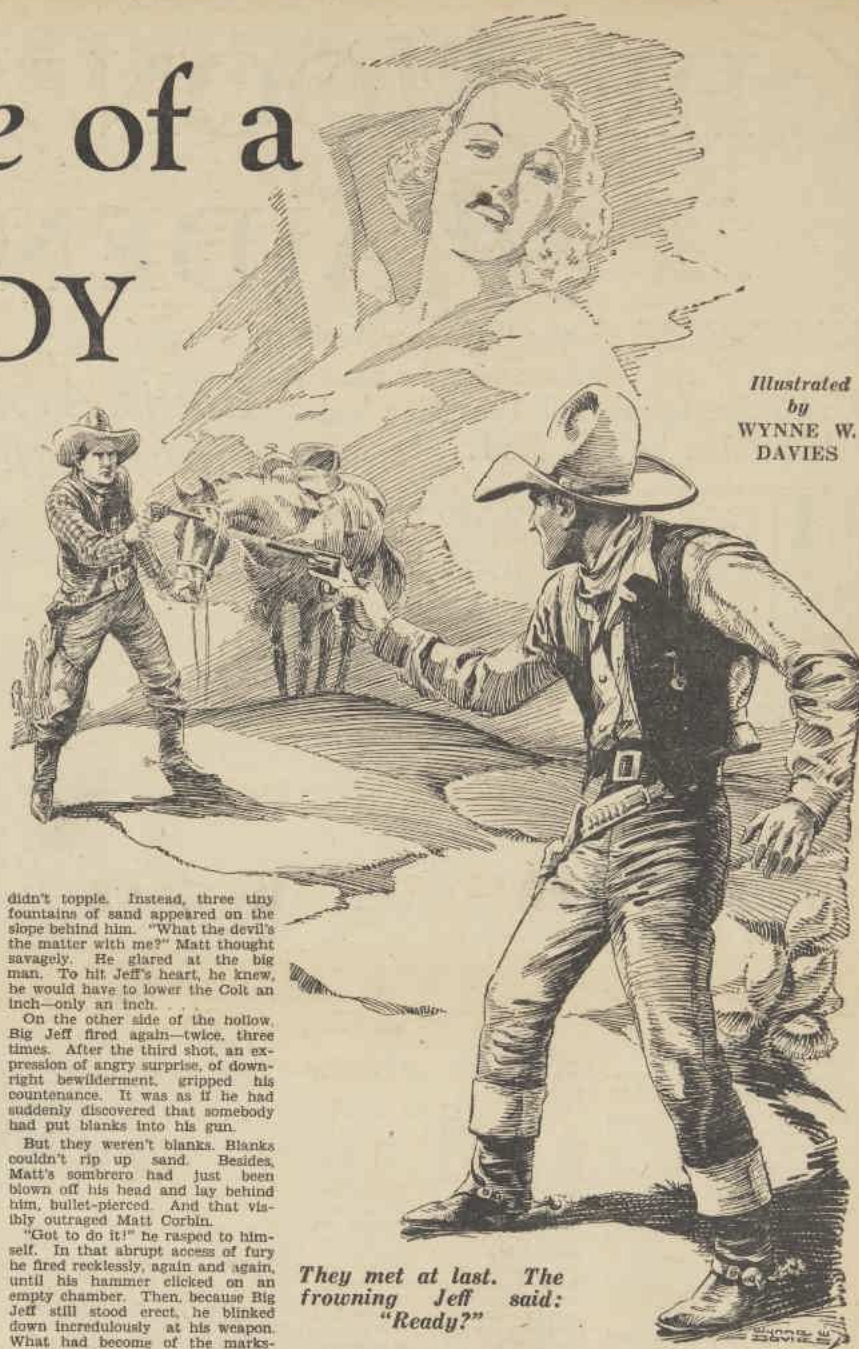
"Sure."

"Well, then—" Deliberately Jeff turned his back. Matt sucked in a heavy breath. He swung around, too, and let his hand settle on the holstered Colt. His face was quite white now, and a pulse thumped crazily in his neck. Yes, if only it were anybody but Big Jeff! The inexorable voice behind him rapped out: "Let's go!"

Mechanically, rigidly, Matt Corbin found himself marching away from that familiar broad back. Some tabulator in a corner of his brain counted off the strides. The rest of his mind was desperately re-creating images of the glowing, sinuous Marcella and her radiant smile; of the Big Jeff he had known before her advent—the hearty, grinning, genial Jeff with whom he'd ridden range; the Jeff for whom, two weeks ago, he'd gladly have fought wild cats.

Eight paces—nine—ten . . . Matt heard a shot. A bullet whined beside his ear. As he whirled around he snatched his own Colt from its holster. His eyes flamed, and he crushed his breath. He knew he had to kill now or be killed. This was no time for sentimental memories. Sixty feet away, Big Jeff stood, with his massive head lowered, his eyes dangerously narrowed, another jet of fire spurting from his hip. On the second shot, Matt saw a sear of sand leap up beside his left heel.

His own gun cracked. It blazed three times in rapid succession. Its sounds beat upon his ear-drums. Yet, incomprehensibly, Big Jeff



Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

didn't topple. Instead, three tiny fountains of sand appeared on the slope behind him. "What the devil's the matter with me?" Matt thought savagely. He glared at the big man. To hit Jeff's heart, he knew, he would have to lower the Colt an inch—only an inch.

On the other side of the hollow, Big Jeff fired again—twice, three times. After the third shot, an expression of angry surprise, of downright bewilderment, gripped his countenance. It was as if he had suddenly discovered that somebody had put blanks into his gun.

But they weren't blanks. Blanks couldn't rip up sand. Besides, Matt's sombrero had just been blown off his head and lay behind him, bullet-pierced. And that visibly outraged Matt Corbin.

"Got to do it!" he rasped to himself. In that abrupt access of fury he fired recklessly, again and again, until his hammer clicked on an empty chamber. Then, because Big Jeff still stood erect, he blinked down incredulously at his weapon. What had become of the marksmanship of which he'd always been so proud? Why couldn't he hit so easy a target? . . . Dazedly he lifted his head, and his lips quivered.

"Go on!" he cried, on a gust of harshness. "You still got another slug left! Get it over with!"

Big Jeff grinned maliciously, like a coyote, as if he had been waiting for this opportunity. Carefully he raised his gun. Shutting one eye, he aimed at Matt's thundering chest. He fired.

The bullet flung up yellow sand far behind Matt.

"What in thunder!" blurted Big Jeff, and gaped at his Colt as though it had betrayed him. There

They met at last. The frowning Jeff said: "Ready?"

A second they regarded each other uncertainly. Then, without uttering another word, Matt suddenly turned and went back to his horse. True, nothing had been settled. But it was over, and he was glad. Marcella? They could talk about her later.

Mounted again, he saw that Big Jeff, too, had climbed into his saddle. They both reloaded their guns with slow, precise movements, with inordinate care; and when it was done they exchanged another doubtful glance. The hollow lay expectantly hushed, waiting for them to shoot again. But somewhere in the cotton-woods a bird chirped. And at that, strangely

So they set off together for San Marese, fifteen miles away. Big Jeff softly whistling, and Matt contentedly smiling. It was good to ride through the hot sunshine together. It was good to try for a time not to think of Marcella. How could they foresee that within a week she'd depart from San Marese with a gay young gambler from St. Louis? . . . They rode on in easy, companionable silence.

It was the easy, companionable silence they both knew and understood—a silence of men together who have little use for meaningless words; the silence of mates.

They were both thinking of Marcella. Funny how a girl can cause such ructions. Funny, too, that they both should have fallen for the one girl. It wasn't much fun, this love business. Made you forget everything but a woman's laughing eyes. Marcella was a nice girl—but you can carry this love-making too far. Jeff laughed a little shakily, and Matt, after a quick glance at his companion, chimed in. They moved leisurely towards their destination.

It was half-way to town that they saw the jack-rabbit streaking through the short grass—a fleet, leaping, racing tuft of white, almost a hundred feet away. And because both of them were hungry and savored an excellent meal over which to celebrate the outcome of the duel, they promptly drew guns and fired.

The jack-rabbit jumped high and fell over on its back, two bullet holes in its head.

(Copyright.)

PRIVATE WORLD

*I should be up and heading
The voice of the white road
pleading,
And answer a tall ship's cry
To follow where cities lie,
Exotic, glamorous, curled
In the lap of another world.
Had I no world detaining
Me always: a world contain-
ing
Your voice like none, and the
charm
Of your slow smile, and your
warm
Handclasp, and your look, and
above
And around and within me
your love.*

—E. V. Emsan.

of him when serious things were afoot. Well, mate or no mate, he wasn't going to get Marcella. The only way was to fight it out.

"Usual way!" Big Jeff, easing his tremendous young bulk to the ground, nodded to the bottom of the hollow. "I'll meet you, back to back, down there. We'll each pace off ten steps, turn, and blaze away till one of us drops. That'll give us six shots apiece—if we last that long. Reckon that's fair enough, ain't it?"

"Fair enough," quietly assented Matt.

Simultaneously, without haste, yet each watching the other with eagle-like caution, they descended the sandy slopes from opposite sides of

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

was silence in the hollow. Stunned silence. Hot silence. It continued until, finally, Matt Corbin observed in a parched, rattling tone: "Kind of looks like a draw, Jeff."

It was too ridiculous, thought Matt. The best shots in the country performing like a couple of novices. He was glad that there were no friends about to see the sorry exhibition. He prayed that Marcella should never hear of it.

He knew Big Jeff could suggest reloading the Colts and resuming the duel. After all, nothing had been settled. There was still Marcella to remember. So he waited anxiously, his nerves twanging. But after a time the big man, still staring at his gun in wonder, heavily conceded: "Yeah, Matt. Reckon she does shape up like a draw."

enough, Big Jeff ventured a sheepish little grin.

"Do we shake, maybe, and ride back together?" he asked.

The words brought Matt Corbin a surge of relief that was like joy. He answered something indistinguishable, throaty, and for the moment even Marcella didn't matter. He sent his horse loping around the hollow's rim until, grinning, he could lean out of the saddle to clasp Big Jeff's hand.

"You ain't much of a shot, Jeff," he chuckled.

"I ain't any worse than you, Matt."

They both laughed, a bit guiltily, and Matt nodded towards the distant horizon. "Reckon," he said, "we might as well head for home, huh?"

"Reckon."

THE MOON MAIDEN

SOMEWHERE in the impenetrable forests of the Amazon was the man that Sandra loved, and Tresidder had told her that he was dead...

By

Louis Arthur Cunningham



TRESIDDER lounged deep in a soft chair in the club smoking-room, puffed a good Havana, sipped real whisky and soda, listened to the luring, bewitching beat of the dance music, watched the bright gowns of lovely women flit kaleidoscopically past the distant door—and wished he was back in the jungle.

Tresidder looked amusedly at the fine black broadcloth of his sleeve, at the white of his cuff, at the gold of the scorpion-link, at the glove-fitting patent-leather pumps—and wished for dungarees and hob-nailed boots.

"Mr. Tresidder?"
If wishes were horses—maybe it was the djin of his wishing, come to transport him to far, lone places. It was a black face, anyway, above rows of buttons like the jiggers on piano-accordions.

"Well?"
"A lady wishes to see you, Mr. Tresidder."

Tresidder's coffee-brown forehead wrinkled momentarily. He thought: "I don't know any ladies around here. It's years since I've known any anywhere. Maybe it's some game of Stannard's—"

"What is the lady's name?"
"She don't say, sir. She is sitting on the west end of the verandah."

"All right." Tresidder strolled out into the bloomy shadows of the piazza. Moon to-night and many stars. Not bad, he thought with grudging tribute, for a northern moon and northern stars, but these nights up here held no witchery for him, no magic, none of that awful beauty that had been revealed to him on the shores of a lost lagoon in a South Pacific island, on the bosom of a dark, star-spattered river below the Andes, on the silent rolling mystery of the veldt.

Thus thinking he came to where the girl sat. She rose. She was tall; almost up to Guy Tresidder's shoulder. She was dark and very beautiful, her eyes large and black in the pallor of her face, her lips lovely, parted over teeth that glistened. Her voice was startlingly low, clear and vibrant. She wore a white gown with black at shoulders and slender waist. He knew nothing about beauty, but much about beauty. He was glad he had come—until she said—

"I'm Jon Bidlake's fiancée—Sandra Moore."

WHEN she said that, Tresidder cursed all djins, cursed this one especially, this hell-forgotten inn who had popped up in front of his comfortable chair in that quiet room, bringing the jungle with him—the jungle in the one aspect that Tresidder loathed and dreaded.

"Of course," he said, after a pause. "I heard Jon speak of you often, Miss Moore. He was a great fellow and a good friend."

"You say 'was'?"
Tresidder's chin jerked up, as if he'd been given a quick jolt. That was the worst of staying so long away from this that they called civilisation; you couldn't hide your emotions very easily, you couldn't inwardly damn with an outward smile or love secretly with a polite howdy-do.

"Why?" He looked away from the black eyes so steadily fixed on his own—Bidlake is dead. They found his plane, his—"

"I can't believe Jon Bidlake is dead. It was his plane, yes. The body—might have been any man's."

She shivered. "I think he's still alive there in the jungle, lost, held captive, suffering—"

"Don't ever believe such a thing." Tresidder's voice was suddenly hard, harsh. It startled her more than hers, with its soft clarity, had startled him. "I've met women with hallucinations before." He was almost sneering. "Thinking what they want to let themselves think. Dramatising things. Imagining their lost love alive and suffering and longing for them—living in hideous darkness and torment while—"

"You're being rather beastly, Mr. Tresidder." She was trembling. There was a new brightness in her eyes. Her arms were taut white streaks against her sides. "Beastly and unkind."

"I don't like people to fool themselves. You're just refusing to face the facts. Bidlake cracked up down there in the Amazon country. When they found the wreck; they found plenty to identify the remains—a picture of you, I think; his rings, his watch—and then they found his body."

"A body. No one could be sure it was his, and I—I feel that he is still alive, that—"

"Forget it." Tresidder's voice was kinder, if the words were harsh. "I didn't mean to be so brutal," he continued. "Didn't mean to hurt you. Come, won't you dance with me?"

SHE slipped her hand under his arm. They threaded their way slowly among chairs, out of the blue-silver night into the glare of the ballroom, out of the night-wind's murmured music into the beat and twang and garish sound of saxophone and muted cornet and clashing cymbals. The music of the jungle-dwellers. Tresidder thought, and saw a green amphitheatre under a white moon big as the world and shadow-forms lining the rim and a girl dancing, a girl all gold and moonmist, with a body that was madness to behold.

He danced smoothly, his thoughts thus far away, until the steady regard of Sandra's black eyes brought him back over the leagues of jungle and sea to the room and the people all about, and the girl in his arms. And seeing her now really for the first time, he drew in his breath sharply and his look merged with hers and was drowned in the night-black pools of her eyes.

Jon Bidlake's girl. All—she was all Bidlake had said, and more. He saw the ivory-white of her skin, the grace of her neck, of her slender shoulders. In his arms the wonder of her body, light yet firm, with soft and sweeping curves. But she was made to dance on creamy velvet, not on the jungle-sward, made to dance beneath the light of a million lamps, not beneath the strange lantern of the moon.

"You're very quiet," she said. There was a flooding bloom of pale rose on her cheek. "Are you always so quiet?"

"Nearly always. There are so many long stretches when one has no one to talk to but one's self and the sky."

"But now—you have me."

"Yes." Yes, he had her. The music was soft, insistent, yet behind it was the mad primeval beat of the tom-tom and the weird witchery of wood-wind in savage lands. And he had her, and he no longer wished himself back in the jungle. He hated for a moment the years he had wasted in the wilderness of sky and forest.

And still they did not talk. The dance ended, they strolled out on the

Illustrated
By
FISCHER



Bidlake was suddenly startled to see the girl—the moon maiden of the legend—coming towards the pool.

agreed Elaine, "but, unlike the schoolboy, he won't get over it. He's giving too much to it. And he wants love; I wonder if she didn't give all her love to Bidlake, if she has anything more now than the capacity for liking. That won't do him. He may try to content himself with it or may mistake it for love. But one day he'll find out he's getting only second best—"

TRESIDDER had no such doubts; no fears whatever, about his love. There could be no imperfection in this wondrous thing that had come to him. Sandra was all his world now; in her he lived and died, and when she came into his arms he held all earth and heaven, encompassing all of beauty that both could give.

"I can't wait, Sandra," he said. "And why should we wait? My plane is over at Goston airport. Let's drive over there to-night and be married and be on our way. I want to take you to some palm-fringed island where we can lie and dream all day upon the sands, or to some mountain top where even the eagle cannot go—there to love you, even to destroy you with my love."

"Let us go," she whispered. "I'll be ready to-night, Guy. I—I am as impatient as you."

"I love you, Sandra." He drew her hard against him, kissed her lips, her eyes, hid his face in her hair. His—she was his. Bidlake was dead. Bidlake had never owned her love—not love like this.

They slipped away that night. She sat beside him in the open roadster that swooped and darted over the wide, white reaches of the Goston turnpike. She sat a little aloof from him, the high collar of her white polo-coat turned up, her eyes shadowed by the low brim of her hat.

To him it seemed that they were riding out of the world altogether. He hated the slightest stay to their soaring flight. But there were such matters as a wedding and the like.

"I have the licence," he said. "We can stop at St. Kilda's parsonage. I explored the ground in Goston today. You know where St. Kilda's is, of course?"

Please turn to Page 38

piazza to the far end, where there was a swing-seat set cornerwise and they could look out upon the river winding, argent, under the moon. A while back he had thought it tame and bridled, that liver, and compared it scornfully with the mighty streaming floods of the jungle rivers; but now he loved it. He loved the place, the night, the girl sitting so quietly beside him. This was his life, the life he belonged to, the life a man, once having known it, could never escape from. Jon Bidlake was a fool. She didn't care about Bidlake. All her talk about believing him still alive was just some fantasy, some romantic quirk in her. He wasn't alive, he was dead. And he must be forgotten.

Tresidder gazed at her white hands clasped in her lap. His ways

and the bud of her mouth, crimson, full, with white beneath, stood out clearer, lovelier, moist with beauty, as his lips came down and possessed it.

Then she loosed herself. She looked up at him, eyes bright, lips still parted. "You love me, Guy. You love me; and Jon Bidlake is dead."

Tresidder, for a moment, did not respond. Then, "Dead," he said. "Of course, dead. You must forget, Sandra, if you haven't already forgotten. Bidlake died in the Upper Amazon country a year ago. Soon you will forget. I'll make you forget. I love you so. You'll marry me?"

"I'll marry you, Guy."

He bent again and kissed her. Voices sounded, footsteps echoed on the floor boards. The bright magic

Prisoner in the Jungle

were swift and forthright, the ways of the wilderness. His strong fingers caught her hands and held them and lifted them to his lips. She rested her head against the cushion and her face was a white flower with twin cores of velvet black, upturned to his.

"And you are Sandra," he said softly. "Sandra Moore. Bidlake's Sandra. I often wondered about you—"

"And am I an answer to your wondering?"

"Yes. A thousand times yes." The fragrance of the night, clover and hedge-rose and balm o' Gilead, blended with the fragrance of her hair, the sable whorls of hair that were soft and shiny.

"I love you, Sandra Moore—love you." The dark cores of the flower were blotted out by creamy curtains

of the moment dimmed a very little. Reay Stannard, Tresidder's host, and Elaine, his wife, came up to them. Both knew Sandra Moore and were not surprised to see her beside Tresidder; both knew Tresidder, and were surprised, and Reay wondered if perhaps this wasn't more dangerous for Tresidder than the jungle ever was, and Elaine felt sad, thinking of what Sandra Moore could do to this big boyish fellow—Sandra who could never seem to forget Jon Bidlake—never get Jon Bidlake out of her blood.

In the days that followed, they watched Tresidder yield more and more to the worship of her, until his eyes saw no face but hers and his ears, deaf to the winds and waters of the world, heard only her low, deep voice. "He's like a—boy with his first love," said Stannard. "Yes,"

DELILAH'S Daughter

Savaran saves a city from destruction and unites young lovers with profit to himself.

THE Gurgur quarter of Mamee Yorga is a home from home for Hades. Its pretty name means "fifth eater" and African terminology is always apt—only the denizens of the Gurgur do not stop at eating. It is a multi-race slum built on a sand spit where two jungle rivers join, and, being in a Latin colony, it nurses in all its vices against a "white town" that looks exactly as soft guitars playing in milk-white moonlight sound.

A pretty place Mamee Yorga proper with its dreamy palms and patios, if morally a cross between a graveyard and a garden of sleep; that is because, as an outpost town, it is right at the bottom of civilisation's bag. It is in fact so hopelessly cut off by the lowering African bush that the stern-wheel river boats can only bring it news of the outer world every three months. Between boats there is nothing for the government bulamatari to do but eat and sleep, flirt languidly with a colleague's wife and dream endlessly of the day when he will retire to Europe with a fat pension and fatter pickings.

The pickings are certainly fat, since the only reason for Mamee Yorga's existence is riches. To it by its two great rivers and its five caravan routes comes the vast and easy wealth of the African interior, and quite a lot of that wealth can be made to stick to the fingers of the intelligent. The local official knows



Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

He turned with the girl to see the glint of pointing rifles.

this well, so does the African underworld—hence the Gurgur. In the Gurgur foregather that human scum that snatches at easy money either through the medium of thieving fingers, the administration of the dagger or by encouraging trail-weary men to pleasures as expensive as they are vile.

A place to make Hades blush, the Gurgur; at the same time it was a haven of refuge for gentlemen such as Savaran, with prices on their

heads. The police of Mamee Yorga could be stern enough, in their own quarter, especially where there was blood money to be gained, but being Latin they were also both indolent and wise. It was better to shut their eyes to the Gurgur than to stir up trouble that might be disastrous to white rule so far from help. Thus official Mamee Yorga ignored the Gurgur, white men were rarely seen in its cramped and smelly streets, and any sort of white woman never. It can thus be understood that even Savaran was startled when a white lady called on him.

Savaran had no liking for the Gurgur, but it was convenient. He could look after himself, he could defy the police, he had money to spend, and it was the one place where he could organise an expedition that should set all Africa ringing with his name again before many months were out. . . . Meanwhile he halted at the end of the blind alley in which his house stood and looked with calm eyes at a mob of multi-colored cut-throats milling about a victim.

Someone, he saw, was being robbed, probably murdered, but local habits intrigued him so little that he was about to return to Polson Charley's and drink coffee until the fracas was over, when a voice called:

"Savaran! Mr. Savaran! Help!"

The call was English. The voice was a woman's.

It was quite remarkable—and so was Savaran. In ninety seconds the snarling street was as peaceful as a tomb and rather like one. Two black figures lay very still in the fifth while another crawled away on hands and knees. The rest had scattered like disturbed flies at the mere knowledge that Zavarani was among them. A slim-legged Arab boy leant against a wall holding back his panting sob with the hawk that half covered his face, and Savaran, slipping his dagger back into its jewelled sheath, twitched the hawk aside. Then he laughed his harsh laugh, caught up this boy, who was no boy, in his long, spider arms and stalked towards his house. There was the form of another Arab boy lying

across the door, but Savaran took it and the door step in his long stride.

"My chouch," cried a voice from his arms. "Is he hurt?"

Savaran put his burden down into the house yard and returned to the still form.

"Not he," he said with ferocious geniality. "He's got his pay for bringing a sight-seeing effereengi into the Gurgur—he's dead."

The Arab boy, who was no boy, was sitting on the gold and silk divan of Savaran's inner room, trying to tuck her slim, round, very shapely and very bare legs away from the sardonic glance of Savaran.

Savaran had eyes for her face too. She made a good boy, short-featured and gallant looking, her boldness was softened by her undoubted femininity to an alluring charm. She was young and full of fire, and browned to a glowing berry—brown by tropic sun—even her slim calves—she was handsome even as a boy. As herself she would be adorable his expert eye told him.

"And making kings and—queens!" he said with a flash of white teeth. "Even rumor tells the truth at times. And, like Cleopatra, you are drawn—"

"Why," she asked coolly, "do you treat me like a flattery-hunting flapper?"

"It is a waste of precious opportunity," he smiled and sat beside her.

And at that she rose quietly, stripped the hawk from her slim figure, and, shaking down the white undergarment, modern and skimpy at it was, stood revealed in a nurse's uniform.

Savaran's eyes glinted at the new, the workmanlike creature and his keen, gipsy head went back in laughter.

"You tricked Savaran," he cried. "I, Savaran, expert in women, thought you only a debutante greedy for thrills. . . . You're the new American nurse at the Magdalena Hospital, Ruth Dacre."

"You know me?" she cried, surprised.

"You must be terribly overworked there now that young Dr. Feiton is down with fever," he said, and perhaps there was a touch of irony in his tone, and perhaps she saw that he, being Savaran, knew all there was to know, for she flushed again as girls in love do, even if she said with a brave little lift to her chin:

"He has worn himself out with work, nearly killed himself. . . . One can scarcely do less with such an example."

"And you'll have to go on doing it for months," he said, his eyes gleaming.

"Yes, Dr. Feiton will be helpless for months," she admitted and she looked at him strangely. "Three months at least. And he won't leave Mamee Yorga even if we tried to force him."

Savaran went still. Something in her tone rather than her words made him look at her with a quick, fierce grin.

"And you want him to leave?" he asked.

Please turn to Page 14



"Join me in the adventure," said Savaran, "a throne awaits you."

By DOUGLAS NEWTON

"Well, was it worth it?" he asked with his eagle smile; he hadn't a doubt she was a sensation-hunting globe-trotter.

"I came to see you—Savaran," she said.

"That," he grinned fiercely, "naturally makes all the difference. Yet had you only sent your photograph I should have flown straight to your hotel."

She flushed richly. She really was young and fresh and delicious. Yet she had her strengths; her good, quick, steady-glancing eyes told that.

"There are two warrants waiting for you if you step outside the Gurgur," she said quietly.

"What are two among so many?" he laughed. "And for beauty less than yours I have, before now, cut my way through armies."

"Yes," she breathed. "I know of your exploits. That is why I came. I am told you are the finest soldier in Africa; that you spend your life raising armies and fighting tribes."

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Continuing.....

THE CITADEL

Illustrated by
FISCHER

Begin now this moving and beautiful story of a young doctor's life; its disillusion and its romance

By...
A. J.
CRONIN



ANDREW MANSON, a young doctor, gets his first appointment as assistant to the crippled Dr. Page in the mining town of Blaenelly, in Wales. When he meets the unlikeable and money-grubbing Blodwen Page, wife of Dr. Page, he realises that she is hiding the fact that her husband will never work again.

The enthusiastic young Andrew throws himself into the work, but meets disappointment and disillusionment on every hand.

He meets another young doctor named Denny, who is a splendid surgeon, but has taken to drink.

Denny tells him that the town is likely to be swept by an outbreak of enteric fever—but the town authorities are corrupt and refuse to act.

For the sake of public health Andrew and Denny blow up the sewer.

Later Andrew, while attending a measles case, finds that the village school-teacher has allowed a contact to attend school.

In a fury he goes to the school, but is worsted in the wordy battle by the girl in charge, Christine Barlow.

She practically orders him from the school. Later Andrew finds he is in love with her, and after his apology they are firm friends.

Christine is telling Andrew how she came to Wales as the story continues:

Christine told Andrew that when she was nineteen and her Normal course completed, her father had been appointed manager of the Porth Pit, twenty miles down the valley. She and her brother had come to South Wales with him, she to keep the house. John to assist his father. Six months after their arrival there had been an explosion in the Porth Pit. John had been underground, killed instantly. Her father, hearing of the disaster, had immediately gone down, only to be met by a rush of black damp. A week later his body and John's were brought out together.

When she concluded there was a silence.

"I'm sorry," Andrew said in a sympathetic voice.

"People were kind to me," she said soberly. "Mr. and Mrs. Watkins especially. I got this job at school here." She paused, her face lighting up again. "I'm like you, though. I'm still strange here. It takes a long time to get used to the valleys."

"It's easy to feel cut off down here, lonely. I know. I do often. I often feel I want someone to talk to."

SHE smiled. "What do you want to talk about?"

He reddened, with a sense that she had cornered him. "Oh, my work, I suppose." He halted, then felt obliged to explain himself. "I seem just to be blundering about, running into one problem after another."

"Do you mean you have difficult cases?"

"It isn't that." He hesitated, went on. "I came down here full of formulae, the things that everybody believes, or pretends to believe. That swollen joints mean rheumatism. That rheumatism means salicylate. You know, the orthodox things! Well, I'm finding out that some of them are all wrong."

"Take medicine, too. It seems to me that some of it does more harm than good. It's the system.



"Now, my smart young gentlemen," said Blodwen, "maybe you'll be able to explain this."

been back and forward here this last hour. The missus wants ye — before time, too."

Andrew, abruptly recalled from the contemplation of his own affairs, told Morgan to wait. He went into the house for his bag, then together they set out for No. 12 Blauna Terrace. The night air was cool and deep with quiet mystery.

Usually so perceptive, Andrew now felt dull and listless. He had no premonition that this night call would prove unusual, still less that it would influence his whole future in Blaenelly. The two men walked in silence until they reached the door of No. 12 then Joe drew up short.

"I'll not come in," he said, and his voice showed sign of strain. "But, man, I know ye'll do well for us."

Inside, a narrow stair led up to a small bedroom, clean but poorly furnished, and lit only by an oil lamp. Here Mrs. Morgan's mother, a tall grey-haired woman of nearly seventy, and the stout elderly midwife waited beside the patient, watching Andrew's expression as he moved about the room.

"Let me make you a cup of tea,

other sound—the beat of Morgan's footsteps as he paced in the street outside. The old woman opposite him sat in her black dress, quite motionless, her eyes, strangely alive and wise, probing, never leaving his face. He let his chin sink upon his chest, stretched out his legs, stared broodingly into the fire.

He remained like this so long and his thoughts were so filled with Christine that he started when the old woman opposite suddenly addressed him. Her meditation had pursued a different course.

"Susan said not to give her the chloroform if it would harm the baby. She's awful set upon this child, doctor bach." Her old eyes warmed at a sudden thought. She added in a low tone, "Ay, we all are, I fancy."

He collected himself with an effort.

"I won't do any harm, the anaesthetic," he said kindly. "They'll be all right."

Here the nurse's voice was heard calling from the top landing. Andrew glanced at the clock which now showed half-past three. He rose and went up to the bedroom. He perceived that he might now begin his work.

An hour elapsed. It was a long harsh struggle. Then, as the first streaks of dawn strayed past the broken edges of the blind, the child was born, lifeless.

As he gazed at the still form, a shiver of horror passed over Andrew. His face, heated with his own exertions, chilled suddenly. He hesitated, torn between his desire to attempt to resuscitate the child, and his obligation towards the mother who was herself in a desperate state.

The dilemma was so urgent he did not solve it consciously. Blindly, instinctively, he gave the child to the nurse and turned his attention to Susan Morgan who now lay collapsed, almost pulseless, and not yet out of the ether, upon her side. His haste was desperate, a frantic race against her ebbing strength.

Please turn to Page 20

time a case gets to hospital it's usually past the early stages."

She was about to answer quickly when the door bell rang. She rose, suppressing her remark, saying instead, with her faint smile: "I hope you won't forget your promise to talk of this another time."

Watkins and his wife came in, apologising for being late. And almost at once they sat down to supper.

The evening passed quickly. When Andrew looked at his watch he saw to his amazement that it was nearly eleven o'clock. And he had promised to pay a late visit to a case in Blauna Terrace before half-past ten.

As he rose, regretfully, to take his leave Christine accompanied him to the door.

Andrew Falls in Love

Breathing quickly, he mumbled: "I can't thank you enough for asking me to-night. Please can I see you again? I don't always talk shop. Would you—Christine, would you come to the Tongian cinema with me, some time?"

Her eyes smiled up at him, for the first time faintly provocative. "You try asking me."

Though it was nearly midnight when Andrew reached Byrngower he found Joe Morgan waiting on him, walking up and down with short steps between the closed doorway and the entrance to the house. At the sight of him the burly driller's face expressed relief.

"Eh, doctor, I'm glad to see you.

doctor bach," said the former quickly, after a few moments.

Andrew smiled faintly. He saw that the old woman, wise in experience, realised there must be a period of waiting, that she was afraid he would leave the case, saying he would return later.

"Don't fret, mother. I'll not run away."

Down in the kitchen he drank the tea which she gave him.

An hour later he went upstairs again, noted the progress made, came down once more, sat by the kitchen fire. It was still, except for the rustle of a cinder in the grate and the slow tick-tock of the wall clock. No, there was an-

We Met in CAPRI

By...
Martin Gerard



ANTHONY PALLISER was the sensation of Paris—the brilliant portraitist who painted women with the profound understanding of a great lover, and yet made love to none of the women he painted.

Of course he had a beautiful wife, but who, asked Paris, ever knew marriage to stop an artist making love to his models, especially when the models were great and lovely ladies, both fascinating and fascinated?

Everyone was sure there must be a romantic story behind the man. There was, but Palliser was not telling it. For one thing, mystery was good for business. For another thing, he was English, and the English don't broadcast their life stories. But one evening in a cafe on the Rue Montagne, he told his story to Graham Lonsdale. For one thing, he had been wanting to tell it for years, and for another, Lonsdale was a Scot, and the Scots don't broadcast other people's life stories.

They were old friends, but they hadn't met since both were art students in Paris.

"I haven't met your wife," said Lonsdale, "but I have seen her. I saw you riding with her in the Bois this morning. Man, she's magnificent! Wherever did you find her?"

"We met in Capri," said Palliser.

"In Capri! She doesn't look like an Italian."

"You meet all sorts of people in Capri," said Palliser.

"I remember you were always wanting to go there. You had a picture of a Capri girl in your room—a copy of that exquisite painting by Jules Le Febvre."

"It was that picture drew me to Capri," said Palliser. "I'm not an imitator by nature, as you know, but something impelled me to go there, find a fishergirl like that, and paint her."

"Go on."

"Well, I went to Capri. It was lovelier than all the pictures, all the tales about it. Lovelier even than my dream of it. I was young; life was still green and fresh; in Capri it put forth flowers. And although I was young I was sophisticated enough to be already longing for simplicity. I wanted to meet strong, simple fishermen, withered old women full of simple wisdom, beautiful young girls whose charm was natural, whose hearts were full of love and laughter, not money and champagne. You know the stuff. Well, in Capri that stuff is real. Or was then."

"The very moment I landed I knew Capri was the place for a fellow like me to find the woman he could love. I knew I was in for a magnificent adventure. The air was like wine, the wine was like starlight, the starlight was like the girls' eyes, and the girls' eyes were like music."

"I lodged at a little inn kept by a cheerful fat woman called La Bella Rosina. She had a natural genius for keeping it a Capri Inn and making you as comfortable as at the Savoy. There were some other visitors there—all nice people, and in the evening we danced on a terrace overlooking the sea, to music played by wild-looking fellows with extraordinary instruments."

"I DANCED mostly with a very charming Frenchwoman, the Countess Chartouille. As I said, I was young, romantic, and at the same time sophisticated, and, anyway, in such a place, with such wine, you couldn't help flirting. The others didn't fail to drop me hints that the Countess was a famous flirt, but that only made it all the more charming. Anyway, she didn't attempt to conceal her penchant for affairs."

"I said to her under the trees in the courtyard, trees with patches of starry sky hanging in them like blossoms: 'Countess, I cannot imagine anything more like Paradise than to come to Capri and paint the fishergirls and make love to you.' 'Oh, no,' she said, 'it would be much better if you painted me and made love to the fishergirl. After all, being painted is a novelty to me, and being made love to is a

poverty to them... perhaps.' I said 'No; they were made to be painted, you were made to be loved.' And so on. It was all very silly and delightful. It was already morning when we said good-night."

"I only slept about two hours. I was in Capri! Such places are not made to sleep in. 'Capri by morning was more beautiful than Capri by night. The sky seemed full of larks, the island tumbled away in green slopes and soared up again in fairy pinnacles. And the sea—well, no painter should ever think he knows blue till he has been to Capri."

"I almost ran down to the shore. I almost sang. For an Englishman to almost do those things is evidence enough of the way the place gets you. On the shore the fishermen were hauling their nets, full of silver treasure from the sea. They actually wore red caps; their bare backs were golden-brown; their boats were every color—and all good colors, too."

"I tell you, those people were made to be painted."

"I wandered among them, trying to talk Italian, making them laugh and laughing myself. And then, suddenly, I came on Margherita. I stopped laughing. I stopped breathing. She was my picture of a Capri girl come to life. There she sat, on a rock, mending nets, gazing out to sea. You never saw any-



"Then suddenly I saw Margherita, sitting on a rock mending nets and gazing out to sea."

thing like it. Her dark hair hung loose, but it didn't flop or look tousled—it hung like sculptured hair. Her eyes were—what the devil's the use of trying to tell you? She was the most beautiful, the most graceful, the most natural and simple, and yet irresistibly fascinating thing on earth—if Capri is really on earth. I knew at once that this was the only woman I could ever really fall in love with. You may not believe in love at first sight. I don't believe in any other sort.

"I WANTED to rush up and seize her hands and explain about being in love with her, but of course I didn't. Instead I sat down and pulled out a pocket sketch book and made the best sketch I ever made in my life. I don't believe anyone ever made a better, and you know how little I think of my work in general. But I wasn't myself that day."

"I had just finished when she saw me. I expected her either to be angry or to flush, giggle and run away. But she didn't. She smiled the most glorious childish smile and

ran over to look at my sketch. She said it was beautiful. I said she was beautiful. 'Am I?' she asked, without the slightest coquetry—just interested and delighted."

"I talked to her for half an hour. I have no idea what I said, and she probably didn't understand more than ten words of my absurd Italian, but I understood every word of hers by looking into her eyes. She wasn't in the least struck with me. I was sure, but she was full of gaiety and life, ready to be merry with anyone."

"And then a fishing boat came round the point, and she stopped talking. She never took her eyes off that boat all the way into the beach. She sat so still, watching, that I was able to make another sketch. 'It wasn't quite so good."

"The boat came ashore, and I saw what she had been watching for. A man leaped out, turned to look up, saw her and waved, flashing his white teeth in a smile. He was almost as beautiful as she was. I could have shot him dead."

Please turn to Next Page

"SALVATORE," she told me, with an intimate enthusiasm that tormented me. "He is the best fisherman in Capri. And the handsomest young man. And the best young man. Then she laughed, flashed me a gay, impersonal look of farewell, and ran down to Salvatore. I shoved my sketch-book in my pocket and went back to the inn to breakfast.

"My countess didn't rise till eleven, so I did not see her. I went out alone, in a black mood, and after climbing several cliffs and almost jumping off one, I went back to the beach. I had to. Margherita was there again, as gay and friendly as ever. She took me to show me the chapel, decked with flowers for some saint's day or other, and all the while I couldn't keep my eyes off her face and her graceful body. Her voice, her laugh, her

WE MET in CAPRI

Continued from
Previous Page

gestures—all were perfect. I couldn't stand it. In the shadow of the poplars by the chapel I took her hands and tried to kiss her. She didn't cry or call down curses. She laughed and gave me her hand to kiss. Then she went, running down the street with a flower in her hand. It would have been absurd anywhere but in Capri.

"I didn't see her again that day. At dinner I flirted desperately with the countess, and thoroughly enjoyed it. It didn't affect how I felt about the fisher-girl in the least, but it was nice. The Countess—Genevieve she was by now—was more charming than ever. Suddenly I came back from a moment of dreaming about dark eyes to hear

her telling me with great triumph how she had ensnared the heart of a handsome young fisherman that afternoon. When she told me his name was Salvatore, my heart became an ice-berg and then a volcano. Surely this was destiny. If ever a man prayed an evil prayer, I did it then. For, if Salvatore was ensnared—properly ensnared as I was sure only the countess could compass it—then Margherita was mine.

"I heard Genevieve say, 'He is taking me out in his boat in the morning. You should see him—the most beautiful creature ever made. A head like an old bronze. Shoulders like the thwarts of a boat. Arms like the limbs of a young tree. He

moves like a wave.' 'You should be a sculptor, Countess,' I said. 'But why?' asked Genevieve. 'With such men about it is more interesting to be a woman.'

"I tell you the wine flowed that night. We drank to the fisher-folk of Capri, and got so excited I kissed the countess in full sight of everybody. And I must say she kissed very well.

"Next afternoon Genevieve said to me, 'He took me out in his boat, and when I offered him money he threw it in the sea. What do you think of that for a conquest?' I said I thought it was splendid, but only to be expected of such a woman. She said I sounded jealous. I said I was jealous—if she had only

Your Letters

I HAVE done this deed you ask.

Sadness of a wistful task,
Taken all the dear sweet things,
Moods of you on sudden wings.
Each impulsive word you've said,

As it's tumbled through your head,

Pages from across the seas,
Filled with homesick memories,
Past repair the deed is done.

For I've torn them one by one,
Torn your letters till they make
White despair, for your dear sake.

Gladdest thing for me to do,
Just for very love of you!

—YVONNE WEBB.

known, it was not of her and Salvatore, but of Salvatore and Margherita.

"Next day the Countess and Salvatore spent the entire day together. In the afternoon I met Margherita, and at once I saw that the evil miracle I had prayed for had come about. Margherita looked at me with new eyes.

"She did not take me to the chapel. She took me all through the town, clinging to my arm, laughing, chattering, listening to my valiant attempts at Italian as though I had been Dante himself. Everyone looked at us and whispered. Suddenly we came face to face with Genevieve and Salvatore. Genevieve greeted me gaily, Margherita looked up at me and pressed close, as though to avoid Salvatore. Salvatore flashed me a look that amazed me. I might have been a fish just about to be ripped up by his knife... a fish that has just jabbed a poisonous spine into his hand.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked Margherita. "Does he want all the girls?" She laughed as though that was the funniest thing ever said. "He's a vain fellow," she said. "He thinks I belong to him and mustn't look at another, but he may run after every painted foreigner who comes along. He is a great fool." I agreed. I'm afraid we rubbed it into poor Salvatore that afternoon.

"It was the most blissful afternoon of my life. To be sure, when I led her to a quiet corner under the olive trees, Margherita wouldn't let me kiss her. But to see her eyes shine, and feel her hand press mine, was heaven. As for painting her, I never even thought of it. It would have been like using wine to wash with.

"I went on like this for a week. Genevieve and I became great friends just through talking about our fisherman and fisher-girl. She seemed to be making more progress with Salvatore than I was with Margherita. Everyone could see the poor fellow was raving mad with passion for this exotic from Paris. I still made light love to the countess in our leisure hours, and we drank the lovely Capri wine and sometimes went long walks together—when Salvatore was at sea and Margherita was away at her grandmother's place.

"Then one night I took Margherita to a dance at Anacapri. I don't think her parents liked it, but they were far too polite to object. At the dance everyone stared at us, for it would have been quite hopeless for me to try to pretend. I was not in love with her. A Capri man I had met came up to me and said, 'If Salvatore were here he would slide a knife between your ribs.' 'What does Salvatore care?' demanded Margherita wildly, 'he is drinking in Capri with that French lady of his.' I led her away from them, and in the shadows outside I kissed her, and she let me. I think we rode back to Capri on a cloud.

"There is a place there called the grotto of the whirlpool—a sea-cave on an island some way off shore. It's very beautiful, but very dangerous. They say if you once fall in there, you never get out. The day after the dance, Margherita asked me to come there with her in her father's boat. Naturally I was delirious. I couldn't row as well as she could, but we got along. And then all at once I noticed that she had stopped laughing and was crying.

"Margherita, my darling, what is it?" I cried, leaping towards her and almost upsetting the boat, which was getting dangerously near the whirlpool.

Please turn to Next Page



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WE MET in CAPRI

Continued from Previous Page

"AND then she sobbed out how Salvatore had come to her house that morning and insulted her and bullied her and called her a Jezebel for the way she'd been going on with me.

"And he doesn't love me!" she cried, "he's jealous only because he is so vain and he thinks people will laugh at him. He doesn't love me—he loves that woman from Paris . . ."

"Of course I put my arm round her and told her it didn't matter—she was well rid of the fool, and I loved her and wanted to marry her and take her away with me for ever. She looked up at me, startled through her tears. I think up till then she must have thought I was just playing. Then she cried: 'Look—we are in the whirlpool! Get back to your oars, quick, Antonio!'

"I leaped back and grabbed the oars, and gave a herculean pull—and the next moment I saw Margherita leap on to the thwart and dive straight into the middle of the whirlpool!

"I was out of that boat in a flash, and made one stroke towards her when something just took hold of me and hurled me away like a top. I was completely helpless, choked, blinded, stunned. For an awful minute I fought for air, for consciousness, and then I sank through a thousand fathoms of darkness and found myself in my bed at the inn.

"Genevieve was sitting beside me, smoking a cigarette and smiling.

"So romantic," she said, "you fell into the whirlpool and your fisher-girl risked her life to save you. She grabbed an oar and hauled you onto it somehow, got you to the boat, and rowed you back here."

"I stared at her. I couldn't tell her what I knew—that Margherita had done much more for me than risk a life she didn't want. She had given up a death she did want.

"Is she all right?" I asked. Genevieve nodded. "Now go to sleep again," she said, and kissed me with a lovely cool kiss and went away.

"I was drowsy, trying to puzzle out just why Margherita should have tried to kill herself as soon as I proposed marriage, when the door opened. I looked for Genevieve, or fat Rosina the landlady, but instead, in came Salvatore. He looked very handsome and very ugly.

"He tiptoed rapidly to the bed, silent as a cat, and bent over me. 'Signor,' he said, 'you are trying to take away from me my girl. You will never get her. She belongs to me, and me alone.'

"I STARTED to speak, and two huge hands flashed up and fastened round my throat, just tight enough to silence me and promise dire things to come. 'Listen,' he whispered gutturally, 'either you swear to me now you leave Capri to-morrow, or I strangle you where you lie.

"Do not forget you have been nearly suffocated already, and your whole body is bruised. No one will know that you did not die in your sleep from the effects of the whirlpool."

"I knew the fellow was speaking the plain truth. The Italian instinct for melodrama amounts to genius. He meant exactly what he said. It was no time to argue, and to have told him I really loved Margherita and meant to marry her would have made those tentacles close all the quicker. But at times of crisis the brain works fast. I saw my chance, and took it.

"Very well," I said as calmly as I could, "I give you my solemn word to leave Capri to-morrow."

"He stared at me for minutes, his eyes burning, his hands still gripping my throat. I am sure he was wondering whether it wouldn't be best to finish me whether or no. Then suddenly he grunted. 'Very well, I accept your word. You leave to-morrow. You are lucky to be alive.'

"He was gone as silently as he had come. It wasn't five minutes before I was out in the street, staggering like a drunk on my way to Margherita's place.

"I found her in tears, in deep gloom.

"My darling girl," I said, "why on earth did you try to die yesterday? Did you think by any chance I was trying to make fun of you? I was

never more serious in my life. I love you; I want to marry you, and you are coming away with me to-morrow."

"She looked at me with the tenderest look I had ever seen in her eyes. 'Dear Antonio,' she said, 'of course I knew you were serious. But you see, I do not love you, Antonio. I love only Salvatore. I have tried to make him jealous by going about with you, but, no, it is no use.'

"I stared at her and choked. I felt I was in the whirlpool again. 'You can't love that monster,' I protested. Why, he bullies you, makes a fool of you—and he'll probably kill you like he threatened to do to me."

"Margherita bounded off her couch. 'He tried to kill you?' she repeated in incredulous delight. He tried to kill you? Then he is jealous! He does love me. Oh, Antonio, I am so happy. And she flung her arms round the bruised neck of the unhappiest man in Capri and kissed him.

"Next moment she was back on the couch and back in tears. 'No,' she said, 'it's no use. He loves me deep down, but that woman has got him. She's a witch. There's nothing for me but to die.'

"I stared at her in horror. I had the best of all reasons for knowing she meant it. And whatever else happened in the world, my beautiful Margherita must not die. I took her hand. I made her swear not to do anything until to-morrow. Then I barged out of the cottage into the pink glow of the setting sun, trying to make my aching brain think.

"Margherita must not die. Then she must have her Salvatore back. I knew it was no use appealing to Genevieve—she had many delightful qualities but no mercy whatever. But there was a way. It might work, and it must work.

"I PULLED myself together with a huge draught of wine at a little tavern, and marched back to my own inn, where they all thought I had gone mad and rushed off into the sea. I bathed, dressed with greater care than ever before, drank some more wine, and called on the Countess.

"Come," I said, "a little stroll before dinner." She agreed. I guided her subtly to the waterfront, where on a great rock a dozen fishermen sat cleaning fish. In the midst of the filth and stench sat the handsome Salvatore, blood to the elbows. Then, without laboring it, I guided her back to the inn.

"We dined together—a special dinner I bribed Rosina to prepare—and what a dinner it was! Never such soup, such spaghetti, such veal, such cheese, such wine. Lots of wine. And such conversation! I tell you Capri has the power to work miracles. If on the day I met Margherita I had sketched like a Michelangelo, this evening I made love like a Benvenuto Cellini. I was ardent, I was light, I was brilliant, I was deep; I was tender and subtle, forceful and arrogant. But above all brilliant. I knew my Countess. On top of the horrid spectacle of Salvatore cleaning fish I imposed a splendid scene of life in Paris as the wife of a great artist, with a salon where the wit of the world would gather, where she would be the ruler of such a kingdom as she loved.

"I made her laugh, I made her sigh. Before the moon came up out of the sea she was in love with me. Before it sank behind the mountain she had promised to marry me next morning in the little chapel of the poplars and sail for home with me the same day.

"I don't know if Genevieve slept that night. I know I didn't. I lay awake thinking of the only woman I could ever love, picturing her married to Salvatore, surrounded with innumerable children, growing fat, being beaten and bullied, cleaning fish and gazing out to sea—and being thoroughly happy.

"I only saw her once more—just a flash of her great eyes in the crowd at the chapel next day when Genevieve and I were married. Yes, my friend, that is how I found my wife—I met her in Capri."

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An Editorial

OCTOBER 16, 1937

DOES WOMAN'S VOTE COUNT?

VERY soon every woman over 21 will be called upon to take part in appointing Australia's next Government.



Half the electors are women. Therefore no party whose policies displease the majority of women has any hope of election, since the male vote is always divided.

Critics have said that there is no feminine vote—that the giving of votes to women merely doubles the male vote.

But while this may have been partially true when women first secured the franchise, it certainly is not so now. For one thing, a large proportion of the unmarried women voters are not under the influence of their parents, and are as independent in their decisions as any man.

And of the married women, an ever-increasing number insist, not so much on deciding for themselves as on helping to decide how the whole family shall vote.

In this way, in many homes, it is the woman's vote that is doubled, for her arguments carry the day.

There are some issues on which women feel very deeply and stand very firm — issues affecting the family income, health, child welfare, divorce, education, and the place of women in the community.

When such matters play a vital part in an election, most men are swayed by their wives' partisanship, and the voice of the women may be said to decide those elections.

Matters of pure politics are issues in which women take less interest, and on these points they are possibly governed by the judgment of their menfolk.

But, in general, it is certain that the women voters display every bit as much intelligence, interest and power of decision as the men.

A survey of the progress in social welfare since women won themselves the vote is evidence enough that that vote has been used wisely and well.

Women should not let it rest at that. They should make the fullest use of the greatest weapon ever devised for the defence of democracy.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Clothes Count

DARWIN folk, are agitated over the unorthodox attire of the Rev. J. Eales, who conducted a burial service in shorts and a tennis shirt.

Mr. Eales, who recently arrived from England, no doubt considers that he is in a remote outpost of the Empire, and that the formalities of civilisation are out of place there.

He is probably acting in all good faith, but anyone who knows the Australian of the small towns knows that those are the very places where formalities are most rigorously respected.

Men and women will work in old clothes, but for a trip to town or a game of tennis their clothes must be perfect.

And for the graver occasions of life and death, they consider laxity in attire quite beyond the pale.

Song of a Shirt

JUDGE DRAKE-BROCKMAN

declared in the Melbourne Arbitration Court that if something was not done to stop sweating of home workers in the clothing industry he might prohibit "outside" work altogether.

The unions, of course, are in favor of such a prohibition, and all humane citizens will agree with the judge on the evils of this modern slavery.

It has been shown again and again that unscrupulous employers will always get wretched people to work for less than a living wage unless society steps in to forbid it.

Wives of Great Men

THE Marchesa Marconi, widow of the radio pioneer, has accepted an invitation to visit Australia for the World Radio Congress.

Australian women will be delighted to welcome this lady, who for years shared the ambitions and triumphs of a master inventor.

There is something about the wives of great men that makes them as interesting as many women whose fame is all of their own winning.

Perhaps it is that most of them have played a big part in their husbands' successes.

Perhaps, again, it is just that all of us like to know what sort of a wife a great man will choose. Who knows—we might be that type ourselves!

LYRIC OF LIFE

LONGING

If only I might see again
The primrose bend beneath an
early rain.
And that strange grass we called a
fairy ring;
And at the road's slow winding
edge
The hawthorn berries redden on
their hedge
And fields all white with daisies in
the spring.

A creek that flows in idleness
Past lily leaves and tangled water-
cress,
And hides beneath the drip of willow
trees;
Green moss where elfin feet have
strayed
And bluebells growing in the gentle
shade
If only I might once again see these.
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

It's Always a Gamble

IN the little township of Rosebery, Tasmania, they run sweepstakes on the matrimonial chances of the eligible bachelors.

As most of the population of 600 consists of single men working in the local mines, there are lots of starters, and the few prizes—the unmarried girls—are eagerly sought.

One bachelor, quoted at 10 to 1 against because he wasn't considered likely to win a wife, suddenly shortened to 10 to 9 on when it leaked out that he was in high favor with a local lass.

The idea of betting on marriage prospects could probably only have originated in Australia. But the real gamble is the same anywhere. It begins, not with courtship, but with the seal of the wedding bells, and the essence of the gamble is not whether you get a prize, but what sort of prize it turns out to be!



This is how Miss Ethelyn Chrane, of New York, fought her claim for compensation against the United States Government. While a stenographer for the Public Health Service, she insisted that a Government Physician experimented with her arm, and that, as a result, she suffered infection that shattered her health. She lodged a demand for relief, and, to bring her case under notice, paraded with a petition signed by forty Senators and other politicians.

Don't Glow Down the Mine, Daddy

WOLFRAM miners of Hatches Creek, the newest field opened up in parching Central Australia, are fighting against the granting of a liquor licence on the field.

Shades of the tough old days! What are the diggers coming to?

Tolling hard all day in the hottest spot in the continent, and then refusing to allow anyone to offer them a beer after it!

Old hands will shake their heads sadly and talk of decadence, but from another angle it might be argued they've got tougher than ever—they don't even need a drink.

Or, maybe, a wolfram price of £400 a ton is intoxicating enough.

Common or Garden

MISS ENID LYONS, opening a flower show at Canberra, declared she loved all flowers except one—the cauliflower.

Believe it or not, she was right, too—the white of the "cauli" is a true flower.

Perhaps some day we'll see it exhibited as such at shows, with gluttonous vegetarians being herded off by the police.

Don't Pity the Poor Bride

By a Happy One

I was married in a coat and skirt which had seen better days. It was a Friday evening, and the duration of the honeymoon was strictly limited by the fact that my husband had to be at work on Monday morning. I came home to one furnished room.

FOR the regiment of comfortably-placed women, the magic word, "wedding," conjures up dreams of white satin and yards-long trains; orange blossoms, and beives of gorgeously-gowned bridesmaids.

But let me tell you what I have gained by missing so much that they consider indispensable.

In the very first place, I have gained the most precious thing in life—reality.

It began at the altar rail. As I stood there looking into the eyes of my dear man, and promising "to love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health," my whole soul was in the giving of myself.

I was not tempted to wonder whether my train was becomingly spread behind me, or whether desecrating feet were soiling its immaculate whiteness.

On my left, dressed just as they had left their offices at five o'clock, were two dear girl friends: they were not bridesmaids, but only the witnesses which the law requires.

If I gave them a thought at all in those sweet, solemn moments, it was to realise that they, too, were uplifted, forgetful of all things artificial and sharing my great moment in deep sincerity.

This was marriage: this was the real giving of myself before God into another's reverent hands—this was reality.

Beauty of Marriage

I HAD no time then for reflections, my whole being concentrating upon the true giving of myself; but since then I have contrasted that deep, sweet experience of mine with those of other girls whose marriages I have witnessed.

So often they, and all those associated with them on their great day, have been obsessed by externals: clothes, and decorum, and pageantry, and frills—all the trappings of matrimony, instead of the supernal beauty of matrimony itself.

Don't think I am criticising those of my sisters who value the things I glory in having done without.

I suppose it is largely a matter of temperament, but for me there would have been far less beauty, far less reality, in a conventional, dressed-up wedding than I found in that simple ceremony.

Fun of Being Poor

EVER since, in my one-room demesne, I have thanked God that He led me to marry a poor man.

There is a deep sense in which it is possible, having nothing, to possess all things. That, perhaps, is a rather grandiloquent way of saying that it is fun to be poor and possess love.

One's joys are all utterly simple and natural joys; one needs no artificial stimulus to rejoice in life, and one envies nobody.

Contriving to make a little money go a very long way is fun: laughing over the things one must do without is fun. Life, stripped of essentials, and of preoccupation with the acquisition and disposal of possessions, is not only fun, but beauty unadulterate.

We do not intend to be very poor forever. My point in this little intimate piece of self-revelation is that we are glad we started poor.

We are glad that, unencumbered by possessions and unhampered by irrelevancies, we have experienced reality together.

We cannot now be frightened by any of the bogies that gibber at people who depend upon things rather than interior resources. We know real values, which have nothing whatever to do with material values and things.

We know the great ultimate meanings of Life, and Love, and Beauty, and Truth, and every one of them is good and satisfying and beautiful to know. Don't pity the poor bride—envy her!

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



WHY L. W. LOWER Left THE OLD Home TOWN

Lesson Learned by Going to the Back-to-Wombat Flat Week Celebrations

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by
WEP

I've just come back from going back to my old home town. It was Back-to-Wombat Flat Week last week. (Here comes a girl with morning tea and biscuits. Don't make me laugh! She's a new girl and doesn't understand that I take rum with my milk. Tea! Absurd!)

But you'd hardly know the old town now. You know the hollow log that was used for a horse trough outside the pub? Remember, old Wilks used to sleep in it when he got tired. Well, it's gone. They've got a concrete one there now.

YOUNG Jimmy Smithers is married. How time does fly! It's seems only yesterday that he broke old Jonesey's window with his catapult.

Poor old Jones. Dead, you know. They say he had a lot of money hidden away somewhere, but even though his wife had the demolishers pull the house down they never found anything.

The dance at the School of Arts was a great success. There were two concertinas, besides the piano and little Maggie Jackson played the piano. She's only been learning a

fortnight, but you could hear her quite plain.

As I said before, the dance was a great success. There were eleven fights and we ran out of beer about half-past three. Just nice time for everybody to get back home for the milking.

There's a new sergeant in the town. A fair brute, so I'm told. Spends all his time in the pub ordering people out of it. Of course, nobody takes any notice of him, but it must be bad for your digestion, being nagged at like that.

The S.P. bookmaker "took the knock" again last week. He says



"The dance was a great success," says Lower. "There were eleven fights and we ran out of beer."

that unless he can get a subsidy from the Shire Council he won't be able to carry on. It'll be a big blow to the town if he goes out of business.

And there's a new wireless in the barber's shop. It's so loud you've got to go right outside the town to hear it.

The race meeting lasted three days. The racing lasted only two days, but the meeting itself went on for another day. Most of us went to bed after that.

We had a bookmaker up from Sydney. He won at the races but the postmaster started a game of poker afterwards and the bookie had to borrow his fare back to town. Of course, he didn't know that they've been playing in the back parlor of the pub with the same pack for years. You can read them from the back better than you can from the front. He didn't know that.

Judging the Babies

THE bazaar was good. It was supposed to be in aid of something, but nobody seemed to care much except the bank manager. He had to do the judging at the baby show in the parish hall. Eight mothers have resigned from the sewing bee as a result of the competition, and four more have ceased their weekly contributions to the Salvation of Blighted Savages Fund.

Then we had sports. We held them in the paddock at the back of the service station, and the charge was sixpence to get through the fence. One city "mug" paid, I believe. Anyhow, that's all the secretary turned in when they checked up at the end of the day.

The egg-and-spoon race was plain robbery. The publican had half the field tied up, and there was only one trier in the race. I lost four bob.

The dogs wandering about the place upset a few of the events, but, taking it all round, things went off pretty well.

An Old Sweetheart

I MET an old sweetheart of mine, and we had a milk shake together. By crickey, she's got fat! We had another milk shake at the fruit shop, and she introduced me to her husband. Just a weed of a fellow. I don't know what she could see in him.

I had a long talk with him after his wife had gone. It seems that I had a pretty narrow escape. She smores like mad, he tells me. Gives him two shillings a week for tobacco.

Of course, that's nothing unusual. I get only three and six myself, unless I stage a mutiny. And it's hardly worth while because it takes me about three months to live it down and get tolerated again.

I'm glad I went back, though. The best part of these back-to-the-old-home-town weeks is that it makes you realise how lucky you were to get away from the dump in the first place.

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"YOU know he ought to leave," she said, looking at him steadily. "You are Savaran, you know about the Porofangora."

He frowned savagely over harsh eyes, then shrugged in his large way.

"Naturally I know—I am Savaran. But you—how do you know, a green-horn only just come to Africa? It is but a bush whisper."

"You forget we have men from the bush in our wards," she said. "As I dressed the hurts of one of them he whispered that I must run away from Mamee Yorga because the Porofangora were coming to slay."

"And you believed him?" his eyes were keen.

"I had to believe him; he swore on the stone."

"Did he give details?"

"It is to be in three weeks' time," she said. "When the Gelem Caravan comes in. That caravan carries record loads of gold dust and ivory."

"And diamonds from a new

DELILAH'S Daughter

Continued from Page 7

field," said Savaran, never able to resist a gesture.

"He did not tell me about the diamonds," said Ruth Dacre. "But he is certain that the Porofangora will stop at nothing to take such rich loot; they will sweep Mamee Yorga with death. And it will happen three days after the caravan comes in, two months before the steamer arrives to take the gold and ivory to the coast."

Months before any sort of help can get to us." She looked at him steadily. "You know all this is true?"

"I know," he grunted fiercely. "Mamee Yorga will be a burnt-out shambles before a month has gone. The Porofangora have been saving this up for years."

He sat back and regarded her with a fierce and mocking smile. "And what does His Excellency, 'The Big Vegetable,' say to it all?"

"The Big Vegetable" is a highly disrespectful term for any official big wig in that colony's officialdom. In this case it referred to the important if lethargic Adjunct Commissaire, who ruled over Mamee Yorga and all these frontier marches.

"You know I've been to him?" she cried.

"I guessed, my dear," he said, with a grin of satisfaction at his own shrewdness. "You went straight to His Excellency with your terrible news as a good citizen should—and what did he say? But no—Savaran will tell you. The fat little gentleman chuckled you under your pretty chin with his fat pink hand, giggled sleepily, and said: 'There! There, my pretty flower, do not

trouble your small charming head. We know all about these rumors. We have been listening to them since before you were the baby, and they signify—nothing. Nothing at all, little cabbage . . . and, even, they signify less in the matter of the Porofangora. We know them, those niggers. Twenty-five years ago we whipped them most severely for being naughty, and since then they have been so meek, so meek. Women-men, but most loyal subjects; glad even of our rule, never as much as grudging the collector a centimo of the hut tax. No! No, little one, some bad men we know of might revolt, but the Porofangora, NEVER. So fear not and do not listen to this silly talk; no harm will come to us."

Savaran's voice as he spoke took on the fat, drowsy, fatherly intonation of His Excellency so marvelously that Ruth Dacre cried:

"You might almost have heard him!"

"Oh, Savaran knows the soul of that warthog in all its laziness, incompetence and folly."

"But all the officials are like him," cried Ruth Dacre. "None of them will listen to me."

"What did you expect," he said scornfully, "when they do not even listen to Savaran?"

"You have warned them!" she gasped.

"Savaran is also a white man," he grinned fiercely. "Yes, I even sent them a messenger—they thought it comic, I hear, or possibly some trick by which Savaran hoped to feather his own nest . . . And then they all went to sleep again."

"And yet the Porofangora will come," she cried.

"They will come," he said grimly. "Their babies of twenty-five years ago have been reared with but one thought—to take revenge for that defeat of twenty-five years ago. A new race has arisen since that old war, a cunning race that can pretend meekness and prepare vengeance by stealth. There are seventy-thousand fighting spears waiting but the word to slay. They will roll over Mamee Yorga and half the colony before any defence can concentrate. Be wise, obey your bushman, my dear—and run for it."

"Couldn't Mamee Yorga be defended?"

"WITH ease," he shrugged. "The old pioneers were real soldiers. They chose an admirable position as you can see, with the broad rivers guarding three sides. Even the old land wall could stop mere spear fighters like the Porofangora if properly defended. And the town could hold out. There is unlimited water, food in plenty and the local inhabitant is good fighting stuff—I know, I am employing him myself. A good leader could sit safe and tight here for half a year, certainly long enough for help to be rushed up to him."

"You alone can save Mamee Yorga," she cried.

"I have," he said with sardonic politeness, "another appointment."

"Another black tribe to be crushed?"

"Not precisely," he answered. "Diamonds to be collected."

"Diamonds—from this neighborhood?" she frowned.

"You forget," he smiled. "A new field has just been found. The Mbamset in the hills to the north-west made the find. They are a race of dogs that I ought to have punished long ago for a treachery, but they were not worth the effort. But having diamonds—that is a different story."

"You could leave your diamond stealing until after you had saved Mamee Yorga," she said, contemptuously.

"Few women," he grinned, "understand the finer points of strategy. I, Napoleon and in fact all the really great conquerors get our results through swift action. The Porofangora know about these diamonds too. The mere act of their striking at Mamee Yorga, even if they only besiege it for months, will gain them the support of other tribes, the Sammo and the Laro-Laro, for instance, and they will use some of those tribes to attack the Mbamset; they will want those diamonds to buy arms. Naturally, I must get to the Mbamset, beat them and turn them into a practical fighting force to meet the Porofangora before they come for those diamonds. I have no time to waste if I am to triumph."

He caught her hands. "Come, my pretty, join me. You will be safe then and a throne awaits at the end of our adventure. You have Savaran's spirit, too, you can dare."

SHE tore her hands away, and not merely anger, but fear of his queer, compelling power, was in the gesture.

"You can stay and defend Mamee Yorga," she cried passionately. "You are already collecting your forces for the attack on the Mbamset, you have arms. With these as the backbone of the defence and with your genius you could hold the Porofangora until help came."

"Certainly you have charm," he smiled grimly. "You make your patients whisper too many secrets. And did you tell all this to 'The Big Vegetable'?"

"Am I a police spy?" she cried fiercely. "I knew what he would do to you if he heard you were here." Suddenly she put both her hands on his shoulders. "Savaran, save Mamee Yorga as only you can!"

That Francois Villon recklessness that could make him toss a crown over his shoulder for the sake of a woman's smile swung him. His arms went about her. She had won him—had she not stiffened at his touch. He laughed sardonically.

"Save Mamee Yorga—but particularly young Dr. Felton, eh?" he cried. "You are no more distinguished than Savaran. Also it is impossible. You yourself have told why. You dare not tell the authorities I am here; they would clap me in jail, even if I appeared to defend their wretched little town."

"But—you are Savaran. You could find a way!" she pleaded.

Please turn to Page 22



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Based on the life of Queen Victoria, the play takes on-lookers behind the scenes in the Royal household, and gives interesting sketches of the romantic and domestic life of the great Queen. Extracts from the dialogue are given on this page.

A DOMESTIC Interlude

Occurs when the Queen comes upon Albert shaving:

THE QUEEN: What are you doing?

ALBERT: Shaving.

THE QUEEN: Oh! How exciting! May I stay, and watch you?

ALBERT: If it would interest you, Weibchen.

THE QUEEN: But, of course! to see you shaving is wonderful! Something I never thought of.

ALBERT: Oh? Did you think one did not have to shave at all?

THE QUEEN: I never thought about it—till now. . . . You see, Albert, I have never seen a man shave himself before.

ALBERT: No, I suppose not.

THE QUEEN: How often do you have to do it? Once a week?

ALBERT: Every day.

THE QUEEN: Every day! But how absurd! It can't grow as fast as all that.

ALBERT: Oh, yes, it does.

THE QUEEN: How very troublesome! Why, I only cut my nails once a week.

ALBERT: Nails can wait longer; beards won't.

THE QUEEN: I wouldn't like you to have a beard, Albert!

ALBERT: Nor would I. That's why I am taking it off now.

(Having suddenly, lathered, he now begins to shave.)

THE QUEEN: How strange it looks. . . and how interesting!—fascinating! . . . Is it dangerous?

ALBERT: Not if you don't talk to me—

THE QUEEN (a little startled): Oh! Albert!—not just while I am stroking myself.

THE QUEEN: Stroking yourself! Oh, Albert, you are funny!

ALBERT: Is that not the right word? Ought I to have said "wiping myself"—or what?

THE QUEEN: Really, I'm not sure, Albert. It's part of the English

language, which—from not having to know—I've not been taught.

ALBERT: Ah, Vicky! It is nice to hear you say that! Then you, too, do not know the English language quite like a native. For that—if it were not for the soap—I would kiss you.

THE QUEEN: The soap?

ALBERT: This, I mean.

THE QUEEN: Oh! Not "soap," Albert darling. Soap!

ALBERT: Oh! Soap, then.

THE QUEEN: But I don't mind the soap, Albert—your soap—if you would like to.

ALBERT: Very well; then; now I will.

(Having wiped his lips, he kisses her, and then goes on with his shaving.)

Court Chatter

AN interesting picture of Court life is given in another scene:—

From the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room the Royal Presence has just been withdrawn. Backs are bent to the disappearing train, which is all that we see.

Then, as the door closes, the gentlemen straighten their backs, the ladies rise from their curtseys. In obvious relief from the tension of Court etiquette, faces and limbs find relaxation, the gentlemen cough, draw breath, heave sighs of relief; the ladies yawn politely behind their fans.

A dowager-lady totters to an arm-chair, and sinks into it, half-fainting.

DOWAGER: Oh! my poor legs! What has become of them?

LADY-IN-WAITING: Don't say "legs," Mamma! The gentlemen! (She indicates that they are listening.) Feet!

DOWAGER: Feet? I haven't any left! All this standing! . . . and after dinner, too! To people of my age—it's cruel! Why does the Queen allow it?

LADY-IN-WAITING: The Prince insists on it, Mamma.



QUEEN VICTORIA: To see you shaving is wonderful. Something I never thought of.

DOWAGER (sighing): Yes, I know I know!

LADY-IN-WAITING: Come to bed, Mamma, dear!

(She raises her Mother, and leads her towards the door.)

DOWAGER (drawing back): Wait! Take care! We mustn't overtake them. The Queen doesn't like it.

LADY-IN-WAITING: It's all right, Mamma. They are letting us out now.

(For now the doors are opening again, an indication that the way is clear, and that the Court is now free to go to bed, if it likes. The Gentlemen stand back, and bow for the Ladies to pass first, and the Ladies curtsy themselves out.)

FIRST GENTLEMAN: Did you hear what happened to-night?

SECOND GENTLEMAN: Happened?

FIRST GENTLEMAN: To Lady Peel, I mean?

SECOND GENTLEMAN: What about her?

FIRST GENTLEMAN: Well, you know that she is—expecting, quite soon. The Queen told her that when the Prince came in, she might remain seated; and that two of her ladies should stand in front of her, so that the Prince shouldn't see.

SECOND GENTLEMAN: Very kind of her. . . very considerate.

FIRST GENTLEMAN: Yes, but he did see her; and word went to her that she was to stand.

SECOND GENTLEMAN: How very like him! What a drillmaster he would have made!

FIRST GENTLEMAN: Well, of course. . . German, you know, German. It's the medieval idea. He can't get rid of it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN: And yet, in other things—so alive and up to date!

FIRST GENTLEMAN: Yes. He looks into everything—cupboards, even, so I'm told.

SECOND GENTLEMAN: Eh?

(A respectfully hovering attendant catches his eye; he perceives that they are the last. He takes his companion's arm.)

Come, we must be going. It's Buckingham Palace's bedtime.

"So Beautiful"

IN another domestic scene, Queen Victoria and Albert are seen together:

THE QUEEN: How thoughtful you are, Albert, always!

ALBERT: There is so much here that needs to be thought about. In the past, things have been much neglected.

THE QUEEN: I hope all this care is not going to age you, Albert. You are so beautiful! But often I see you looking tired.

ALBERT: No, no. I like it. It interests me.

THE QUEEN: Because you are so good and conscientious in everything you do. You were born to rule, Albert!

ALBERT: Ah! Weibchen, if I had not your love and your trust, I could do nothing. Everyone here is jealous of me.

THE QUEEN: Yes, I know! And it makes me so angry, Albert! One day, I mean that you shall be made King.

ALBERT: King?

THE QUEEN: Yes. Not Prince, or Prince Consort: King Consort—as you really are.

ALBERT: Why cause trouble, my Dear? For it will cause trouble. What's in a name?

THE QUEEN: My love. Dearest; in that name, all my love for you. (See pictures in Film Section.)

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It need not be expensive, but it will be smart if you make it of Ferguson Fabric. This season's designs are more intriguing than ever. Floral prints as gay as a garden, dashing spots and checks, and amusing nautical designs with little boats sailing merrily from selvedge to selvedge. Colour fast? Oh yes! And they wash like new.

SEE THESE:

CREPE JESSAMY—heavy-weight crepe de chine that hangs beautifully. In uncommon prints.

CARLWAY—slub-weave spun rayon in plain colours and perky prints. Wears and wears and wears.

SHANRAY—crease-resisting spun rayon in fast prints and gay solid colours.

FERBRETTE—linen-finish cotton that's crease-resisting.

FERGOTEX—For all the world like linen, but it doesn't crumple as much as linen does. And so easy to make up, too. Prints and plain colours.

Sold at good stores.

FERGUSON FASHION FABRICS

Ready-to-put-on frocks of Ferguson Fabric available too!



Let Us Help You Plan Your Holiday

The Daily Telegraph Holiday Booking Bureau will be pleased to supply you FREE with helpful information and literature which will enable you to plan just the holiday you want—the answers to such questions as these:—

Locality? Name of Establishment? Proprietor? Tariff—Weekly? Daily? Week-end? Holiday?—Number of Boarders Taken? Distance from Station? Menu? Facilities and Prices Charged for Children, if catered for? Sewerage? Lighting? Sporting and Social Facilities available and distance from same?

GET IN TOUCH WITH THE BUREAU TO-DAY

DAILY TELEGRAPH HOLIDAY BOOKING BUREAU

99 PITT STREET (3 doors from Hunter St.) Phone: BW 3017

BIG DAY for 1500 Married COUPLES

Wedding Commemoration Service at St. Philip's Church

Over 1500 married couples who have taken their marital vows within the walls of St. Philip's Church, Church Hill, Sydney, have been invited to attend a special wedding commemoration service on Sunday, October 17.

The longest-married couple who will attend the Service will be Mr. and Mrs. Chatfield, of Ryde, who celebrated their golden wedding in July this year.



ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH. Meet Mr. and Mrs. Chatfield.

"I WAS married 50 years ago in St. Philip's Church," said Mr. Percy Garraway Chatfield in a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.

"It seems no time! To look back on 50 years is nothing—to look forward to that number of years, one feels is a lifetime."

"We both feel as young and as happy to-day as we did 50 years ago," said Mrs. Chatfield, who looks remarkably young for her age.

"There were no trams, no telephones and no electricity when we were married at St. Philip's."

"It's almost impossible to believe that the church in its surroundings to-day is the same one we were married in."

"I will remember my wedding day," said Mr. Chatfield. "I arrived from the New England district to be married, to find my family and home in quarantine and the yellow flag waving outside."

"The policeman who patrolled the house questioned me as to whether I lived there, but not wanting any delay with my wedding, I denied all association."

"Consequently I was running round trying to borrow clothes, and ended in being married in odds and ends collected around the neighborhood."

11,000 Weddings

THE Chatfields' wedding is one of 11,000 which have been celebrated in St. Philip's Church since 1807.

St. Philip's, "The Church of Romances," averages 250 marriage ceremonies a year, and is as fashionable and popular to-day for weddings as it was in the dim past of 1809, when Rev. William Cowper arrived in Australia from the Old Country as its first rector.

Mr. Cowper found himself in a strange world. He was horrified to find that among the convicts, and even a certain number of officers, the ceremony of marriage was looked on as quite unnecessary.

Governor Macquarie, upon his arrival the following year, dealt with this matter in one of his characteristic proclamations.

In this he expressed his "high disapprobation of such immorality, and his future resolution to repress it."

Among the convicts, at least, the

Governor's manifesto had an effect, with the result that the Rev. William Cowper was kept busy at St. Philip's Church reading the marriage service.

To cope with the rush, as many as six couples had to be married at the one service, and it is recorded in the register books that eighteen couples were married in one day.

One of the Rev. Cowper's sons subsequently became Premier of N.S.W.

Early registers of St. Philip's Church are in the keeping of the Registrar-General, but the first entry in the register at St. Philip's Church was in 1807.

Most of the signatures in this register were in the form of an "X," for few of the parties could sign their names.

FAULDING'S Honey & Almond Cream

is a boon to the
outdoor girl. Pre-
vents wind-burn,
cracked lips, and
skin roughness.
Keep a bottle in
your handbag.

4/6, 9/6, 1/6.



CONSULTING PSYCHOLOGIST
It is an intriguing experience to learn the truth about yourself—to see a bright light focused on your own weaknesses and strengths—to know where best your power lies. Vocational advice given on request. I point out the road to success. Send clear impressions of both hands. Enclose P.N. 2/6 and stamped addressed envelope to Box 4073W, G.P.O., Sydney.
ALISON ADAIR.

Germs Hit Your Kidneys as



Germs get into the Kidneys, bladder, and Urinary system, and because of the intense irritation produced are the true and underlying cause of much pain, rundown health, and dangerous symptoms, such as: Getting up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, frequent Colds and Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Appetite and Vitality, and Burning, Smarting, Itching passages.

Germs develop in the body during Colds or because of Bad Teeth, or Tonsils or from disease and fevers such as Typhoid and other bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicine can't help much because they do not kill the germs that are the cause of your trouble.

Kill Germs Doctor's Way

Fortunately for sufferers most chemists now have supplies of a new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex that kills doctor's prescription. Cystex acts in three ways to remove the cause of your trouble and thus restore vigorous health: 1. It kills the germs responsible for most Kidney and Bladder Disorders. 2. It soothes and heals inflamed membranes and relieves pain. 3. It helps Kidneys act naturally to remove excess Uric Acid and other Poisons from the blood.

48-Hour Results
Cystex is scientifically prepared in accordance with the purity standards of the British and U.S.A. Pharmacopoeia to act as a urinary antiseptic or germ destroyer and as a gentle stimulating diuretic to the kidneys. For this reason there is no long waiting for results. More than 3 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex with the greatest of success and are high in their praise of this wonderful two-way treatment. For instance, Mrs. L. H. recently wrote: "I had been sick for seven years. Terrible pains in my back night and day. I had to get up six times every night and then I would have to force and force to urinate. I was so bad three weeks ago that I just couldn't stand the pain and burning any longer. My husband got Cystex for me. I got relief from the first two doses. The pain is all gone now and I have no irritation and sleep sound all night. Now I enjoy life again and can sit in a cinema with no worry of getting up and going home before the show is over."

8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement. The guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that this new twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.





*Being seen to advantage
is every delightful woman's
wish...*

Berlei

F O U N D A T I O N S

Polo on Bikes



NO LONGER is polo only a rich man's game. Our cameraman caught these lads playing a chukka on bicycles. It's a game of thrills and spills, as these three pictures show, but tumbles and bruises are quickly forgotten when youth is at play.



"Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."



"Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice it."



"Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well... Let's get the Johnson's Baby Powder and give ourselves a sprinkle. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is soft as satin; it is made from the very finest tale. It is recommended by doctors and nurses as the best babies can have.

Johnson's BABY
powder
"Best for Baby—Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Mopess, Etc.

ALB

Real Life Stories

Tragic Ferry Disaster Recalled

THE most terrible of all my life's experience was when I was in the Greycliffe ferry disaster in Sydney Harbor on November 3, 1927, in which many people were drowned.

It was a disaster that shocked the Commonwealth.

My husband had been off work with an injured hand, and that day we decided to have a little outing before he returned to work the following Monday.

We made our way to Circular Quay and just missed a Manly ferry. We then decided to go to Nielsen Park. Little did we dream of the tragic happening that the change involved.

We caught the ferry Greycliffe and sat on the outside to enjoy the trip and harbor views.

After travelling some distance I drew my husband's attention to a beautiful liner, the Tahiti, outward bound, and close to us. He said, "It does look well, and seems to be travelling some, too."

We continued to watch it. A few seconds elapsed and then a deck-hand of the Greycliffe rushed to the side of the ferry and cried out in alarm.

My husband pulled me from the seat and we ran to the other side of the ferry.

Then the dreadful impact came. The Tahiti had crashed into the ferry. My husband and I were separated, and the next moment I felt myself going down and down into the depths of the water. I seemed to turn over and over. It was a dreadful feeling.

I never thought I would come to the top again.

When I did come up, I was clinging desperately to a part of the rail of the boat. I clambered on to some of the wreckage. The sight all round was too terrible to bring back to one's mind. I'll never forget it.

I cried for my husband and looked for him in vain. There were many wounded about.

After a time of terrible suspense, and awful daze of mind, a party in a small rowing boat came to my aid, and I was taken aboard another ferry, thence to Sydney Hospital.

It was all terribly sad and all confusion. I still asked for my husband, and later that night I learned he was in the hospital too.

About a week later we were both wheeled out in chairs on to the verandahs, and then learned that we could soon go home together.

The doctors and nurses were all very good and kind. It was three years before I could travel on Sydney Harbor again. I was too nervous.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Jones, 32 Charles St., Erskineville, Sydney.

Bride in Malaya

AN Australian girl who married a planter and came to live in Malaya had an experience that although it has its funny side was at

the time terrifying. Let me tell the story briefly:—

After sunset in the cool of a tropical evening, and especially after rain, it was the custom of my husband and I to take a walk on our estate to the edge of the jungle. We usually took a gun, for anything could happen in this land of tigers, elephants, pythons, and wild pigs!

Having arrived at the highest part of the estate overlooking the dense undergrowth nearby, we spotted a herd of wild pigs. I was told to get under cover while my husband took aim. I hid behind a rubber tree, and closed my eyes. A shot rang out. I looked, and beheld a mad scamper of bounding black beasts: "Tuskers!" and all going four ways at once.

One seemed to be wounded, but I lost sight of it. There was only one left, and he was running round in circles about 100 yards from us.

"He's wounded, but I can't finish him off; I only had one bullet in my gun," said my spouse. "You stay here and keep watch; see he doesn't get away, and, if he does, see where he goes to."

I started to protest, but my tongue stuck in my mouth. I knew that a wounded pig was the most ferocious of all wild beasts. Before I could collect myself, my khaki-clad man had departed to get coolies to carry the carcass, and more shot.

Well, I looked at that pig. He was still wriggling, a mass of black bulk on the ground.

Hubby had said, "Climb a tree should he attack" . . . and with one leap I started to climb, fearing an attack.

But my legs, plus the khaki breeches, wouldn't let me, and I slithered to the ground. Another piercing grunt from the pig made me start afresh. My hands were scratched, and the tree offered no help. Again I fell to the ground and gave myself up to die.

I wept—tears of pity for myself—when I suddenly heard voices . . . Chinese . . . Malay . . . my husband's.

I rushed him with joy. He took a look at me and gasped. "Whatever is the matter? What have you been doing? You're as white as a ghost, and your arms—how did that happen?" for the blood was trickling down in little streams.

I half choked with sobs as I related how I tried to climb up a rubber tree, bare of friendly branches to aid me, and smooth as a rod—yet rough enough to tear the flesh off my arms. How the pig snorted, and made as if to "go" for me.

While the coolies tied the now "very dead" beast to a pole my husband quietly explained that he knew the pig would die quickly, as he took aim to hit in the fatal spot in the head. But, being a new chum like I was, how could I know that years of experience in hunting makes one a perfect marksman?

I had a lot to learn in those first years as a planter's wife, but even the thrill of hunting big game always gives me "shivers and shakes" when I see or hear wild pigs.

Their ivory tusks are nasty weapons if they come at you with the weight

Make Money This Easy Way

EVERY week we pay prizes for the best Real Life stories told by readers.

Stories may concern your childhood, schooldays, or present day activities, and may relate to dramatic, romantic, humorous or other types of memorable incidents in your life.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded, and 5/- for all other stories published.

Endeavor to keep your story within 300 words. Post it to "Real Life Stories," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full postal address at top of page 3.

of their owner behind them, and very few who have been attacked live to tell the tale.

5/- to Mrs. Marie King, Tiram Rajah Est., Johore Bahru, Malaya.

Bath During Quake

THIS incident occurred in Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, during the terrible earthquake a few years ago.

I had finished my morning household duties, and prepared my bath. Donning my wrapper—now a treasured souvenir—I went into the bathroom, turned off the taps, and stepped cautiously into the bath. The water was delightfully warm and soft, and I lay down luxuriating prior to the "scrub."

My enjoyment, however, was only short-lived. Suddenly, with great creakings the house rocked alarmingly, the bath water splashed, nearly choking me, and I made futile efforts to clamber from the heaving bath.

I was almost petrified with fear! I can scarcely remember the agonising moments, as suddenly floor, walls, etc., bath and me went down bang! on to the ground floor piled on debris.

The next few moments are a complete blank, but you cannot imagine the great surprise I felt when "coming to" I found myself still in a very tilted and wobbly bath, with a leaning wall much too close to me.

I could hear shouting people near. Struggling from the bath, a piece of my wrapper caught my eye. It had come down with the door. Tugging it in haste, I found it slipped obligingly from under the wreckage and was I glad of its cover!

Wrapping my body in its thin but nevertheless covering folds, I clambered over the wreckage and, joining some neighbors, rushed barefoot down the street.

My first thought was of my husband, who, fortunately, was also unhurt.

It was not for some little time that anyone really noticed my plight. I was given some brandy and clothing, and as our alarm subsided we laughed about my experience.

Many times since I have enjoyed a hearty laugh about this both alarming and amusing incident.

5/- to Mrs. Helen Wilson, 3 Torquay, Knox St., Double Bay, N.S.W.

College Days for Girls—on the U.S. Plan

ONE of the most interesting aspects of education in the United States is the development of colleges and universities for women. Apart from the ordinary curriculums at these institutions, Miss America is taught the social graces and the art of good dressing, as can be seen from the pictures on this page. These show typical college co-eds, and reflect a phase of social and educational life that as yet has no great parallel in Australia, although there is a growing tendency to adopt the American idea.



THIS HARDLY looks like a college scene, but it is. Attractive students enjoy refreshments as they scan their mail in the beautiful college grounds.



THREE SMART GIRLS, running in the rain. They dress attractively even for wet weather.



A SNAP of the college—for old times' sake.



OFF to "barrack" for their football favorites.



A BREAK between lessons gives time for a chat—so that's college in U.S.A., if your Poppa's rich enough.



SOPHISTICATION, sweetness, and grace, all dressed up—and somewhere to go, with someone.

Spring Shades from HOLEPROOF

in the loveliest sheers
of all



Out of the BLUE
comes the
WHITEST wash
RECKITT'S BLUE

The CITADEL

Continued from Page 8

It took him only an instant to smash a glass ampule and inject pituitrin. Then he flung down the hypodermic syringe and worked unapologetically to restore the flaccid woman. After a few minutes of feverish effort, her heart strengthened, he saw that he might safely leave her. He swung round, in his shirt sleeves, his hair sticking to his damp brow.

"Where's the child?" The midwife made a frightened gesture. She had placed it beneath the bed.

In a flash Andrew knelt down. Flushing among the newspapers below the bed he pulled out the new-born child. A boy, perfectly formed.

The limp warm body was white and soft as tallow. The skin was of a lovely texture, smooth and tender. The head lolled on the thin neck. The limbs seemed boneless.

Still kneeling, Andrew stared at the child with a haggard frown. The whiteness meant only one thing: asphyxia pallida.

"Get me hot water and cold water," he threw out to the nurse. "And basins, too. Quick! Quick!"

"But, doctor—" she faltered, her eyes on the pallid body of the child. "Quick!" he shouted.

Snatching a blanket, he laid the child upon it and began the special method of respiration. The basins arrived, the ewer, the big iron kettle. Frantically he splashed cold water into one basin; in the other he mixed water as hot as his hand could bear. Then, like some crazy juggler, he hurried the child between the two, now plunging it into the icy, now into the steaming, bath.

Fifteen minutes passed. Sweat was now running into Andrew's eyes, blinding him.

A desperate sense of defeat pressed on him, a raging hopelessness. He felt the midwife watching him in stark consternation while there, pressed back against the wall, where she had all the time remained, her hand pressed to her throat, uttering no sound, her eyes burning upon him, was the old woman.

"For mercy's sake, doctor," whimpered the midwife. "It's stillborn."

Andrew did not heed her. Beaten, despairing, having labored in vain for half an hour, he still persisted in one last effort, rubbing the child with a rough towel, crushing and releasing the little chest with both his hands.

And then, as by a miracle, the piny chest, which his hands enclosed, gave a short convulsive heave. Another . . . and another. Andrew turned gladdly. The sense of life, springing beneath his fingers after all that unavailing striving, was so exquisite it almost made him faint. He redoubled his efforts feverishly.

The child was gasping now, deeper and deeper. The blanched skin was slowly turning pink. Then, exquisitely, came the child's cry.

"Dear Father in Heaven," the nurse sobbed hysterically. "It's come . . . It's come alive."

Andrew handed her the child. He felt weak and dazed. About him the room lay in a shuddering litter: blankets, towels, basins, soiled instruments, the hyperdermic syringe impaled by its point in the linoleum, the ewer knocked over, the kettle on its side in a puddle of water.

Upon the huddled bed the mother still dreamed her way quietly through the anesthetic. The old woman still stood against the wall. But her hands were together, her lips moved without sound. She was praying.

Mechanically Andrew wrung out his sleeve, pulled on his jacket.

"I'll fetch my bag later, nurse."

Outside he found Joe standing on the pavement with a tense, expectant face.

"All right, Joe," he said thickly. "Both all right."

It was quite light. Nearly five o'clock. A few miners were already in the streets; the first of the night shift moving out. As Andrew walked with them, spent and slow, his foot-falls echoing with the others under the morning sky, he kept thinking blindly, oblivious to all other work he had accomplished in Blainville: "I've done something, I've done something real at last."

After a shave and a bath—thanks to Annie there was always plenty of boiling water in the tap—he felt less tired. But Mrs. Page, finding his bed unoccupied in the morning, was facetiously sarcastic at the breakfast table, the more so as he received her shafts in silence.

"Hah! You lookin' bit of a wreck this mornin', doctor. Bit dark under the eyes like! Been out on the tiles, my boy? Tee-hee! You can't deceive me! I thought you was too good to be true. You're all the same, you assistants. I never found one yet

that didn't drink or go wrong some-ow!"

After morning surgery and his forenoon round Andrew dropped in to see his case. It had just gone half-past twelve as he turned up Blaina Terrace.

Approaching No. 12 he fancied he saw a face at the window. And it was so. They had been waiting on him. The instant he placed his foot on the newly pipe-clayed doorstep the door was swung open and the old woman, beaming unbelievably all over her wrinkled face, made him welcome to the house.

Indeed, she was so eager to make much of him she could barely frame the words. She asked him to come first for some refreshment to the parlor. When he refused she fluttered: "All right, all right, doctor, bach. It's as you say. Maybe you'll have time, though, on your way down for a drop of elderberry wine and a morsel of cake." She patted him upstairs with tremulous old hands.

A fortnight later when Andrew had paid his last visit at No. 12, Joe Morgan came round to see him. Joe's manner was solemnly portentous. And, having labored long with words, he said explosively:

"Dang it all, doctor, bach, I'm no hand at talkin'. Money can't repay what you done for us. But all the same the missus and I want to make you this little present."

Impulsively, he handed over a slip to Andrew. It was an order on the building society made out for five guineas.

Andrew stared at the cheque. The Morgans were, in the local idiom, tidy folk, but they were far from being well-off. This amount, on the eve of their departure for South

GIRLIGAGS



"THE TROUBLE with too many of us to-day is that we make our beds and then try to lie out of them."

Africa, where Morgan had obtained a better position, with expenses of transit to be faced, must represent a great sacrifice.

Touched, Andrew said: "I can't take this, Joe lad."

"You must take it," Joe said with grave insistence, his hand closing over Andrew's, "or missus and me'll be mortal offended. It's a present for yourself. It's not for Dr. Page."

"Yes, I understand, Joe," Andrew nodded, smiling.

He folded the order, placed it in his waistcoat pocket and for a few days forgot about it. Then, the following Tuesday, passing the Western Counties Bank, he paused, reflected a moment and went in. As Mrs. Page always paid him in notes, which he forwarded by registered letter to the endowment office, he had never had occasion to deal through the bank. But now, with a comfortable recollection of his own substance, he decided to open a deposit account with Joe's gift.

At the grating he endorsed the order, filled in some forms and handed them to the young cashier, remarking with a smile: "It's not much, but it's a start, anyhow."

Meanwhile he had been conscious of Annurin Rees hovering in the background, watching him. And, as he turned to go, the long-headed manager came forward to the counter. In his hands he held the order.

"Afternoon, Dr. Manson. How are you?" Pause. Sucking his breath in over his yellow teeth. "Eh—you want this paid into your new account?"

Please turn to Page 52



Her lips said "Darling"
but her breath said
"CHEESE"

HOW easy it is to spoil an effect entirely. That piece of cheese at dinner . . . a small thing, yet enough to make your breath go on saying "Cheese" all the evening. Play safe and clear your breath before you go to meet anyone. A May Breath tablet does the trick in a minute. No trace of fish, cheese, or other breath tainters remain.

Antiseptic, May Breath tablets are good for you. Carry a tin in your handbag, it takes up no more space than a coin or two.



MAY BREATH
CLEARS YOUR BREATH

1/- a tin at all Chemists



Neuralgia used to drive me crazy

but now I never let it get beyond the first twinge. I just take a 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder and in a few minutes the pain disappears. If you have never tried 'Bayer' A.P.C. a revelation in quick relief awaits you. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders in relieving Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness and those prostrating attacks to which many women are liable. To doctors and chemists the world over the name 'BAYER' on any remedy is the Hall Mark of reliability, and it is your best guarantee of quick relief from pain.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.
Of all Chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE

75,000 SUFFER

It has been estimated that in the Sydney Metropolitan area alone a total of over 75,000 persons suffer from complaints such as Indigestion, Acidity, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, Wind, etc. This is needless when the remedy is so simple and economical. Should you suffer likewise buy from your local chemist for 1/6 a packet of pure 'BAYER' A.P.C. The speedy relief it brings is surprising.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



PRIVATE DETECTIVE: As instructed, Madam, I've followed your husband. He went into eight dress shops, three beauty parlours, five military establishments, four jewellers' shops, two picture shows, and—



SENTIMENTAL PRISONER: Look me in cell 303.
WARDEN: Why?
SENTIMENTAL PRISONER: Father used to have it.

WIFE: What an earth for?
DETECTIVE: Looking for you, Madam.

MOPSY, the Cheery Redhead



NEWSPAPER REPORTER: Did you see much poverty in Europe?
MOPSY: Yes—and I brought some of it back with me.



JEAN: Wann't she a blonde some time ago?
JOAN: Yes, but her marriage has toned her down a lot.

The Wise Mother Knows the Danger of CONSTIPATION



It is safe to say that if constipation could be eliminated from the world, fully sixty per cent of children's ailments (and those of adults, as well) would totally disappear.

The wise, modern mother knows that there is one prompt and reliable method of counteracting this health-threatening disorder. Come on the days when distressing purgations and hard excretions were necessary to dispel 'accumulated' poisons from the system. They have been abolished by NYAL FIGSEN, the non-toxic laxative, which, without purging or griping and without losing a habit,

promotes smooth, natural bowel action and completely relieves constipation. You will have no difficulty in persuading even the most sensitive child to take NYAL FIGSEN. It acts softly, yet it never over acts. NYAL FIGSEN should have a permanent place in every medicine chest because it is as good for adults as it is for children. NYAL FIGSEN—the medically approved laxative—is sold by all chemists at 1/5d. a tin.

FREE SAMPLE

For this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of NYAL FIGSEN in The First Company, 1117, Gresham Road, Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME: _____ ADDRESS: _____ W.S. 16/3/37

NYAL FIGSEN

Brainwaves

A Prize of £10 is paid for each joke sent.

"WHAT is a dramatic critic, Dave?"
"A man who gives the best jobs of his life to the theatre."

JONES: Why did Bill leave the flower show?

Smith: Well, he was one of the competitors, and his tomatoes won first prize.

"First prize! I should have imagined that he would be pleased."

"No, you see, it was first prize for rot curtains."

"WHAT is the difference between a professional golfer and an amateur one?"

"A professional can control his club both during the game and afterwards."

MARGORIE was visiting her aunt, who had a very handsome Manor car. She looked at it in a puzzled way, and finally got up and walked slowly round it.

"Well, Margorie," said her aunt, "how do you like my car, Bobby?"

"I don't like it," replied Margorie, "it isn't finished."

When a builder's laborer fell from a scaffolding, his foreman asked him if he fell head first.

"No," replied the man, "but the sudden stop did."

AFTER having dined very well, Jones caught the last train home.

"Pull up inside, sir," said the conductor. Jones fixed him with a glassy stare.

"Is that information?" he asked, "or allegation?"



Your daughter's future lies in advertising

Women's intelligence is needed in the advertising world. Advertising offers the greatest career of all for women—and it is exciting, pleasant work.

The possibilities which open to to-day are such that there is no other walk of life which has such opportunities—the field is so wide, the work so absorbing, the earnings so high—and the most people in the business would rather.

Many people are under the impression that you have to be an artist—have to be able to draw. Not so! Though it may sometimes be an advantage, it is certainly not a necessity, and many most successful advertising men and women cannot draw. Advertising is a profession—and it must be taught. You have to study and learn—will you not do it at home under the E. & R. system?

For thirty years E. & R. system have trained advertising executives in every line of the law. The E. & R. training is thorough, complete, and employees everywhere have confidence in it.

Give your daughter a career she will love—and that other girls and have her trained by E. & R.

Write for our handbook, "The Guide to Careers in Advertising." It tells you all about E. & R. courses in Marketing and Advertising, Marketing and Selling, Product Retail Selling, Modern Merchandising for men and women.

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PIONEER MOTOR TOURS

DELILAH'S Daughter

Continued from Page 14

"You are very beautiful," he smiled, pinching her cheek. "Almost you make Savaran forget his common sense. But not quite. I know these overfed pigs, they are hopeless. I know also that unless I leave Mamee Yorga before the Porofangora can block the trail I too shall be in a plight as hopeless. So, then, within three weeks I leave. It is the only thing to do. And you—if you are wise you will come, too. There is only death here for you, but with me there is the love of Savaran and a throne and your name, with his, in history. Yes, you had better come."

"Never," she cried fiercely. "I won't desert."

"Well," he grinned fiercely. "You have three weeks to dwell upon the thought of what death at savage hands will be like, and, remember, just one little message to me at any time during those weeks and you will be safe."

She picked up her hawk, flung it about her silently, contemptuously. But Savaran only smiled his dark, hard, mocking smile. He knew human nature too well, this strange adventurer. Heroism in the abstract is so easy, but three weeks' reflection on death might begot quite another mood. He saw the beginning of it, in fact, in the ready, even the clinging willingness with which she accepted his escort through the evil streets of the Gurgur.

He was right. Ruth Dacre fought long against her fear; her courage, in fact, held out until two days before he was to march—but then it broke, and a hospital orderly crept through the streets of the Gurgur to Savaran's house with a note.

He read that note with his harsh, mocking smile. Was he disappointed in her, or was he elated at another triumph over beauty? Hard to say. Savaran in his moods was as baffling as a weather-cock in a whirlwind. His arrangements were practically completed. His force of nearly five hundred hand-picked askari and carriers was scattered through the Gurgur and the nearby villages ready to concentrate at a single word. He had his rifles, machine-guns and ammunition stored in various god-downs under his hands. He had little or nothing to hold him back.

Her note told him plainly that, woman-like, she needed a final persuasion. She must talk to him again, she said, before he left. She would meet him that night by the tomb of the Lonely Saint in the bare piece of ground between Mamee Yorga and the Gurgur.

Well, it was all very much as he had expected, though he had felt that her gallant little face spoke of sterner stuff. Still she was coming, and Savaran, after giving precise and careful instructions for any eventuality to Abn Zayd, his head man, robed himself in a fine silk tunic and went largely to the meeting.

SHE was waiting for him in the shadow of the tomb, and he went straight to her, caught her and kissed her. A dashing attack both in war and women was his favorite method.

"No," she cried tremulously, thrusting him off. "We must talk... You are ready to leave, all your forces, everything is ready?"

"You can ride out on a silk saddled mule at any hour you like," he said, smiling down on her fiercely.

"And—and you still think the Porofangora mean to blot out Mamee Yorga?" she panted.

"Are you beginning to doubt that?" he mocked.

"No," she said huskily. "Another man has told me it is true. But—but the Commisaire laughs at it more than ever. The Porofangora have sent five chieftains' sons to him begging him to keep them in his palace and train them in European ways. He says the Porofangora would not dare attack when he holds such hostages."

"That is exactly what the Porofangora want him to think," said Savaran grimly. "They are wily people, the Porofangora, they know that some rumors of their intentions must get about, so they send these hostages to lull our fat Commisaire's fears. Those young men gave themselves willingly for that purpose. They are ready to die to help their tribe to victory."

"You're sure?"

"Even now the Porofangora are sharpening their spear blades. Even

now their best marksmen are practising with the twelve hundred Belgian rifles that have been smuggled to them. Even now their women are stirring the braves to frenzy with the singing of the war vaunts."

"Then Mamee Yorga is doomed?" she said in a strangled voice.

"That is not a matter for you to worry about, for I am taking you with me," he smiled.

He stepped close and caught her up in his arms. He chuckled as she did not resist. She sighed, relaxed against him, and, as he held her high, her arms went about him, holding him tight. It was triumph. He turned to stride back to the Gurgur with his spoils, and as he turned he saw the glint of rifles pointed at his chest, and the moonlight revealed three members of the local police standing about him looking determined and grim. Then a couple of dapper white officers stepped from the shadows and they bristled with firearms, too. One blew a whistle, and from almost every angle of the compass armed men began closing in. Scores of them. Mamee Yorga knew Savaran and was not taking risks.

The spider-spare adventurer backed a step and tried to drop the girl to get at his pistol. She only clung tighter, holding his arms and crying anxiously:

"Don't fight them, Savaran. They're ready to shoot at any excuse. They mean to take you dead or alive."

Savaran stood stock still and laughed savagely.

"Dellah can boast at least one worthy daughter," he cried.

SHE came to him four days later. Two days after he should have left Mamee Yorga and a day after he could leave it, for already, he knew, the Porofangora were blocking the trails out. The big Arab gauler would not let her pass through the barred gate into the cell.

"It is not permitted, O Lioness," he said gruffly. "See, this is the mighty Zaravani. Give him but a loophole and he vanishes away."

They were taking no risks with Savaran. A double guard of newer, more businesslike askari filled the prison buildings and two armed sentinels stood each side of the door. As she grew accustomed to the gloom she saw the leg and wrist irons that linked up to his steel girdle, saw the strong chain that stretched from that to a staple in the wall. He sat up on his stone bench with a clink of metal as he saw her, throwing his cigarette away.

"Little Dellah comes to gloat over the fallen Samson," he said fiercely. "But one so dainty should not have risked it. The fleas of Mamee Yorga's prisons are the most redoubtable of their breed."

"Savaran—don't," she cried huskily. "You know it was the only way."

"To keep a lover near you?" he mocked.

"To save Mamee Yorga," she faltered.

He deliberately jingled his irons.

"Listen to the armor of the fighting man," he said grimly. "Could anyone but a woman have decided that the best way to save a town was by betraying into prison the one man who could do it?"

"I had to keep you back until the Porofangora came," she said. "There was no other way. Only with you on the spot is there any hope for us."

"Well, I am on the spot," he grinned. "Where is the hope?"

"You are Savaran. You will find a way," she cried desperately.

"Count my guards," he said. "It is because I am Savaran that they mean to give me no chances."

Even as he spoke the big Arab warder touched her arm, for she had stretched them through the gate bars in a gesture of appeal.

"You must not do that, O Lioness," he said sullenly. "This is Zaravani. He is a devil. He can find ways of escaping that no other man can think of. We can take no risks. It will be the garotte for me if he gets free."

"You see?" said the spider-lean man with fierce geniality. "They mean business."

She drew back shuddering; she cried frantically:

"But—to-morrow the caravan will be in, and three days after the slaughter starts."

Please turn to Page 28

FROM JUNKET TABLETS



When unexpected guests arrive, you can afford to smile because you can have delicious, coloured, flavoured Junket ready in a few minutes.

Simply stir a dissolved Hansen's Junket Tablet into lukewarm sweetened milk, add flavouring—Vanilla, Chocolate, Coffee or Raspberry—and in a few minutes you will have smooth, velvety Junket. Serve in individual dishes and decorate with whipped cream and jelly, nuts or fruit.

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Quick! a dose of
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FASHION PORTFOLIO

October 16, 1937.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Page One



SPOTS... from PARIS



• ABOVE: A DELIGHTFUL ENSEMBLE for summer is this Molyneux model. It comprises a foulard dress of hi-yellow dotted with white and a natural linen coat trimmed with a fabric flower made from the foulard. The little white hat worn with it is also of natural linen.

• THE SPORTS ENSEMBLE above at the right is of white linen painted with bright blue dots. The lapel flower is a scarlet fabric carnation. A little bonnet of navy-blue linen is worn with a crownless white straw hat.

• THE SUMMER ENSEMBLE at the right is also of natural linen with multi-colored flowers appliqued on the ground of the frock and plain coat. Fuchsia-red hat.

PHOTOGRAPHS reproduced on this page are of Molyneux models. They were selected by Mary St. Claire and sent by air mail from Paris.



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makers of famous "Dura" Lacquers

TUNE IN
"THE MYSTERY CLUB"
and
"THE MASQUERADERS"

The Fashion Parade *sketched by Petrov*

ALL WHITE By DAY . . .



●Above: A DAINY TWO-PIECE SUIT of white organdie. The unusual trimming motifs are flowers of white organdie.

●THE BRUNETTE will find a double-plaited white halo, such as sketched by Petrov above, very effective against her dark, well-groomed locks.

●SINCE FASHION started "the skin game," crocodiles have been received in the best society. The bag sketched above is of white crocodile on circular lines with white kid lining.

●WHITE SUEDE makes an attractive high-heeled dance sandal with an ankle strap.



●Above: A FROCK OF HEAVY WHITE CREPE gains interest by the clever use of quilling touches on the bodice and skirt. This is done in a zinnia design, and the frock adds a finger-tip cape similarly treated.

THEY CAN SEE Seven Years AHEAD!

How Paris Experts Forecast Changes in Fashion

By ALISON SETTLE, Famous English Fashion Expert.
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

Princess Bibesco, writing on the search for some law behind the changes in fashion, in clothes line, talks of the curious electricity that is to be found in that little quarter of Paris where new modes are born.

It looks, she says, as if caprice dictated these changes, almost as if they were harnessed out of some electricity in the air.

YET with her subtle writer's wit she sees that this electricity is the result of what has been in the air, not the cause. Fashion experts have said that you can foretell changes of fashion up to seven years ahead.

Seven years is a long time, but they are right in seeing that the thing rolls, altering its shape as it goes. There are not sudden breaks.

If even the greatest leaders try to force a new fashion to come to birth they inevitably fail.

The great dress designers and leaders are in their high position because they are trained observers and have the wit to time the new fashions aright. Evolution, says Princess Bibesco, is the law of dress creation and revolution never succeeds; if a new fashion line looks like a revolution to you, that is only because you have not been closely watching.

Parisians led fashion for a hundred years because they had been the trained, lynx-eyed observers of history in the making, and their lines for dresses had fallen in with the ideas in women's minds.

They forecast fashion by observing life; they spread that knowledge so that they were not working alone but in concert and that with fabrics, dresses, hats, even house furnishings. After the ground has been analysed, the seed sown, comes the time of flowering. And if the flower seems to die it is not so; it has been crossed and bred and presently there are allied descendant flowers.

If to the average woman fashions seem to change overnight, yet it is not so. They grow from one thing to another and over years the people inside fashion watch it changing. It is because she has not trained her eyes that the average shopping woman is surprised, or because she was not interested enough to read about the changes.

YEAR after the sharp distinction between cottons, linens, woollens, silks was broken down (thanks chiefly to the coming of artificial silks) women still separated them entirely in their minds and—what mattered more—shops were so divided into counters for one of these fabrics that they could see no method of selling these beautiful blends and rejected them rather than reorganise.

The woman who says proudly, "I'm the tailored type of woman" and means that she wears a man-tailored suit, straight cut, with long lapel, bone buttoned, worn over a shirt, has not noticed that for years that type of suit has died out and far more suitable, more desirable suits in an infinite variety have come in so that every woman is a suit-woman.

Four years after the higher neckline was in fashion women were still surprised that they looked odd in a low V-neck as their inevitable neckline; they probably change to the higher neck only as the V-neck returns!

It is not that they dislike change or they would never change, remaining a monument to some years whose fashion they liked; it is that they only catch the end of a fashion as it is metamorphosed into something new.

MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

HOUSE COATS...

*Bring restful
charm to leisure
hours indoors...*



● VIOLET-BLUE LINEN, printed with outsize white daisies makes a charming house coat which buttons right down the front and has the fullness concentrated at the back.

● NEXT TO THE DAISIED LINEN is a coat of glazed chintz made in peasant style with huge full skirt and bows fastening the front.

● ABOVE: A romantic coat in candy-striped organza. This lovely garment has an exotic beauty which fits in well with golden sunshine streaming through the windows.

● AT LEFT: A dramatic coat for the ultra-smart. In dull green satin, it is trimmed with black velvet, lined with shiny green-and-black printed satin, and worn over black velvet pyjamas.

René

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

SLEEVES command interest in the winter coat collection. Some coats wear fur on their sleeves. Silver fox run down in panels from the neckline; bands of mink to stress the bell shape; Persian for almost the entire sleeve with fabric for the snugly-fitted wrist section; blue fox swirled around the sleeve, or a band of Persian from the neckline down to stress the T-shape in a boxy coat.

IF your frock is olive-green, then your one or two patches are olive-green also, but if the frock is in a pastel shade with darker accessories, your patches must match your accessories.

WOOD, celluloid and gaily colored plaster, are all being used for jewellery. Flower brooches in the natural colors and modelled in plaster are the rage, and so are necklaces in a composition that looks like hardened plasticine.

One of the new brooches consists of a tiny wooden bar on a pin with celluloid flowers on short silk cords dropping from it.

"**THE** thing to remember about patches," said an Avenue de l'Opera expert, "is their object . . . to draw attention to one's best feature. The girl with small eyes should never wear a patch on her cheekbone, and the one with a plain mouth should never stick a patch on her chin."

IN the smart restaurants along the Champs Elysees, matrons and their daughters are wearing little evening capes made of dozens of rows of ruched ribbon on a foundation of net.

These shoulder capes are fastened high at the neck with large matching taffeta bows. The favorite colors are scarlet, bright purple, gauguin-pink and royal-blue.

CRAZY bangles of raffia, jingling with gaily-colored charms, go with every kind of beach or sports wear.

Long directoire-style beach coats in Paisley or flower designs or subtly-blended Roman stripes rival dungarees.

THE WAY They DRESS...

Some must have wings sprouting, others . . .

By ALISON SETTLE, Famous English Fashion Expert. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

You can tell most things about most women from the way they get into and out of their clothes.

Some must have the radio on all the time they are dressing to go out in the evening. They do it because they don't like themselves enough to be their own company; they do it because it gives them confidence. They are never the good dressers.

THERE will be something hurried and casual about their appearance. There will be none of the perfect finish and well-thought-out details.

They will snatch this bag and that colored chiffon handkerchief out of a drawer, rush back to give just one dab more of lipstick as they turn off the radio, forget to change the powder in the handbag, not worrying overmuch, either, that the hem

of the dress caught in a shoe heel last time they wore it and that it never got mended. "Get mended!" They expect things to attend to themselves because, we'll admit, they really aren't organisers, are they? No, that they are not.

Some might be first cousins to the radio-dressers, and they are the telephone-dressers.

Humming under their breath they put down the comb and the bottle of hair setter in order to pick up the telephone and call Margot.

There follows a long and desultory talk with Margot about last night's party and who said what and why.

They excuse themselves from time to time to lay hands on a stocking, feel in a drawer for a brassiere, to try to reach a pair of shoes just too far away to catch hold of.

Orchids for These!

SOME are methodical, do their exercises, twelve of this and twelve of that, and drink their fruit juices as they dress. Their hairbrushes are washed every second day, their combs every day.

Their stockings are put away into a soft stocking holder in the order in which they came back from the invisible menders in so far as divisions into color shades, dark to light, permit (whereas the radio dresser and the telephone dresser are always surprised that no stockings come back from the menders at all; they don't come back because they were never sent).

The dresses of the methodical ones hang in transparent but dust-proof bags on covered hangers, of which there are plenty, the ends turning up neither too much, and so marking the dress, nor too little and so permitting the dress to slide off. (But we sometimes think that the actual fit of the dress must be a little difficult owing to the wings which we are sure must be sprouting on the methodical shoulders.)

SOME—no, they are not even cousins to the methodical



drops the comb to call up Margot."

ones—pull their dresses on and off when their hair is set, and never remember to tie chiffon over hair and make-up.

The powder stays, too, on the dress (which it was not bought to match) instead of on the face (which it matches quite well when the two are together, only that is not now).

The lipstick is indelible, which is in a way a pity for the dress, only, presumably the dress gets used to it. They are rumpled dresses like their rumpled owners.

Some have rows of shoes all shining and correct on shoe lasts; some have many down-at-heel shoes badly in need of repair.

Some wash their stockings each night to give them longer life and their belts once a week; some just made a sudden dash with them on occasional laundry days.

SOME set their hair in little net "oysters" each night and tie a band round it when in the bath and when they make up.

Others let it go at a comb and a phone call to the hairdressers for yet another set.

Some throw their dresses down when they come in at three in the morning and have no maid to press and care for them next morning.

Some have maids with time on their hands, wondering that any woman can be so methodical and neat as their mistresses.

Some, who can't afford it, wear out a dress in no time, stretching and tearing it in getting it off and on, others, with really well-off husbands, steam and press their clothes and give them new life all the while.

Life is like that and women are like that. And let's hope we aren't like all the bad examples put together.

House-Coats are the Rage in London

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail from London.

Tea and boudoir gowns belong to the Edwardian age. Modern women have little use for lacy creations with frilly furbelows and sleeves that imperil manipulation of the milk-jug.

THEY demand something smart, simple, and sophisticated, and that is why the housecoat has been given such an enthusiastic reception.

Most of London's society women have at least three of these attractive garments, which are usually of floor length and fastened down the front.

They are slimly waisted and full in the skirt with leg-o'-mutton, puff, or three-quarter length sleeves. Sometimes they are finished with a throat-tight Russian collar and sometimes with a V neck.

Wearing a house-coat is grand for comfort, and an easy way to be smart

while still saving one's best indoor ensembles and ordinary outdoor clothes.

It is a great relief for a busy woman to be able to come home and, in the twinkling of an eye, change from an outdoor ensemble into a loose attractive garment in which she can cope with any social occasion and receive the announcement of unexpected guests with nonchalance.

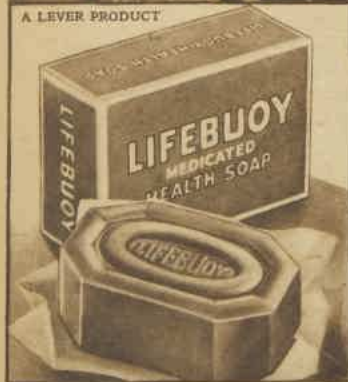
The loveliest coats I have seen in Mayfair were made of printed chintzes, plain colored flannels, and deep-toned velvets and brocades.

My hostess at a morning tea-party in Mount Street wore one of the chintz affairs. It had a V neck, with a thickly quilted upstanding collar and quilted military cuffs on its puff sleeves.

I'D LOVE TO GO TO DINNER WITH YOU BUT I PROMISED TO VISIT MY FRIEND TONIGHT

But she thought — I WISH YOU KNEW THE REAL REASON I KEEP REFUSING YOU. IF ONLY YOU'D USE LIFEBOUY AND END "B.O." (Body Odour)

A LEVER PRODUCT



... Unsuspected "B.O." robs him of her company!

People who offend with "B.O." (body odour) are seldom aware of their offence. That is why it pays to play safe—to use Lifebuoy regularly and make sure of your freedom from this unforgivable social offence. Lifebuoy's rich, creamy lather, which contains the famous health element, gets right into the skin pores, rids them of all perspiration impurities, deodorises, stops "B.O."! And Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

VALUE OF "LOVE"

ONE reads a good deal about love and how necessary it is for a happy marriage.

Yet, despite this, we still find mothers pressing home the fact that a steady job is the most attractive asset a suitor can have. Strange, too, that mothers who do not seem to have gained any great happiness or material benefit from their marriages move heaven and earth to see their daughters "settled."

Seeing that love, according to all the books we read, plays such an important part in life, I wonder that so few people see in it a good subject for research.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. A. Creswell, Kelvin Road, Mad-dington, W.A.

BLONDE "MENACE"

I AM always reading and hearing how worthless "blondes" are. One writer states that blonde girls are very amusing to take out, but are not the girls to marry. He says that they are never seriously proposed to.

I am quite sure blondes are just as eligible as any brunette or red-haired girl, as many a married man will be proud to say.

What difference does the color of hair make, anyhow? What say our blonde readers?

Miss H. E. Wicke, New St., Bal-gowlah, via Manly, N.S.W.

IDEAL STATE

FEW people trouble to analyse the spiritual happiness enjoyed in married life.

The most delightful thing about it is the sharing of joys and troubles. When a man and a woman start out in life together to share all they have—their thoughts, their worldly goods, and their troubles—life becomes magnificently simple, for so many minor difficulties are automatically wiped out.

Mrs. P. C. McCann, 12 Franklin Avenue, Flinders Park, S.A.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

HOW often do we hear tired and harassed mothers say: "I would love to take a holiday, but there is the family."

Is such a mother appreciated any the more? I do not think so. If parents would take their annual holidays and leave their children in the care of willing relatives, or friends, they would be more appreciated upon their return.

Children do not appreciate the "little" things a mother does for them, and it is only when she is away that these things are noticed.

Then, again, if a woman does not have a holiday and goes on working in the house year after year, she tends to become "cranky" and uninterested in her children's welfare. A holiday gives her plenty to talk about upon her return and gives her new interest with which to face the coming year.

Miss J. Reid, 31 Dock Rd., Birch-grove, N.S.W.

LOST ART

WRITING letters is indeed a lost art.

A short while ago, having stayed for a few days at a friend's house, I wrote a short letter on my return home, to my hostess, to thank her for the pleasure she had given me.

When we met a few days later, she referred to my letter.

"How nice of you. I find so few people bother to write complimentary letters now."

People nowadays say they have no time to write such "complimentary" letters. This only shows that they are bad organisers of their time.

It is a pity that so many of these little courtesies are dropping out of our lives.

O. B. Halikas, c/o P.O., Stanthorpe, Qld.

Who is to Blame for Children's Careless Speech?

MRS. CLARK, in The Australian Women's Weekly (25/9/37), asks: "What is wrong with our children's English?"

I agree that few children speak good English, but unfortunately the children are not the only offenders. The majority of grown Australians are careless of their speech. The reason for it, in children, is the fear of ridicule.

If parents would only encourage their children to speak correctly, we would be going a long way towards proper culture.

Mrs. L. Hope, 7 Nantes St., New-town, Geelong, Vic.

Lessons Needed

UNFORTUNATELY speech training is an unimportant part of the school curriculum at the present moment. It is true that teachers do try, during lesson periods, to check pupils' errors, but only occasionally. They do not constantly pull each pupil up for careless or mistaken speech. They haven't the time.

I think some part of each day should be devoted to speech training at school.

Miss Reynolds, Hay St., Perth.

Begin Early

I BELIEVE that children's speech is largely influenced by what they hear in their homes.

Young children should be taught to pronounce as correctly as possible before starting school, and parents should correct them throughout their childhood, whenever they show signs of carelessness.

Mrs. H. A. De L'ow, 65 Hillcrest Avenue, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Keep Constant Check

UNGRAMMATICAL, badly-spoken English is definitely due to carelessness on the part of the speaker, and probably the chief way of overcoming this is for parents to pull their children up constantly in their speech.

The children will dislike this, especially in the presence of others, but embarrassment will bring results. When I was at school the girls took it upon themselves to improve the spoken English of the class. Many bad habits were quickly cured in this way for the girls objected to being pulled up by others.

Miss A. L. Holloway, 16 Walker-ville Tce., Gilberton, S.A.

Don't Realise Importance

GOOD speech is not emphasised sufficiently in the child mind, either at home or at school. The mother is dubbed as a crank if she



"Parents should teach good speech."

picks her child up on a point of speech, and not the slightest notice is taken of her correction. The same treatment is meted out to the school teacher.

A greater sense of the importance of good speech should be instilled in the children both by teacher and parent.

Mrs. C. Campbell, Brisbane Street, Hobart.

Home Influence

IN my opinion, the home life has more influence on a child's speech than the school. Probably a teacher has too many in her class to give individual attention to pupils.

If children are taught from infancy to speak correctly, the habit will remain. But if parents speak carelessly, it is only natural that the children will imitate them.

Mrs. Middleton, Lurnea, Hazelmead Road, Asquith, N.S.W.

Are Women Equal to Men, Intellectually?

MISS NOELLE TAYLOR (25/9/37) expressed the opinion that woman's intellect is on a lower plane than that of man. I do not agree with this.

In former days women were restricted and did not have a chance to develop their powers. Woman's mind is of a different quality from that of man, but I do not think it is "inferior." Two Australian women, "Henry Handel Richardson," and Helen Simpson, rank high in the field of literature.

I have noticed lately that girls secure as good, if not better, passes than boys in examinations.

Mrs. J. Bennet, Burnie, Urana Rd., via Wagga, N.S.W.

Women Painters

IT is obvious you are not familiar with the works of great women painters, Miss Taylor. If you were you couldn't say that there has never been a great woman painter.

During the nineteenth century, the greatest painter of animals the world had ever known was a woman—Rosa Bonheur. If you examine her works you will be convinced that they show genius.

Again, there is Vigee Lebrun, born 1755, favorite of the French Court, who painted most of the well-known portraits of Marie Antoinette and her children. Was she not great also?

Look upon Henrietta Rae's glorious "Apollo" and "Daphne" and "Here's

Is Romance Dead?

HAVE other readers noticed the cynicism of newly-engaged young women?

One is given to understand that it simply "isn't done" to display enthusiasm or honest joy, yet surely it would be more fitting than the veneer of cold sophistication which makes even the sincerest good wishes sound flat!

One feels instinctively that the engagement is really nothing to be excited about, and that the ring exists merely as an indication of the "steady young man's" sound financial footing.

How can a marriage wear bright through the years on such an indifferent foundation?

Is romance quite dead? Bern Pearson, Peak Downs, Peak Hill, N.S.W.

Rue for You," or Anna Lea Merritt's beautiful "Love Locked out." I hardly think you'll find any reason why the women painters cannot be termed "great."

Miss Kay Frances Hearfield, 16 Norman St., Fivedock, N.S.W.

Not Equal Opportunity

MISS NOELLE TAYLOR, who says that men are superior intellectually to women, has not taken into consideration the fact that men and women have not equal opportunity to display their talents.

Down through the ages women have had to struggle for their rights, while the attitude of the dominating male has prevented them from having a fair chance to express themselves.

Does not the fact that at the present time of women's emancipation they are making successful novelists, artists, barristers prove this? Unfortunately women will not pull together.

Miss Lioms Edgards, 26 Richmond Rd., Homebush West, N.S.W.

Men Superior

YES, Miss Taylor is right. Women haven't the staying power necessary for really great achievement.

Brilliant flashes they have, but not that sustained devotion to duty that marks the male intellect. Other characteristics in the feminine make-up interfere with their efforts—the desire to love and be loved, to please, look beautiful, to enjoy life.

A woman to be successful must have a masculine outlook.

Miss M. Phillips, Giblin St., New Town, Tas.

Happiest Age in a Woman's Life

I AGREE with D. Bryant (25/9/37) that thirty is a delightful age for a woman.

The experience she has gained enables the woman of thirty to order her life so that she may get the very best out of it, and she still has the energy to gain success in her numerous enterprises.

After all, one is only as old as one feels.

Mrs. W. A. Stanley, 41 Strathalbyn St., East Kew Es, Vic.

First Flush of Youth

HOW can one compare the less robust pleasure one experiences in life at thirty with that first joyous thrill of living in one's late teens and up to about twenty-five years? That surely is the happiest time of the average woman's life—when everything is fresh, and she has not yet experienced any real disillusion.

And yet, I suppose, there is no "best age" for womankind, nor for man. Each person reacts differently, and



"HAPPY in the first flush of youth."

probably there are some who find they are happiest when youth has quite departed.

Mrs. Phyllis Kent, Osmond Terrace, Norwood, S.A.

Every Age Happy

IS Miss Bryant thirty, that she recommends that age as the "apex of youth and the summer of life?" Perhaps when forty is reached she will find that age equally attractive.

It seems to me that this is so: that whatever age we are seems to us most attractive. One has forgotten the past—one cannot know the future.

Mrs. G. Anderson, 61 E. Crescent St., McMahon's Pt., N.S.W.

WISE WOMEN

WOMEN'S fashions suffer severe criticism from the opposite sex. They are, in turn, dubbed "absurd," "unhealthy," and "immodest."

Some justification can be found at different times for such accusations. But women's fashions have one great recommendation—change. No style lasts. Monotony never holds sway, and the faults and failings of any particular craze soon pass.

But men's styles are dull, monotonous, and unhygienic. No woman willfully looks shabby, but how many of us have had to give away by stealth the old clothes from which no argument would part our menfolk?

Faith Bucknell, Lansdown Street, Coorparoo SE2, Brisbane.

PARENTS' MOTIVES

WHAT form of repayment should parents expect from their children for the material and cultural benefits with which they often provide them? Should children be expected to show their gratitude in some material manner, or is a sense of appreciation and recognition on their part sufficient recompense for the parents?

All parents wish to provide their children with advantages which often they did not enjoy themselves.

Are they always actuated by purely altruistic motives, or is their endeavor coupled with the thought of some reflected glory which will be attached to themselves?

Mrs. J. F. Stewart, Fernbank, Vic.

WHY BE ENVIOUS?

HOW very discontented some of us are! It seems to us that "the grass is always greener over the fence." Most of us envy others, thinking only of their good fortunes, forgetting their drawbacks, and comparing their good with what we lack.

Yet everyone has to suffer misfortunes as well as enjoy advantages. Some are poor, yet still rich in love or happiness, while others are rich in wealth, and have little happiness.

People who are doomed to misfortunes seem to be given the necessary strength with which to bear them.

Miss D. L. Williams, Cowell, Eyre Peninsula, S.A.



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BOX
OF
12

DELILAH'S Daughter

Continued from Page 22

"MY latest information is that they have postponed it until the fourth," he said ferociously affable. "After all, they have plenty of time."

She caught the bars of the door as though it were he she wanted to clutch and shake.

"You can't convince me," she cried with a sob in her voice, "that you, Savaran, will allow yourself to be wiped out by these brutes without striking a blow."

"How can mere man fight Fate, the folly of Commissaires and the wiles of women?" he shrugged.

"You saw His Excellency?" she cried, catching at that.

"An interesting interview," he jeered. "He was practically awake; calculation of his share of the reward for my capture had given him a sleepless day."

"Don't joke," she wailed. "It is too horrible. . . . You told him of this peril?"

"I did, with full facts and details. That made him double my guard and order this girdle and chain. He thought it was just some trick of mine for engineering an escape and robbing him of his hard-earned blood money."

The Arab gaoler touched her arm, the man was nervous of every word she exchanged with his redoubtable prisoner. She must go now.

"And—we can do nothing!" she wailed.

"We can pray that our deaths will be quick," he said grimly. "Also, you can send me some real American cigarettes if you, or Dr. Felton, have any; this Kafir tobacco is ruining my palate."

SHE sent him cigarettes, she sent him good foods and wines. She even made the mistake of sending him a file in a long loaf; she did not realise what it meant to capture Savaran. The big Arab gaoler pawing through cigarettes and food under the eyes of a white officer broke the loaf and tossed the file free with a sneering snarl, while the officer laughed contempt in Savaran's face and patted the gaoler's broad back. And she heard of that, too, and read in it the fate of Mamee Yorga. Savaran would never be freed, the town was doomed. When she went to him again she was a desperate and contrite woman.

The big, scowling gaoler stood at her elbow more watchfully than ever; she turned on him fiercely.

"Stand back," she cried. "I am going away. I shall never see him again. I must speak with him alone."

The man shrank back before the fire in her tone, but he hesitated and with a splendid gesture she threw wide her arms.

"Could I carry any tools to help him?" she cried angrily. She wore a sleeveless and, to the big Arab, a shameless pocket handkerchief of a frock. It was difficult to see how she could have concealed even a penknife about her. As the man hung sheepishly, Savaran snapped at him:

"Do as you are told, black dog. It is not good for your ears to hear the farewells of white lords."

The whip-lash in the lean adventurer's tone completed the gaoler's discomfiture. He turned and shuffled off, and as he went Ruth Dacre leapt against the wall fanning herself with her sun-hat, overcome by the heat of the place as much as the strain. It was only as the big gaoler turned at the door of the prison to watch her that she nerved herself to go to the bars of the cell door.

"Savaran," she said hoarsely. "Kiss my hand in farewell. . . . It holds a pocket revolver. I brought it in my hat. . . . Not much. . . . but I could not bear to think of you going out without striking a fighting blow."

He bent over that fine, strong, sweet hand with the grace of kings. "Ruth," he said softly. "You are one of the world's great hearts. I am your worshipper."

"Don't," she choked. "I have been a fool, Savaran. But I meant only to be wise. I did it for Mamee Yorga, for all these men and women and children, all my helpless hospital cases. . . ."

"And young Dr. Felton?" he smiled.

"Yes," she said sharply. "I love him, Savaran. And I love him, too, for the great work he is doing. I wanted to save him to do greater. It was a mean trick I played on you, but I did not know, I hadn't your wisdom. I felt that if I kept

you here, even against your will, you would find a way to fight and beat the Porofangora for the very preservation of your genius."

"That, my dear, is the greatest tribute my genius has had," he said quietly.

"I always did believe in you," she said wearily, "but I did not know what these officials were. . . . And now it is all over. The Porofangora strike the day after to-morrow, and we all die. There is little doubt about it, even the Commissaire begins to suspect it."

"And what does that mountain of sleep do?" asked Savaran.

"He can't quite admit it yet. . . . The Porofangora are such loyal and meek people, he bleats. . . . but he has given out that he will hang all those hostages in a row if the Porofangora do anything to annoy him."

"And then he fell asleep again," Savaran laughed grimly. "And the rest of the Government crew?"

"One or two are overhauling the armory stores and crying in despair



WHITE DOTS strewn over a wood-green crepe background fashion the attractive suit worn by this young M.-G.-M. player. The jacket features white piping and flap pockets.

over them," she told him. "And some took canoes last night and slipped down river."

"Their throats are cut by now," he said cheerfully. "But I'm glad you came to-day, Ruth. Even I begin to find this prison and its fleas tiresome."

"But—what do you mean?" she cried. "Have you found a way?"

"I am Savaran—which, of course, is saying yes," he said; he turned to his scowling gaoler, rapped: "Is all ready Abn Zayd?"

The sullen Arab was no longer sullen. He sprang to attention, he was grinning all over his face. "All is ready," he beamed. "We wait but the word of the lord Zavarani."

"Pass the word to the guard to muster at once," rapped the lean adventurer. "Send runners to the Gurgur to bid my men parade before Government House—in fighting order and now."

The big gaoler ran from the place shouting. The sentries at the door became alive and vanished from view. There came the bustle of men gathering outside, the clang of rifle butts on sun-baked earth. The big gaoler came running back; as he put his key into the lock of the cell door he cried happily:

"Does the lord who laughs at lions need his slave's help?"

"Just a match," Savaran grinned, for he could not resist the dramatic. His hands had gone down to his chains. He shook them a little and then tossed the formidable collection aside like discarded undergarments; no man, it was to be seen, was needed to release Savaran. He strolled out of his cell cigarette in hand at the precise moment that Abn Zayd held up the match.

Please turn to Page 46

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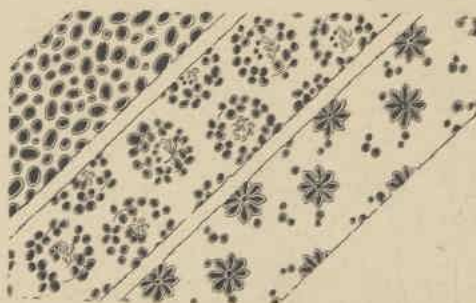
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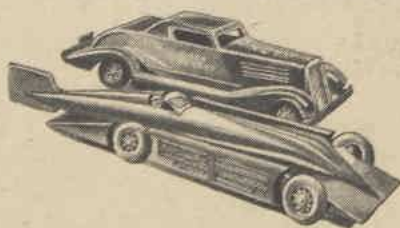


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Who is The CONCERT Master?

John Dease Tells

On Sunday nights there comes before the microphone at 2GB a white-haired, old musician, with a delightful Irish brogue, whose time-worn violin, book of programmes, clippings, letters and yellowing scores tell of other days—of the concerts, the recitals, the first nights, and the friends he has known as concert master.

HE is a very real person to listeners, but actually he is the creation of John Dease, popular young 2GB announcer.

"I have never pretended," says John Dease, "that my old concert master was anything but a child of the imagination, however true his stories of the great and near-great composers may be."

"Evidently, many people think the old concert master is an actual person; that is not true, although I have received a number of letters from people



JOHN DEASE, whose Concert Master session is a popular 2GB feature.

asking me to take their children as pupils of the violin.

"I remember only too well those school-teaching days of mine," continues John Dease—"the days when I was coaching an intermediate Latin class at one of Sydney's great public schools. I spent many a dreadful night trying to recapture my Caesar and Cicero, and I'd hate to have to spend nights like that swotting up the violin."

Love of Music

WHILE John makes no pretensions to being master of the violin, he has much in common with the old concert master—particularly an intense love of music.

"I suppose my love of music is hereditary," he says. "As a matter of fact, my father, all through his military career, made a hobby of organising regimental bands, and he first met my mother when she was singing the mezzo role in 'Iolanthe' in an amateur company in South Africa."

"Another thing I have in common with the concert master is a love of wandering. That, too, is hereditary. The Deases might well be known as the Wandering Deases! There is hardly one on the face of the earth who is not earning his living at least 4000 miles from his birthplace."

John himself was born in Burma (on the road to Mandalay), educated in England, and is now an Australian by adoption, though still a wanderer at heart.

He is intensely interested in radio. "Why I like it so much," said Mr. Dease, "is the feeling it gives that one never knows what will happen next! Every day almost there is some new development in radio, and I am a lover of progress and change."

Asked why he made his old concert master an Irishman, John said: "Well, it just happened somehow. It seemed the right thing for the type of man I had in mind in creating the character. Something of a philosopher as well as a musician; and the soft brogue completed the picture of the man and his music I was to portray."

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What Women Are Doing

From China

MISS I. HOUGHTON, who belongs to the Door of Hope, a rescue mission for Chinese girls in the International Settlement, Shanghai, has returned to her home in Melbourne on furlough. Hostilities had started before she set out for home, and she witnessed several aerial battles from the roof of the mission house.

Exhibiting Two Attractive Miniatures

ADMIRES of miniatures can look forward again this year at the annual exhibition of the Queensland Arts and Crafts Society to seeing the work of Dorothy Coleman, of Brisbane, who is exhibiting a miniature of Miss Harker, and one of Miss Jarrett, both well known in Brisbane. Her miniature of Sir Leslie Wilson last year attracted a great deal of attention and very favorable comment. Miniature work this clever artist finds most interesting. The fine detail appeals to her. As well, she finds time for portrait painting, and is working on three portraits for the exhibition on October 23.

Miss Coleman is a member of the Queensland Orchid Society, and has a few very special species.

Studied at Perugia University

MISS GINA TILBURY has returned to Melbourne after studying at the University for Foreigners at Perugia, Italy. She is the youngest student to take the "Superior" degree in the language course, necessitating nine months' work, and was among 750 students comprising 35 different nationalities.

The course entitled those who qualified to a diploma for teaching abroad, and gave a comprehensive knowledge of Italian history, literature, and plays, as well as grammar.

Miss Tilbury is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Tilbury, of Hawthorn, Melbourne.

Broadcasts From War Area

MISS MARGOT MILLER, one of the Australian girls who left England with the First Medical Aid Unit for Spain more than a year ago, drove an ambulance UNTIL SHE WAS WOUNDED SOME TIME AGO. Now she is doing radio work from the stations at Madrid, Valencia and Barcelona.

Her voice is often heard broadcasting important statements, describing conditions, characters and personalities of the war, the needs of the people, or perhaps a refugee colony for children and making appeals for food, money and equipment.

New President of Tasmanian C.W.A.

MRS. W. C. J. PEART, who was elected president of the Country Women's Association in Tasmania recently, has been an ardent supporter of the movement from its establishment in that State, and was largely responsible for its inauguration.

She has only been in Tasmania for three years, and prior to that was associated with the C.W.A. on the Mainland. She is a fluent speaker, and has tremendous energy so that whenever she undertakes a job it is always speedily done.

Developing Work of Y.W.C.A. Hostels

THE Y.W.C.A. in Sydney established a record in the number of guests that were accommodated at its hostel at headquarters during the last financial year. They numbered 7527, and included many visitors from overseas.

At the annual meeting held recently the president, Mrs. R. J. Lyons, reported that a holiday home had been opened at Austimur, and was a gift in memory of Miss E. E. Larcombe. Plans are in hand for the building of a new hostel to replace Tremayne, Kirribilli.

Making Her Home in Another State

NUMEROUS organisations in Tasmania are regretting the departure of Mrs. Malcolm McQueen, who is accompanying her husband, the Rev. Malcolm McQueen, to his new parish in Victoria.

Mrs. McQueen has worked enthusiastically for the Boy Scouts' Association. She was hon. secretary of the Women's Welfare Committee, and held office in numerous missionary and Church organisations.

Champion Girl Cyclist Was Once a Mannequin

MISS BERYL MATTHEWS, who is to meet the American girl champion cyclist this coming track season on the board track, Melbourne, has many honors to her credit.

Miss Matthews started out at the age of sixteen as a mannequin in Melbourne, but after two years returned to her home in Wangaratta to teach tap-dancing. While learning to ride a bicycle, she often cycled to Melbourne and back (300 miles) at the week-end.

Her first big thrill was when she broke the 50 miles Victorian record from Albury to Wangaratta, and since then has added to her achievements more Victorian road records, officially timed by the Victorian Women's Cycling Association.

Her track racing career began when she won a match race against Irene Pyle at the Wangaratta Carnival in 1936, and since then she has won 25 handicap events from scratch, as well as the North-Eastern and Victorian track championships. Last season she won the double on the road and track, Melbourne.

A Cricket "Fan" Since Her School days

MRS. H. G. THOMAS, of Brisbane, who has been interested in cricket all her life, was recently made a life member of Northern Suburbs Cricket Club, an honor shared by only one other woman in Queensland. Mrs. Thomas told The Australian Women's Weekly that when she first attended cricket matches, just after she left school, she was often the only feminine spectator. Now she notices the difference when she sees the grandstands full of women. She has often scored for different matches.

Mrs. Thomas has been responsible for organising many entertainments to raise money for her club, and during the next few months she will be particularly busy in that direction. Her club has just purchased a new oval, and ways and means have to be thought out to pay for it.

Melbourne Doctors to Join Indian Mission

WHEN DR. EDNA GAULT leaves Melbourne on October 19 for India where she and her husband, Dr. Edward Gault, will take charge of the Methodist Overseas Mission hospital at Azamgarh, she will take a governess for her two children so that she will be able to devote all her attention to looking after the Indian women.

Dr. Gault, who holds the degrees of Bachelor of Surgery, Bachelor of Medicine, and Diploma of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, will take charge of the women's section of the hospital where she will work among the veiled Indian women, while her husband, who is a Doctor of Medicine, Master of Surgery, and Bachelor of Science, will extend the work of the hospital among the rest of the community.

Specially Interested in Homes for the Aged

WHEN Mrs. W. A. C. Wendorf, of Brisbane, attended the World Convention of the Churches of Christ at Washington, D.C., it was her privilege to visit several homes for Aged People in Canada.

What she learned on those visits has been a great help to her in connection with her work for Sunnetholme, a home for the Aged in Brisbane.



Mrs. Wendorf
—Noel Maitland

Mrs. Wendorf is a foundation member of the Sunnetholme ladies' committee, which was founded 14 years ago, and for the last five years she has been president. For 12 years she has been a member of the Brisbane City Mission, and for 13 years was president of the Women's Conference Executive of the Churches of Christ, and is now vice-president. She is also a member of the Social Service League, and for two years was president of the Albion branch of the Zenana Mission.

Has Invented New Art from her Hobby

TRANSFORMING ordinary newspapers into vases, bowls and other ornaments simply by damping them and pressing them together by hand is the original hobby of Mrs. W. Reid, of Ethelton, South Australia.

Mrs. Reid has always been interested in making shapes out of paper, and about five years ago conceived the idea of pressing them together for artistic uses. Now she has perfected her original idea, and produces ornaments which are very like pottery.

After pressing the dampened papers into shape with her hands, Mrs. Reid covers them with a special liquid enamel she has discovered, and then decorates the shapes with flowers or fruits which are made separately of pressed paper. Finally she paints the article with oils.

Mrs. Reid's handiwork, which is light and almost unbreakable, includes copies of ancient Egyptian and Japanese vases and bowls, fire-screens, brooches, plaques, and dolls' heads.

A Worker in Spain Appeals to Australia

THE Spanish Relief Committee in Melbourne, which is raising money to send more nurses to Spain to help maintain those they have already sent, and also to provide money for food and hospital equipment, is interested in the suggestion sent out by Miss Aileen Palmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vance Palmer, of Melbourne.

Miss Palmer, who went to Spain with the First Medical Aid Unit from England in August, 1936, was on furlough in London recently when the anniversary of the unit was celebrated. As their anniversary gesture, members of the unit on furlough in London raised £400 for an ambulance.

Miss Palmer suggests that a much appreciated gift from Australian friends of Spain would be £500 for another ambulance which would be sent out to Spain packed with food.

Now back at work, Miss Palmer is interpreter-secretary of the mobile hospital of the unit which has been situated in 12 different places since she first joined it. It is lucky that she speaks German, Spanish, and French fluently, and has a flair for languages, as staff and patients include people of many nationalities.

Youthful Soprano Wins High Praise

ALTHOUGH she has been studying singing for less than two years, Eunice Thomas, of Salisbury, South Australia, has already won five solo competitions, and at the recent Adelaide Exhibition her voice was judged the most sensitive the adjudicator had heard during the competitions.

Miss Thomas, who is 19, won the under 21 soprano solo and the novice solo at the Adelaide Exhibition of the Kilkenny competitions earlier this year, and at the Adelaide Exhibition was the winner of two sections under 21 and also the junior operatic aria.

By a coincidence Miss Thomas' winning aria, "Dearest Name," from "Rigoletto," was the aria her teacher, Miss Greta Callow, sang when she made her debut at Dame Nellie Melba's farewell concert at the Adelaide Exhibition Building.



Miss Thomas
—Balaantyne



ALL THE Smart BUSINESS GIRLS

Lustre-clad because it pays! It pays to show a knowledge of what the world is doing, in fashion as in other things. It pays to keep up appearances, with the best the purse can afford. It pays to consider length of service as well as attractiveness. Truly, the choice of Lustre proves them smart in more ways than one.

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Dizziness and Palpitation early symptoms of INDIGESTION

A few doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder will relieve you of dangerous excess acid

When flatulence is the cause of those spells of dizziness or frightening bouts of palpitation, you must realise that your stomach needs urgent attention if you are to save yourself from dyspepsia or gastritis—the result of continued stomach irritation.

Flatulence is caused by the food fermenting in the stomach instead of digesting. Too hastily-eaten or unsuitable food will do this, and the gas given off will cause the stomach to swell, pressing against

the heart. The heart flutters in a most alarming way and often causes spells of dizziness.

De Witt's Antacid Powder not only gives immediate relief, but has been compounded to remove the cause of continued flatulence—the too copious output of acid. A short course with De Witt's Antacid Powder will soon rectify this trouble, and once again you can enjoy and digest your food as a healthy person should.

Be sure you get the genuine

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Of all chemists and storekeepers, in handsome sky-blue canister, price 2/6



**HOW WE
TESTED
IT IN
BEAUTY
CREAMS**

LABORATORY TESTS were
conducted for over two years . . .

1 Here you see an actual microphotograph of skin which is lacking in "skin-vitamin". The skin is harsh, dry, scaly, old-looking. The oil glands are dried up, the tissues of the skin are shrivelled and shrunken.

2 Another actual microphotograph of skin treated with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. See how smooth the skin is. How lustrous and healthy. This shows how vital the "skin-vitamin" is. The skin can't function properly without it.

*Now—Pond's Creams
bring to Women the active*
"Skin-Vitamin"



3 Under the microscope the oil glands are seen to be healthy. The dried-up flattened skin cells are rounded out. The shrunk tissues normal and functioning properly. The "skin-vitamin" does its work.

FINALLY... we gave Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the creams faithfully — women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them came

back asking for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now." "Lines are disappearing" . . .

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet.

This was the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin actually helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. It aids in keeping the skin beautiful.

Of Great Importance to Women

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of the "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams. For over three years they worked. You can see the results in the microphotograph shown above.

Pond's gave their "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used these creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them came back asking for more.

The Australian climate is constantly drying this necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the

skin. Now Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams help to bring it back. If your skin shows a deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—to-day!

*In the Same Jars—
at the Same Price*

The new Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known, with the active "Skin-Vitamin" added. They are in the same jars—at the same price. You use them the same way as you did the old.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM has always been especially good for smoothing out the rough places—that's why it's such a grand powder base and over-night softener. But now with the active "skin-vitamin" it's even better for the skin. It makes the skin smoother, softer, and best of all, gives the whole skin a livelier, glowing look.

POND'S COLD CREAM with the active "skin-vitamin," cleanses, clears, softens and smoothes for powder. It invigorates the skin and fights off blackheads and blemishes. It smoothes out lines, and makes pores less noticeable.

Try Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams for yourself — on sale everywhere.

Listen to "Serenade to Beauty," 2CH, 48K-AK, 6IX-WB, every Monday, 9 p.m.; 3DS-LK, every Monday, 8 p.m.; 5AD-MU-PI, every Wednesday, 8.30 p.m.

Lady Jennyson

The lovely Lady Ten-nyson has a faultless fair skin. She says there's a good reason for this. Listen! "I am sure no one's skin has to stand more than mine, or is more likely to suffer from exposure", she says. "Well, Pond's Creams ward off all skin troubles and keep my skin clear, smooth and fine textured."



*"The best
beauty care
I know."*



Now — with
the ACTIVE
"SKIN-VITAMIN"

FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams.

Mail this coupon to-day, with four one penny stamps, in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted:

Brusette (Rachet) _____	Light Cream _____	Rose Cream _____
(Natural) _____	Natural (Light Natural) _____	Blue _____
Rumette (S) _____	Dark Brusette (Suntan) _____	

POND'S Dept. X2, Box 13313, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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Address.....

REDUCE SAFELY

with
FORD'S
CORPOREAL CAPSULES
A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone this." This is a scientifically correct treatment, endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6; six weeks, 10/6; at all chemists, or post free from NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S. (Syst. Unit), Chemist, 247 King Street, Newtown. Tel. 1712.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE NEW PRESCRIPTION

High Blood Pressure wears out heart and arteries and kills thousands before their time. Constant headaches, poor circulation, falling sight, dizziness, asthma and kidney and bladder weakness are caused by High Blood Pressure. If you suffer this way start a three month's course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MONTMOULD, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, and give you new vitality. Get 4/8 Bank of 80 MONTMOULD (month's treatment), or 2/8 Bank of 36 from your nearest chemist today.



How to Clear the Skin

Pimples, Spots, Coarse Blotched Skin now Easy to Avoid—say specialists

To every woman who suffers from distressing pimples, enlarged pores, blackheads, 'muddy' complexion, coarse, rough patches and blemishes, Cuticura presents the most simple and economical way to clear the skin.

Place the care of your skin in Cuticura Soap used with Cuticura Ointment. In just a few days you will see your skin improve—note with satisfaction its softness, smoothness and clearness. All trace of pimples, blackheads, coarseness disappear, the complexion

becomes lovelier, clear and radiant.

The treatment is simple. Wash the skin with Cuticura Soap twice a day. Its luxuriant lather cleanses and purifies the pores, sweetens and softens the skin. To clear away and heal pimples, skin outbreaks, rashes and irritations apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected part before washing with the soap.

Simple and economical, yet amazingly effective, Cuticura is endorsed and recommended by Specialists throughout the world.

At all Chemists and Stores. Ask for Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. And for powder use Cuticura Talcum—exceptionally fine and pure, exquisitely perfumed.

TO MOTHERS. To keep your baby happy and contented use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum regularly. Safest for baby's tender skin—prevents chafing, soreness, rashes and irritations.

Cuticura For Clear Healthy Skin
PREPARATIONS

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Astrological Research Society

Librans... Grasp Your Opportunities Now!

This is the time for people born under the zodiacal sign Libra to get really busy.

They should make important plans—and try hard to put them into operation. For many will find that their birth month—from September 23 to October 24—will produce more opportunities than they have enjoyed for some time past.

MATTERS which have given cause for worry or annoyance and difficulties which have seemed insurmountable will, in many

cases, ease up surprisingly and desirably so that ambitions and desires will suddenly seem possible of accomplishment.

It must be remembered, of course, that, although the stars are so placed in the heavens at this time that they can—and will—help the natives of this sign, much depends upon the individuals themselves.

To sit waiting for fortune to fall into your lap is a fatal mistake. Each individual must be "up and doing," creating channels of interest through which these helpful planetary rays may operate favorably. And such channels should synchronise with the individual's own particular sphere in life.

The builder should contract for—or begin—new buildings. The gardener or agriculturist would be wise to speed up the planting of every available spot of land in readiness for a bumper season. The typist or shop assistant should seek promotion or accept additional responsibilities with the knowledge that their chances of success are better now than during most other periods of the year.

Most Librans will find that superiors are more inclined to grant favors at this time; that finances can improve; that popularity and friendships or love affairs can blossom more favorably than for some time past; and that life in general seems well worth while, especially for those who know what they want and go after it wisely and with determination.

Then, too, the Libran disposition (which is 80 per cent. nice, anyway), will tend to become more cheerful and optimistic during these few weeks. This will encourage aggressiveness and self-confidence, attributes which are often lacking in the Libran make-up during the greater part of life.

All these things will, in turn, have a very desirable reaction upon Libra fortunes and happiness.

But remember, Librans, that you have within your own selves a greater power for balanced and wise reasoning, and for intuitive "hunches" than most people, and that you must make your own plans and decisions—and not be swayed from them—if you are to be truly successful in life.

Most Librans are so sensitive to their environment and to existing conditions (and even to the opinions, though perhaps unspoken, of those about them), that they tend to do the wrong thing at the wrong time through an over-anxiety to please others. This is a mistake. They must learn to be self-assured and confident. The unwise opinions of other people can be responsible for many unnecessary troubles and regrets in the Libran's life.

The Daily Diary

TRY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): October 12 and 13 can produce upsets, losses and worries, so live quietly. Take no chances. Routine work best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 23): October 12 and 13 fair, but October 14 and 15 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Opportunities are likely, so be watchful. You can be particularly optimistic and enterprising on October 14 and 15. New ventures or changes started then should bring benefits.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Don't take risks. Difficulties, losses and worries may have to be met, especially on

NEED FOR PEACE

LIBRANS must struggle for peace in life. There is an actual need for physical, mental and spiritual harmony if they are to enjoy prosperity and happiness.

October 12, 13, 18, and 19. Try to avoid or moderate them by living wisely. Make no changes.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Quite fair on October 18 and 19. Try to complete important matters then. Work hard.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): October 12 and 13 just fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Live quietly on October 12 and 13, but plan to turn opportunities into successes by working hard on October 14 and 15. Go after improvements then. Seek favors. Make changes.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Just fair on October 16, 17 and 18 (very early). Let important matters wait a while.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Small opportunities possible on October 18 (after noon) and 19. Hard work can produce good results.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Live cautiously on October 18 and 19, to avoid worries and troubles. New ventures not advised.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Concentrate on beneficial changes and ask favors of superiors (or others) on October 14 and 15. Be optimistic and confident. New ventures can react successfully.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): October 18 and 17 fair, but let really important matters wait. Perfect your plans for the near future.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)



Now
Beauty-Wash
your own Hair
for real, luxurious
"professional" effect.

WHATEVER the natural colour of your hair... and particularly if it is "difficult"... try this "new way to wash hair"... that everyone's talking about!... (Treated specially to give that rich, lustrous, beauty-salon effect! You feel the difference instantly. Its extra-active "coconut-bubbles" start to foam through your hair... and you see the difference in the way waves and curls come out deep, firm, crisp and sparkling—and instantly easy to dress! Colated dissolves every trace of dust, dandruff, oily film, or scalp acid. Rinses quickly. Leaves hair silky-clean, and with a magic new sheen. Bottle gives 14 shampoos. All Chemists. Make your very next shampoo a real "beauty-wash"!

COLINATED
COCAINATE DYE
SHAMPOO

Michel
The King of Lipsticks

WARNING!

Are you being starved of
'PROTECTIVE FOODS'?

You may not know
your diet lacks
vital elements



Have you noticed that you are easily tired-out? That your vitality is low? That you always seem to be catching chills and colds?

If so the cause is this—you, like thousands of other busy wives and mothers, are inclined to be indifferent about your own food, and consequently your diet does not contain sufficient 'Protective' Foods.

'Protective' Foods are essential... doctors will tell you so; they know that 'Protective' Foods are those which are rich in vitamins and minerals—vital elements necessary

to everyone, for without them there is lowered vitality, less resistance to disease and nerves fray very easily.

Make sure of your daily ration of 'Protective' Foods so easily and inexpensively obtained by taking Bourn-vita regularly. Bourn-vita is a first class 'protective' food because it contains Vitamins A, B, D, and the minerals calcium, phosphorus, and iron. These sustaining and nutritious elements are supplied by the four ingredients in Bourn-vita—barley malt, full cream-milk, eggs and chocolate. Start taking Bourn-vita to-day. It is delicious, and soon it will make a noticeable improvement in your health.

YOU NEED CADBURY'S

BOURN-VITA
THE 'PROTECTIVE' FOOD

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

I Have Just Heard—

That over a hundred gifts of flowers were sent to Lady Gowrie during the time she spent as a patient in Tusculum Hospital.

Gaelic Invitation

BEING a Sassenach, I am a little bewildered by an invitation I have received from some of my Scottish friends. It has come from Mrs. W. S. Dawson and Mrs. Macdonald Holmes for a Hallowe'en Ceilidh.

I have pursued engineers, reporters, and lift-drivers round the building, but so far have not discovered anyone who has the Gaelic, so I am still most doubtful as to the true nature of a Ceilidh.

I do know, however, that I am bidden to arrive in fancy dress at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Dawson on October 29.

Professor and Mrs. C. G. Lambie, both good Scots, who leave shortly for a long holiday abroad, will be the guests of honor.

Lovely Home

WHEN Mrs. John Jamison feels in need of a change of scenery, she certainly will not go to sea. Her perfectly lovely new home at Kurraba Point is right on the harbor and from her living-room windows, wide and low with no hampering curtains, the view is divine. There is a swimming pool cut out of the rocks which gives great promise for summer-time parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Jamison, who, by the way, have great difficulty in getting their name spelt without an "e," recently gave each other a present of a portrait of themselves painted by Harold Abbott.

Mother's Cycling Days

REMINISCENT of our mothers' cycling days was the yellow hat made of fine stiff straw worn to Randwick by Mrs. Alan Macgregor. It was almost a boater shape and had a little turned piping at the edge. With this, Mrs. Macgregor wore an ensemble of capucine and black.

Quite different in type was the summery orchid-pink cellophane straw favored by Mrs. John Collins. Flat briar roses in pink faille made a becoming border both underneath and above the brim.

Mrs. T. H. Kelly is an authority on costumes belonging to past ages, and is busy at present with ancient tomes and piles of old prints collecting correct data for the costumes to be worn at the Century Ball at the Town Hall next month.

Strength of Mind

VERY social was the gathering at the Art Gallery on Thursday afternoon, when the Loan Collection of pictures by Dutch and Flemish masters was opened. Mr. Ifould and Mr. John Lane Mullins made the official speeches for the occasion.

Lady Hughes was there, also Mrs. Cyril Shepherd, Mrs. Keith Jopp, Mrs. Hamilton Kirkland, Judge Docker, whose buttonhole was adorned with a lovely stem of lily-of-the-valley, and Miss Marjorie Street.

I admired the strength of mind of one of the visitors who knitted quietly in between sessions of sight-seeing round the walls.

Trafalgar Day

MARJORIE WILLMORE left for Melbourne on Sunday, and while she is in the South she will be the guest of Captain and Mrs. J. C. Pope and their daughter, Moira, at Flinders Base.

She is very thrilled at the prospect of being present for the Trafalgar Day celebrations, when the Governor-General will take the salute at the naval review, and lots of parties will be held.

Father's Footsteps

MOYA, the attractive daughter of George Gee, is having a busy time in Sydney studying tap-dancing.

Moya intends to follow in her famous father's footsteps and go on the stage.

Which reminds me, I saw this lass looking very smart the other day in a navy-blue outfit, worn with a small shiny navy hat trimmed with masses of navy and white flowers.

City Life

MRS. REX LINSLEY, the popular chateraine of Harben Vale, in the Murrumbidgee district, has left her very lovely modern country home for a spot of city life.

She motored down with Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Waterhouse, and is staying with her sister, Mrs. Harry Osborne, at Turrumurra.

Harben Vale boasts one of the best tennis courts in the district, and the guest players have to be very much "on their toes" to defeat their host and hostess.



Party at Club

VERY cheery was the luncheon party at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on Friday, when Mrs. Clive Inglis entertained in honor of Mrs. George Main. Hostess and guest were near neighbors up country before Mrs. Inglis' marriage.

Round the gaily-decorated table were Mrs. Matt Sawyer, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, and her daughter Nancy, Mrs. Cecil Granville, Mrs. Hugh Main, Mrs. Eric Holland, Mrs. Neil Hinder and Miss Mollie Main.

Very novel are the gloves that Margaret Waterhouse has brought back from abroad. The backs of them are white and the suede is black underneath the hand.

Too Much Travel

AILEEN BELL recently wrote to her family to say that she was in hospital in Denmark. Too much travelling in too little time she thought the cause of her indisposition. Aileen went to Denmark to visit friends there.

Her sister, Una Bell, of Coochin, Queensland, is in town as the guest of Mrs. E. C. Squire at Darling Point.



MISS GWEN STOCKWELL, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. L. Stockwell, of Rathen, Wellington, who has just returned from a trip abroad. Miss Stockwell is spending a few weeks in town with her mother, and wore very smart ensembles to the recent race meeting. —Women's Weekly photo.

Measles are Trying

THE very young things of to-day certainly love their lessons, and school holds no fears for them. Little Prudence Bavin is most upset at having to stay at home because her small brother, Brian, has had measles.

Her mother, Mrs. John Bavin, has been unlucky enough to fall a victim to the same complaint.

Knows Her Mind

PATRICIA CROZIER is only seven, but she knows just what she likes, and that is a beach to play on and a harbor to bathe in. With her parents, Mr. N. F. Crozier, Mayor of Cooma, and Mrs. Crozier, Pat is spending a holiday with her grandfather at Mosman and has quite decided that she likes city life better than rural surroundings.

Mrs. Crozier, on the other hand, likes the cold weather so much that she does not even find the chilly winds of her home town unduly trying, and plays strenuous golf all through the winter.

On Board Orcades

MRS. EUSTACE HOLROYDE has cabled to her mother, Mrs. W. H. Mosely, to say that she is on board the Orcades, en route for Sydney.

For business reasons Eustace is not able to accompany his wife. Daughter Sheila is being left in London to housekeep for her father, and Margaret is immersed in her musical studies, so Mrs. Holroyde is making the trip alone.

The traveller's second daughter, Mrs. John Bath, and her adorable baby, Sue-Anna, will be among the early arrivals on the wharf when the Orcades arrives.

Thelma McMaster, I hear, will be the guest of Lady Fraser in Melbourne for the Cup meeting.

After Long Holiday

WHEN the Port Chalmers reaches these shores this month, she will have on board Mrs. Ted Halloran, who is returning after a long holiday spent in England and on the Continent. On her arrival the traveller will be the guest of Mrs. Alban Other Gee, at her home at Point Piper.

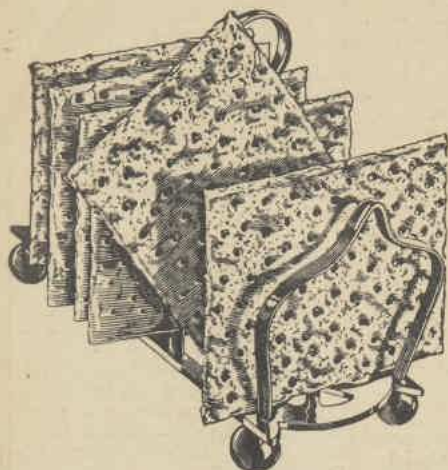
Both Mrs. Other Gee and Mrs. Halloran have daughters abroad who enjoy life so much on the other side that they appear to be in no hurry to return to their native land.

Fashion Notes of the Week—

Very intriguing is the navy material patterned with ballet girls in white made into a smart day frock, and worn by Mrs. Keith Mackay.

Another fascinating frock is that brought from Paris by Mrs. John Robertson. It has a navy background with white hats banded in red making a design. With this, Mrs. Robertson wears a hat in replica of the figured ones.

Now it's
WARMER
give stodgy
foods a miss



Eat Peek Frean Vita-Weat Crispbread—"the bread that lets your stomach travel light." It's made of the same good wheat as ordinary bread, but there's no starch in Vita-Weat to give you that stuffy, overfed feeling of starch-heaviness.

Keep to Vita-Weat and stay in the swim this summer.

PEEK FREAN

Vita-Weat
CRISPBREAD



Photograph, actual size.

W. 843.

Can YOU do this?



When you're 70
... feel like 50?

"Ripe old age" of 70 at its best: free from chronic rheumatism, weakening stomach and liver troubles. Keep your system regular—regular as the clock. Remember your Beecham's Pills—the Golden Rule of Health for ninety years.

Yes! if you take

BEECHAM'S
"Worth a Guinea
a Box"
PILLS



Conducted by
Leslie Haylen

Amazing Beauty Behind Desert's Wide Horizons

Brilliant Story of the Inland

The forced landing in wild country of the "flying doctor," Dr. Clive Fenton, while answering the call of sickness, and his rescue after a week's search have drawn attention to the hazard of the inland medical services.

In "Wide Horizons," R. H. Croll's brilliant story of Central Australia, we read much about the "flying doctor" and what he means to the people living on outback stations, mining camps, and the isolation of outback.

MR. CROLL speaks of distances as just one factor in the case when illness comes:

"How would you like it, O citizen of Melbourne, if you had to set out and ride to Sydney for a doctor when your wife fell ill or your mate broke his leg? But these back-country six hundred miles would not be on the sort of highway you get between capitals."

Before the days of the flying doctor, this was the greatest penalty of isolation.

Of Coorber Pedy, the opal town in the Stuart Ranges, where men live underground like troglodytes, the writer says:

"It is rash to fall ill. The nearest doctor and the nearest hospital are 400 bad bush miles away. If a man became sick he had to rely on the resources of the community medicine chest."

The flying doctor has meant a tremendous lot to the women of the inland. It has meant the end of isolation in case of illness.

Wireless Helps

THE pedal wireless set has done the same socially for the women on stations scattered about an area many times bigger than England and Wales.

"Sitting pedalling at her wireless set, very much as if she were at her sewing machine, the settler's wife, cut off from the world, may gossip ('over the back fence,' as it were) to the housewife next door, perhaps 200 miles away."

Mr. Croll asks: Why do these men and women live in this desert, this inhospitable country? There are no great fortunes to be made there. Heartbreak and bankruptcy are more likely.

The author then answers the question himself:

"Under appalling conditions the white settlers hang to their holdings, their diet mostly hope. There is a genuine love of this stern land; the limitless plains, the changing mirage forever playing on their edges, the scarlet sandhills against the powdered blue of the great mountains; the thousand mile rivers of sand, the clarity of the air, the amazing sense of space and the soothing allences."

Desert or Garden?

ZANE GREY and other Americans have told of the fascination of desert life in Arizona, and it appears our own writers are determined to do the same for our inland.

Is the inland a desert or a garden? It is hard to say in that land of strange contradictions. The author tells of standing in a sand-blown desert before the rain only to find it weeks later a garden with miles of everlasting daisies blowing in the wind.

"Twenty-four hours after we left the barren camp the rain came; a fortnight to the day my companions returned. The creek had subsided, the bed was as dry as before, but in the blackened ring of our campfire site stood a plant eighteen inches high and in full flower."

Sunsets to intrigue a Turner and mirages of extravagant beauty held the author spellbound with the strange beauty of it all. Here is a lovely picture of dawn in the MacDonnell Ranges.

"One of the taller trees had caught the light and all at once our shadows he stretched on the ground before us—the sun is here! From far away comes the noisy gossip of a large flock of gulls. A few drop lower to examine us as they fly."

"As they settled like pink petals

against the blue of the sky the dead bough they have chosen seems suddenly to have flowered."

This land of the parrot that flies only at night, of the frog which stores water like a camel and lives below the torrid sands until the next rain; the desert where runs the marsupial hare and lizards as fierce-looking as fabled dragons and as harmless as rabbits, can produce an epic of beauty like this:

"I had never before seen such a sight. At first glance the air seemed full of budgerigars. They were ten or twenty deep and they came in a long procession which stretched back farther than the eye could carry. Sometimes twenty feet up, sometimes just out of arm's length, they swept on above us in a cloud which seemed endless."

"The crisp beat of multitudes of tiny wings produced a sound like the dry rustling of a swarm of locusts; through it ran a faint hissing—the voices of the birds. Unlike most parrots they did not scream as they flew, but merely whispered softly."

"How mate kept by mate in these hurrying thousands and where they were all to find nesting hollows were



R. H. CROLL, author of "Wide Horizons," a brilliant story of Central Australia and its people.

conundrums quite beyond our guessing.

"Evidently they knew of this water-hole and had headed to it for the morning drink. But we were a disturbing factor and they broke their ordered companies and wheeled about the creekside in groups which changed color each time they presented a fresh angle to the light."

"Only when we began to move away did they, squadron by squadron, light at the water-edge to quench their thirst."

"The long lines of dainty heads dipped to the water and rose, dipped and rose; other lines took their places to repeat the performance; both ground and air were alive with the charming creatures."

"Wide Horizons." R. H. Croll, Angus & Robertson Ltd.



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HE LOVES US But LECTURES US

Arnold Haskell's Home Truths About Australians

"When I try to write of my love for Australia, I am as helpless as the man who scrawls his loved one's name a hundred times on his blotting-pad," says Arnold Haskell in his book, "Dancing Round the World."

This, however, doesn't prevent his telling us some home truths about ourselves. Mr. Haskell, a writer on the ballet, visited Australia with Colonel De Basil's Russian dancers, and his book is a result of that visit.

MR. HASKELL found Sydney women "smart, a trifle overdressed, handsome, exceedingly so, but hard; the men strike one as more genuine. I saw those hard women in hotel lounges, I heard their high-pitched voices, but I never met one socially who was like those I saw in the lounge."

Mr. Haskell finds that Australians are a little like Russians, with a casual outlook which may turn them into little better than aborigines.

He found, too, that Australians had a definite inferiority complex. They thought anything from overseas must be better than anything Australian.

"In King's Park, Perth, I came across the real beauty of Australia, such a mass of color, bright scarlet flowering trees, flowering shrubs, carpets of bright flowers, and the air was aromatic and the birds singing."

Beside him his West Australian



ARNOLD HASKELL, who loves the casual Australian, but objects to his inferiority complex.

host said: "It must be marvellous to live in London."

The author also refers to the bad publicity about Australian scenery.

"My Cockney cabin-steward had repeated only that morning an idiotic catch phrase that is always brought up: 'In Australia the flowers don't smell, and the bright birds have no song.'"

"How senseless, I thought, as I listened to the beautiful birds, and breathed in the fragrance of the wood."

Everywhere, says the author, he met this irritating feeling of inferiority towards the people and places overseas.

The Cockney cabin-steward's blindness to Australian beauty did not annoy Mr. Haskell as much as the statement that Australians have a Cockney accent.

"What I heard wasn't Cockney at all. It is as clearly a language as American is a language. The work-

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ing man has double the vocabulary of his English brother.

"The wireless speeches of King Edward VIII were a good deal nearer Australian in intonation than the current speech of his Court or University."

"In Australia I heard more first-class conversation than anywhere else. The highbrow does not exist; he is either truly intellectual or truly rough-neck. Sometimes the two are combined."

In South Australia Mr. Haskell discovered the beauty of our Australian wine, but the national inferiority cropped up again when he asked for Australian brandy in an hotel:

"Have you got a good Australian brandy? What is it?"

Waiter (promptly): Yes! One and six.

Leg-pulling Publican

IN South Australia, too, a little mild leg-pulling appears to have taken place.

After leaving the beauty of the Mt. Loffy ranges Mr. Haskell descended to find a little village below called Piccadilly.

South Australians explained it by saying it was named after a homesick English servant girl who on first seeing it said:

"This ain't no bloomin' Piccadilly."

The Australian habit for leg-pulling might also explain the conversation Mr. Haskell overheard in a village hotel:

Drover: Have you seen those Russian dancers yet?

Publican: Yes! And I'm saving up to go again to see "Sillfides."

The picture of the village publican boarding his pennies for a night at the Russian ballet in a place where beer is 2/- a bottle is hardly fair to Australian culture—or to the publican's standard of comfort.

Almost as humorous is Mr. Haskell's literary tip-toeing through a Melbourne Test match.

"It is impossible to describe the state the people were in. Men who were noted for their coolness at critical moments were trembling like leaves. Some were shivering with cold. Some even fainted. At times there was an awful silence."

Mr. Haskell's cricketing friend said: "Old chap, I should like to cry."

Now is that sporting? Is that British? asks Mr. Haskell in effect.

Inspiring Surfers

BUT mostly Mr. Haskell is a shrewd observer.

Melbourne reminded him of Dickens' London. And Adelaide looked like Edinburgh.

Sydney he found lazy and carefree, and inclined to resent the male dancers of the ballet. "In vigorous young countries there is always this feeling."

Sydney surfers gave the author inspiration for a ballet:

"The healthiest and most harmonious bodies I have ever seen in motion, ballets included, and the premiere dancers in this vast natural ballet are the life-savers."

Brisbane intrigued him—the beauty of the gardens and the care lavished on them by the women: "The men were tall and bronzed, with a greater look of independence and self-reliance than any I had seen."

In conclusion, Mr. Haskell pays tribute to the Australian bush.

"I like the cities. They represent the men whom I appreciate with my reason, whom I can criticise: who gave me a good time. But I LOVE the bush."

"Away from it all I shall ever be haunted by the white gum and the wattle tree, by the twisted and charred shapes of burnt wood, and the green shoots that seem to grow, phoenix-like from death itself; a symbol of a new country, rich in nature, and rich in the character of its people."

Our Radio Sessions from Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, October 12—11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, October 14—11.45 a.m.: Things That Happen. 2.45 p.m.: The Movie World.

FRIDAY, October 15—11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, October 16—7.45 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: B.B.C. Dance Orchestra and Alice Fay.

SUNDAY, October 17—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital—Ernest Groh. 6.10 p.m.: Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and Gladys Swarthout.

MONDAY, October 18—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY—October 19, 11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: Things That Happen.

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Grace Moore, a Columbia Star, in "When You're in Love."

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CITY AND SUBURBS

THE SCREEN STARS' WAY TO LOVELINESS

"YES," she answered after a moment, slowly. "Yes, I know well where St. Kilda is—it's where Jon Bidlake and I were married."

The big car leaped and swerved and its tyres screamed on the tarmac, but the clasp of his hands upon the wheel was an iron clasp and he subdued the machine in its wild career towards the low fence that marked the edge of Gosford Cliff. And he thought, wondering that he could think: "Better to let it go over. Better to put fins to it all like this; to kill her and kill myself—"

The car slid to a stop. He turned to her. She did not look at him. She said: "Is it such a shock, Guy? I didn't think it important enough to tell you before. We kept it a secret from everyone. It was just before he took off on the flight he didn't return from. It—well, it's all over now anyway. It doesn't make any difference to you, does it?" Her voice was small, a bit frightened. "Why don't you speak to me? I—I didn't think it would matter to you—"

"Matter!" He laughed without a sound of mirth. "Oh, no. Why should it matter? Bidlake's widow—Bidlake's wife. So that was why you wanted to think he was still alive! Or maybe—maybe it was telepathy."

"What do you mean? You talk so strangely. Jon—Jon is dead, isn't he?"

"Dead, yes," Tresidder's teeth snapped shut. Then: "I'll show you how dead he is—dead to decency, that's all."

"You mean he is still alive," she seized Tresidder's arm and shook it furiously. "He's alive down there and you knew it and—and you wouldn't say!"

"No, I wouldn't say. I—I wish I hadn't said anything now. I wish I'd left him there to rot. But he's your husband—and you want him back. That's so, isn't it?" He glared savagely at her. "That's been the way of it from the night I met you, hasn't it? You had an idea he was alive. You had an idea that I would know it, if anyone in the world would. So you played this game. You let me make love to you, even while you were pretty sure your—your husband was alive."

MOON MAIDEN

Continued from Page 6

She looked at her hands. "Correct. I played this game," she admitted coldly. "And I was pretty sure he was alive—alive—"

Her voice changed. It was triumphant. "You'll take me there—take me to him."

"He doesn't want you."

"But I want to go to him. And you'll take me there."

Tresidder spoke through clenched teeth. "Why are you so darn sure?"

"Because you love me."

He seized her arms between shoulders and elbows and held her in a grip that hurt. "Love you—yes. I love you and I hate you. Much the same thing, I guess." He laughed dryly. "I don't know much about love, but if this of yours is love, Sandra, Heaven deliver me, I'll take you to him—"

"Guy—" Her voice faltered; then she stiffened, struggled from his hands. She did not look at him or speak to him again. He drove furiously. He passed St. Kilda's very near the seventy mark, yet its grey and ivied walls showed clear enough in the starlight and in the parsonage a light still burned.

"It must all seem familiar to you," The rustling wind flung the words at her. "Maybe, even, it's fun to do it all over again. Maybe it was fun to string a chap along until you could get from him what you wanted to know. Well, you got it. Sandra, and you're going to get the rest of the story."

The great plane took off under the stars, the water slapped its skimming pontoons as it rose like some mighty monster of the night, and roared its southward way. Guy thought, sitting grim-faced and silent at the controls, of what a few hours could do to one's life, of how the love he had thought perfect and imperishable had never even been real. She was happy there behind him; happier in the mere thought of seeing Bidlake than ever she had been with him.

He hated her, he told himself fiercely—hated the white beauty of her body, the treacherous night of her eyes, the false witchery of her

hair. He hated the civilisation she stood for, that meant lies and trickery and deceit.

"A better friend than love have they."

For none to mar or mend That have themselves to friend."

Yes, that was right. You couldn't trust love, and if you couldn't trust love, what could you trust? If what he had seen in her eyes was a lie, if what he had got from her kiss was treachery and from her embrace deceit, then in all this wide world over which, like an eagle, now he soared, there was no truth, no truth ever.

Land and sea streamed away below them and the dawn wind blew fresh and cool, and the streamers of the sun danced off the Nomad's white wings. Like a god and goddess they rode in the golden glory of the dawn and to him, at least, the sor didness of life and the smallness of passions seemed clear, and all ignoble.

HE landed for only the briefest while in the blue waters of the Caribbean, in a lovely exotic harbor whose name she did not know and would not ask. He did not speak to her or look at her. Tall, bronzed by many suns, hawklike of visage, he looked in his helmet and flying toga, like some lord of the higher heavens. In everything he did and said was decision, certainty, a kind of inevitability that awed her.

Once more away and once more to land on some quiet river where the deep green of the woods, and the thickness of their growth, the number and lovely variety of the birds, told her that now they were nearing that fantastic and mysterious land that had claimed the lives of so many hardy adventurers, and

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

in some way unknown, had let Jon Bidlake live.

Tresidder said only one thing before they took off: "There will be a moon to-night." The simple statement took on some deep, esoteric significance that left her wondering and puzzled. What did he mean? What of the moon? Was he thinking, perhaps, of that night they met, for the first time, on the piazza of the country club? How far away and unreal that night seemed now. Everything was unreal, strangely, save this mad career through the sky, this strange quest upon which, all unwilling, he led her.

She marvelled at the skill of his flying. It seemed as if he travelled a road clear-cut and brightly lighted. Below her she could see only blackness until the moon came up and rode along with them; then she saw the distant silver ribbon of a river and the vast blackness of the jungle as far as eye could reach.

Down into that blackness the Nomad shot, her speed furious and undiminished. She closed her eyes. She felt sick and dizzy and in her body was a strange lightness as if her spirit had shaken off its flesh. The plane straightened out. She opened her eyes, looked out.

Below them was a vast natural amphitheatre with low hills rising steeply all around. The great amphitheatre circled the moonlit plain, dropped swiftly, easily, its shadow big and black upon the turf. With scarcely a jar Tresidder made his landing, taxied easily up to a break in the lowering walls, a gap through which Sandra saw the glow of fires, and shadowy, gnomish figures that came quickly up to the plane and encircled it.

Tresidder got out and helped her to the ground. Stiff and cramped, she could not, for a moment, stand without his aid. His arm was strong and comforting around her waist. He said something to the silent, awe-struck savages, low, sibyllant words that caused a stirring among them. Someone answered briefly, the crowd parted to make way for them.

"COME," said Tresidder shortly. "We arrived at an opportune time—the full of the moon. To-night they have a great festival, most interesting to watch."

Sandra walked beside him; a native led the way towards the flickering fires among the huts of grass and bamboo. The barking of numerous dogs, the wailing of still more numerous children, the dead, muffled beat of a tom-tom heralded their arrival.

Sandra shivered, felt the blood run cold in her veins and a queer prickling pass along her spine. It was like some awesome dream, some sleep-excitation into realms of no reality. The dark, glistening bodies all about, the garish light of the fires, the strange blue-white pallor of the moonlight. Yet it was real, everything was real. She looked up at Tresidder; he walked on carelessly as if he were on Park Avenue. She took heart from his coolness. Surely there was nothing to fear.

The native led them to a hut somewhat larger than the others, and set apart from them. The door was guarded by two men with feathered spears. They stood aside at a word from their compatriot and Tresidder led Sandra into the hut. Moonlight and shadow there, barring the rush-strewn floor, the couch of rushes and dried grass, the odds and ends of bamboo chairs and table, barring the face and figure of the man who stood in the centre of the floor, staring at them.

"Someone to see you, Bidlake," said Tresidder calmly. "Forgive us for dropping in so unexpectedly. Surely you haven't forgotten Sandra!"

Jon Bidlake did not answer for moments, in which the beat of the tom-tom and the distant rhythm of some barbaric chant flowed into the hut, into their ears, into their hearts. When he did speak, his voice was at first only a dry sound as if he had forgotten how to articulate. Then they heard him say, "Heaven!" and after a moment, "I'm glad you came. It—it's all up with me, unless—"

Please turn to Page 49

Would you put a sizzling hot iron on your hair?

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This hair was taken from a living head some weeks after being waved by a cheap method, using harsh chemicals and without the protection of sachets. See how the curls—first so nice—have developed into "frizz". Also, the hair comes out when combed—thus proving that "cheap-price" waves DESTROY the hair.

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Diana Churchill, appearing in G-B-D productions.



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THE MOVIE WORLD

October 16, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

Earhart Film Planned

WHILE British studio executives were still debating the matter, Beryl Markham, only surviving woman to fly the Atlantic solo, has been snapped up by Hollywood for the technical direction of a film about the adventures of the late Amelia Earhart.

As Beryl has looks, as well as a knowledge of flying, it is

Fighting Freddie in Another Scrap

• That veteran of legal disputes, Freddie Bartholomew, is now being sued by M.G.M. to prevent his working for another studio. Co-defendants named in the suit are the child's aunt, Mylicent M. Bartholomew, and the Union Bank & Trust Co., guardians of his estate.

The complaint of M.G.M. states that the boy has refused to appear for work since July 15, the implication being that Freddie has been striking for higher wages.

possible that she will play the leading part.

Florence Desmond, widow of the late Campbell Black, has just married another airman, Charles Hughesden. They are spending their honeymoon in Cannes.

One of Florence's new numbers in her film and stage work is an impersonation of Amy Johnson speaking over the American radio after she and Jim had crashed near Boston at the end of their dual Atlantic crossing.

Merle Oberon in London

MERLE OBERON'S next film will be "The Divorce of Lady X," which concerns the matrimonial mix-ups of high society. Merle is just now polishing her lines, and so is Laurence Olivier, set to play the part of a lawyer who deals with Lady X's many difficulties.

From "Hamlet" to morning dress and severe, professional spectacles is a far step, but it's all part of the day's work to Laurence, who recently returned from a Shakespearean season at Elsinore, in Denmark, where the unhappy Prince reputedly lived and saw his father's spirit.



Anna Neagle's Queen Victoria

• "Victoria the Great," produced by Herbert Wilcox, has been acclaimed in England and America. Supporting Anna Neagle are Anton Walbrook as the Prince Consort (top right) and H. B. Warner as Lord Melbourne (lower left).

Babs Sues For Property

NOW that her boy friend, Robert Taylor, is working in England, Barbara Stanwyck is cleaning up unfinished business. She is back in the California courts seeking a division of property items which were overlooked when she was divorced from Frank Fay in December, 1935.

It seems that at the time Barbara had overlooked certain pieces of property acquired during her seven years of marriage, such as the home she and Frank occupied in an elegant suburb. There are seven other pieces of property which she asks the court to divide.

George Raft at Sea

GEORGE RAFT, who rocketed to fame as a sleek-haired gangster, is retyped in Paramount's maritime saga, "Souls at Sea," in which he's co-starred with Gary Cooper. He plays a swashbuckling bucko mate of the '40's—and with wavy hair!

George is an exceptionally versatile matinee idol. When he first hit the eye of the film public, in "Bolero," his brilliant dancing was his greatest asset. Since then he has been primarily a hard-fisted performer.

Bill Powell Cheers Up

BILL POWELL'S low spirits, ever since the death of Jean Harlow,

have been worrying the rest of the cast and the crew.

The other day, on Bill's set, work was suddenly called off late in the afternoon, and an enormous cake was wheeled in. Then Bill remembered it was his birthday. The rest of the day was given over to hilarious celebration, and Bill succumbed to the general gaiety. Since then he has been more like his old self, and is turning in one of his very best performances for "Double Wedding." Myrna Loy is playing opposite him.

JEALOUSIES and LOYALTIES

Films Rule Feelings Among Stars

By MARY OLIVIER

PERSONAL relations in Hollywood are abnormal. In that strange world circumstances arise that appear to the average person more like the brainstorms of an imaginative novelist than cold, hard fact. A peculiar design for living, a special code of ethics govern the existence of movie folk and make them a race apart.

It is a centre where everyone eats, drinks, sleeps and lives with the one thought uppermost—pictures. Husbands, wives, sweethearts, friends, enemies, uncles, aunts, cousins, sisters and brothers are all enmeshed by the industry that decks Hollywood with tinsel and places it on the front page of every newspaper in the world.

WHAT do they all think of each other? What is the attitude of one celebrity towards another—a potential rival? How do husbands react to their wives' careers and vice versa? The answers to these questions make a very interesting subject.

There is plenty of love and hate, like, dislike, envy and jealousy to be found within the film colony. Most of it never sees the color of print, although the people who live here know all about it.

Only recently, on the set of "You Can't Have Everything," two girls faced each other with fire in their eyes and hatred in their hearts. Alice Faye, queen of her studio's musical comedies, was being challenged by Louise Hovick, a newcomer with a Broadway reputation, and Alice couldn't take it. If looks could kill both Alice and Louise would by now have joined their ancestors.

Just another instance of professional jealousy—the same brand which has caused so much dissension from time to time in Hollywood. Joan Crawford and the late Jean Harlow didn't exactly waste any love on each other. Reason was that Joan wanted stories that Jean was given, and Jean thought she could do Joan's films better than the Crawford lady.

Imperfect Gentlemen

CLIVE BROOK and Herbert Marshall, two perfect gentlemen on the screen, revealed that they have feet of clay when they came up against each other in the race for similar roles. Brook aired his views too openly and antagonized his competitor, starting something that isn't finished yet.

Bob Montgomery, for some reason or other, doesn't like Rosalind Russell. Mention his name to Ros, and she gets pretty annoyed, too. My guess is that they both did a spot of camera-hogging during a recent film together, and that is an unforgivable sin in Hollywood.

To prove, however, that Hollywood isn't all professional jealousy, there are the cases of several prominent stars who have helped others, less important to success. Joan Crawford has done more for little Julie Haydon than anybody realises. Carole Lombard has nurtured the career of Margaret Tallichet as few others would have done. And Ginger Rogers arranged for Harriet Hilliard's part to be enlarged in "Follow the Fleet," thereby getting this girl her first decent break.

There is, of course, the old, old story that Garbo would not be photographed with Dietrich and the counter tale that Dietrich, when asked her opinion of Garbo, said, "Who is Garbo?"

Another story you may or may not have heard concerns the time when Shirley Temple's mother refused to allow her daughter to share a camera study with Freddie Bartholomew.



● ROBERT MONTGOMERY. — He and Rosalind Russell have not been friends since a recent film together.

Nor does professional jealousy thrive only among odd stars and players. It enjoys a healthy existence between the husbands and wives of cinema-land. Careers are often the only salvation for marital happiness. On the other hand many a movie divorce can be laid at the doors of envy and misunderstanding.

Take William Powell and Carole Lombard, for instance. They met and married when they were just commencing their respective careers. It was rather fun at first racing to the top with honors usually pretty even. Then Bill put a spurt on and Carole didn't like it. Mental cruelty was her complaint before the court; but Bill's only cruelty was to be a few jumps ahead of his wife in their profession.

Marital Problems

FORTY per cent. of Hollywood men and women declare that they wouldn't marry anyone in the profession, even if there were no one else available. But it is a pretty fair estimate that 80 per cent. of Hollywood personalities ultimately wed within the industry, whether they be writers, actresses, actors, press agents, producers, directors, cameramen or less.

"No woman in her right senses should marry a director," says Kay Francis. "He wants to direct her right through private life, too." Kay speaks from experience, having been married to Kenneth McKenna, one-time actor, now a director. Ken was

not behind the door in handing out advice to Kay.

Yet Myrna Loy freely admits that being married to Arthur Hornblow has been her greatest asset. His experience at directing and producing has been a stepping-stone in her progress to stardom. Arthur is very proud of his wife's achievements. No professional envy here. He has no wish to share the limelight with his clever wife. It was the same with Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.

Joan Crawford found that criticism, however constructive, did not help along her happiness when married to Doug Fairbanks, jun. So she and Franchot Tone never mention acting once away from the studio. "We look upon our careers purely as business enterprises, of which we are the respective managing directors."

Mixed marriages present yet another problem. What does a non-professional wife think of her husband's career? Winifred Bryson, who is Mrs. Warner Baxter to the milkman, says it doesn't worry her a scrap.



● CAROLE LOMBARD, whose marriage with William Powell was wrecked by professional jealousy.



● SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S mother resents camera competition from Freddie Bartholomew.

Like many others, such as Betty Montgomery, Sandra Cooper, Dixie Crosby, Mary Cagney and Marcelite Boles, she takes the broad view, and considers it all part of a job that begins at 8 o'clock and finishes at 5. There are others, however, who strongly resent their better halves cuddling and kissing women who are more attractive than themselves. I know of one actor's wife who has a row with her husband after every film in which he appears.

It's bad enough when the little woman has to stay at home with the baby while hubby caresses a glamor-

queen. But what of the husband who must sit placidly by while another man makes love to his wife?

What does Rudolph Sieber, for instance, think about it, sitting in the background of the set while his wife, Marlene Dietrich, is making "Angel" with Herbert Marshall? Or staying home with the dog while she plays round London with Fairbanks, jun.?

There is always the danger that Hollywood will dub him Mr. Dietrich. It's happened before. But he only smiles when one is impertinent enough to ask him about it, and replies: "It is Marlene's career. It makes her happy. That is all I care about." What a man!

Curbing Claudette

NOT so lenient is Dr. Joel Pressman, husband of fascinating Claudette Colbert. At the studio Claudette works—at work. Once outside the cinema portals, she has to be like other women.

Claudette does not dash hither and thither to pre-views with the handsome heroes of Hollywood. If the doc. isn't there to escort her, she remains at home with the patchwork quilt. In fact, Dr. Pressman resents his wife's career keenly and there are many arguments which one of these days will finish up in favor of the doctor, and leave the screen minus another splendid actress.

Fredric March has the ideal wife in Florence Eldridge. She condones mild flirtations, realises that he must be somewhat fascinated by the lovely women he meets in his screen life, and smilingly goes about unheeded of his feminine friendships. Freddie revels in his freedom.

PURER FILMS PAY

Studios Keep Their Own Censors

By MARGARET SIMPSON

TIME was not long ago when film censors throughout the world crouched like vultures at their desks, scissors snapping hungrily, ready to disembowel any new picture at the first hint of prurience.

And we, in the crowded darkness of cinema houses, used to be dealt knock-out blows of disappointment when, at the most interesting moment, scenes were skipped, and the villain no longer pursued her.

AND for a long time afterwards we would speculate feverishly as to just how much the censor had denied us.

That's all changed a great deal now. Try to recall that last censor's cut you detected in a picture. Ah, we thought that would trick you.

The fact is that Hollywood has gone pure, and not without success either.

When the recently-formed League of Decency descended upon the film colony with orders to whitewash its fowl yard, the producers bowed in anguish and fury. But the League, with its backing of the congregations of every religious creed in America, was too powerful a faction to ignore.

Then along came "David Copperfield" and other righteous pictures to show the film pundits where they had been wrong all the time. Now the industry is waxing sleek and plump on the slogan "Be Pure and Prosper."

Studio Watchdogs

IT'S now become the same with political censorship. Cuts are few nowadays because producers are watching their steps, and gibes at foreign nations no longer find their way to the screen.

The answer is that most of the major studios now go their own censoring. Each has an expert on the lot who is familiar not only with the requirements of the various States in America, but with each foreign idiosyncrasy, weakness, prejudice, preference and tender spot.

Every story that comes up for purchase, every script that is considered for production, is not only given the acid test for purity but also scrutinised by the studio censor to be certain that no toes are going to be stepped on.

Paramount's watchdog is John Hammell, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has Al Block on the job, and Col. Jason Joy is the 20th Century-Fox censor, while Samuel Goldwyn and Jack Warner personally have the last word on the Goldwyn and Warner lots.

The development of studio censorship has been accompanied by an increased astuteness in the public moral guardians. The process has been a sort of game, with intra-studio censors pitting their wits and artful dodging against foreign and American restrictions.

Pictures that studios have wanted to make because of their story value, humor, or strong characterisation have sometimes seemed to have no chance of passing the censor. The late Irving Thalberg was one executive who, through long practice, found ways to deodorise such pictures, and at the same time retain a maximum of interest.

Nowadays the most able twister is probably Ernst Lubitch, all of whose personally-supervised or directed pictures have presented censor problems, from "The Marriage Circle" down to his current Marlene Dietrich film, "Angel."

The case of "Angel" provides a remarkable example of what can be done to outwit the censors. This play had a brief run in London, and attracted the nestful interest of Thalberg several years ago. Numbers of studios consid-

ered making it because of its crackling adult irony and the spicy tang of its plot. But all surrendered. Then Lubitch grabbed it and handed the problem to John Hammell.

The opening situation was a barred subject to any censor board. Lubitch and Hammell put their heads together, and out of their cerebrations was born a relatively innocuous setting that might have been a night club or a gambling salon.

Objectionable lines were rewritten, deshabille scenes were adroitly altered, and anatomy was piquantly draped—but the motivation in general remained the same and the fundamental triumph of virtue over vice was not disturbed. Thus "Angel" emerges from Lubitch's hands a creation of orthodox ethics, though tartly flavored with the risqué.

Al Block at Metro points to the contrast between to-day and a few years ago by specifying the case of "The Man in Possession," made in 1930, and a re-make of the same yarn on the studio's current programme. Same story elements, same general idea and plot, but oh, what a difference! This year's edition of "The Man in Possession" is a pale thing beside the palpitant creation that excited straitlaced folk a few seasons back.

Block is on deck at all times at the beck and call of every producer on the lot. They get him out of bed in the middle of the night if a situation comes up while shooting. Pencil out a line, change the stance of a Chinese coolie, be sure that some "crack" addressed to a British army officer doesn't mean disrespect to-

GALLERY OF STARS

John King
(Universal)

appearing in "The Road Back"

wards the uniform he wears. Block is supposed to know all the answers.

The same is true of Colonel Joy at 20th Century-Fox, who lost a lot of sleep while "Life of a Lancer Spy" was being filmed. This picture involved many risks of hurting the sensitive feelings of the principal combatants in the World War—Germany, France and Britain.

Foreign Prejudices

THE studio censors develop a sixth sense about foreign prejudices. They know that, although the French have the reputation of being free and easy in romantic matters, French censors are, in fact, the deadliest scissorers of all where there is any hint of immorality.

That the present German Government is touchy about a lot of things and, unlike other countries, bars individuals as well as the pictures they appear in.

That Italy is among the most pernicketty nowadays, condemning footage that reflects in any way on Italian nationals. They can't be

gangsters, servants, heavies, or comedians.

Even the Chinese, of late have made themselves felt in the censorship business. The Los Angeles Chinese Consulate has a book of rules put out by the Chinese Censor Board of five members. Not long ago the edict came forth that no Chinese henceforth may be shown as servant to a white man.

Paramount, in making "Wells Fargo," is adhering strictly to this ruling. At the period represented in the picture Chinese were prominent throughout the western part of America, and the yoke of the day had a lot of fun pulling their pig tails. None of this horseplay will be seen in the picture, because otherwise Paramount would find itself in serious trouble with the Chinese Government.

The studios are getting accustomed to this intra-studio censorship, and like it. John Hammell recently remarked: "If regulation were taken away from the studios to-day they would cry for its return."

It is generally admitted that studio censors have saved Hollywood millions in retakes, by keeping directors to the line set for them, and thus avoiding foreign bans.

Moreover, this keener censorship promotes international good feeling. In other days a production was simply filmed as the script was written, and when a producer heard that he'd roused some foreign ire he was genuinely surprised. He didn't know any better.

Now the prevailing argument in Hollywood is: "Why step on anyone's toes if we don't have to? Why go out of our way to make enemies? And they don't."



Wynne W. Davies



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the latest motion pictures.)

If I appear to be smacking my chops more enthusiastically than usual this week, please chalk it up to the fact that I am gleeful over the grand entertainment treat awaiting my Brisbane friends when the new Metro theatre is opened next month.

Public voting in the Brisbane "Telegraph" has selected "After the Thin Man", starring William Powell and Myrna Loy, as the first attraction for the new theatre... and what a swell season it will have!

And then look what I have to follow...

"The Good Earth". Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in Pearl S. Buck's great novel of the most discussed nation in the world today—China.

"Love on the Run". Joan Crawford chased by Clark Gable and Franchot Tone in a merry comedy of love in Europe.

"A Day at the Races". A merry melange of melody, maidens and madness with the 3 Marx Bros. at their top.

"Camille". Garbo in the arms of Robert Taylor in your favourite romantic drama.

"Maytime". Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy at their best.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney". Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, Jessie Ralph, Frank Morgan. What a comedy! What a cast!

"Captains Courageous". Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew, Lionel Barrymore, in Rudyard Kipling's Epic of the sea.

SPECIAL SOUVENIR OF NEW BRISBANE METRO. In a few weeks we will be issuing a 20-page color souvenir devoted exclusively to the new Metro Theatre. Send 4d. in stamps and it will be posted to you when ready... write direct to

Yours for a Happy October.
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HERE'S Hot NEWS

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bouchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London.

PAULETTE GODDARD has delivered her ultimatum to Charlie Chaplin. She says that Charlie must start her picture by November, or she will seek work elsewhere. She has been waiting a year and a half for the story he promised would make her a great star, and is tired of being put off.

BRITISH studios were looking forward to the arrival of Clark Gable to play the part of a young Royal Air Force officer.

The film was to have been a piece of

DOTS and DASHES

William Powell giving his stand-in his first real break by wangling him a small role in "Madame X" ... Simone Simon telling us she'll sing a song in her next film, "Love and Hisses."

Darryl Zanuck hoping Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie will kiss and make up as he wants to co-star them in future pictures after their great success as a romantic twosome in "Thin Ice."

The know-alls saying it's almost certain Garbo will re-sign with Metro when her present contract expires very soon, in spite of her denials.

Warners bargaining with Fred Perry and Ellsworth Vines for a series of shorts on tennis.

R.K.O. borrowing the increasingly popular Ray Milland from Paramount for the lead opposite Miriam Hopkins in "Female of the Species."

William Powell giving his stand-in his first real break by wangling him a small role in "Madame X" ... Simone Simon telling us she'll sing a song in her next film, "Love and Hisses."

propaganda for the R.A.F. The script was approved by the Air Ministry; everything seemed set for the production to take the floor—or the air.

But something went wrong. Clubland got wind of the project. Retired colonels and admirals pulled long faces and muttered that no American should be privileged to play such a role.

Whether or not this muttering had anything to do with the final decision Clark certainly won't figure in the film. Who will get the role is not at the moment known, but it is practically certain that he will be a Britisher.

GARBO is the latest to succumb to the craze for trailers. She has just bought herself a super-deluxe affair, embodying bedroom, kitchen and bath.

AT the moment, Robert Taylor is busy tuning-up for "A Yank at Oxford." He is learning to row a boat, for he is to stroke Oxford to victory (in the film) in the annual tussle with Cambridge on the Thames. Robert's coach is Mr. "Bossy" Phelps, the King's Bargeman, and one of Britain's leading authorities on sculling.

Robert is also learning the art of ice skating (on a specially hired rink) as well as the technique of track athletics.

While all this hard training is going on he has cut his social engagements and limits himself to three cigarettes a day.

WHEN Claude Rains' ex-wife, Isabel Jeans, was signed up by Warner Brothers, everyone wondered what would happen when the two met. They hadn't talked or looked at each other for years. When Rains finally did bump into Isabel, however, there was no apparent embarrassment. He invited her to join him at luncheon, and she accepted.

PEIS are the new fashion accent in Hollywood. Shirley Ross has a pet lamb, and every evening when she returns from the studio she takes it for a walk on a leash.

Dolores Del Rio thinks the best is none too good for her dachshund. She has him all dressed up in a new leash and collar made of gold mesh.

ALTHOUGH the dancing lady role brought Joan Crawford fame and a following, she refuses to take a similar role again no matter how her fans clamor for it. Joan says her dancing days are over.

"When I was going over as a dancing star, it was long before the days of Eleanor Powell, Ginger Rogers, and other such excellent dancers," she says. "What would my tripping look like now, in comparison with theirs?"

She feels the same way about her singing, since she would be up against such competitors as Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore.

Joan is so honest that she can be brutally frank with herself.

MERLE OBERON and David Niven are returning to appear together in a picture for Sam Goldwyn, and there's a good deal of speculation going on as to how these two will react to one another's presence on the set—especially since persistent rumors have been floating back from London to the effect that they have been carefully avoiding each other over there.

Merle and David used to be Hollywood's most consistent romancers, but the affair broke up just before Merle left for England last year. When David followed after, a few months later, many thought it meant reconciliation, but judging from the London reports such was not the case.

WE saw the Earl of Warwick on the set of his first picture, "Buccaneer," the other day—decked out in a tricky uniform, his hair several inches longer than normal and neatly curled. "When they told me to grow it," he told us, "I thought they'd just be taking a long-shot of the back of my neck, but you'll be pleased to hear I have one line in this scene." We listened to him deliver his one line several times—and quite effectively, too. Evidently his first role is a pretty small one, as his screen name, Michael Brooke, does not appear in the list of the cast, but it's better than no work at all.

THE fact that Lily Pons plans a European vacation with Andre Kostelanetz as soon as she is through with "It Never Happened Before" adds weight to the general idea that they have been married for some time.

LUISE RAINER is never seen in anything but tailored white slacks, a white shirt and white coat. She was seen in an evening dress only at the time she received the Academy award for her work in "The Great Ziegfeld."

JOAN CRAWFORD presented her niece and namesake with a miniature merry-go-round, but the poor child hasn't had a chance to try it out since her aunt and uncle, Franchot, won't let her get near it.

GLENDA FARRELL has just returned from the hospital to recuperate at her home from a very painful jaw operation.

Seems a London dentist extracted one of the Farrell teeth, but made a bad job of it and left several bone splinters in the jaw.

Glenda managed to keep going till her current picture was completed, then rushed to the hospital to get the splinters removed.

GENE MARKEY, Joan Bennett's "ex," is the only one who succeeds in teaching Simone Simon any English.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

★★★ IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER

Leslie Howard, Bette Davis. (Warner Bros.)

DON'T let this drivelling title put you off a very funny film well played by two of the tiny minority of stars with genuine ability to build up character.

By giving Leslie Howard the part of an absurdly conceited and irresponsible Shakespearean actor, Warner have set a "ham" to catch a "ham." Because Howard is himself one of the best living interpreters of Shakespeare.

As Basil Underwood he gives a glorious study of insincerity, of a man whose every act is a theatrical attitude and whose speech is nearly always a quotation.

When Clark Gable is mentioned, Basil's response is typical.

"Who is Clark Gable?" he asks.

On the eve of marriage with Bette Davis, his stage co-star, he suddenly pictures himself in the role of a man who needs moral redemption, and the results are catastrophic.

Setting out to cure a half-witted debutante of her infatuation for him, as a good turn for her fiancé, he finds that her only reply to his insults is "Slap me again, I love it!"

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

Eric Blore, his valet, who imitates bird noises as a danger signal to his master, has his warnings drowned at critical moments by an aviary.

Olivia de Havilland makes a fool of herself most unselfishly as the insane hero-worshipper.

The subtlety of Bette Davis, as the temperamental star, enters every movement of her face and every word she utters.

Compare the work of Howard and Bette Davis here with their utterly different parts in "The Petrified Forest" . . . and admit that they give lustre to their craft.—Regent, showing.

★★ THE DEVIL IS DRIVING

Richard Dix, Joan Perry. (Columbia.)

HOW startling to come across a picture that takes a serious view of alcohol.

For so long we filmgoers have regarded it as nothing more than a chemical that makes William Powell more amusing. We have noticed that gentlemen give it to blondes when they take them out. We have often seen it cause innocent fun.

But here for once alcohol is no joke. Driving cars when under its influence, a college boy—and like most college boys of the films he is a spineless moron—causes two fatal accidents.

The whole picture is a savage indictment of drunken drivers and the convention that it is up to all the pals of a drunken driver to perjure themselves wholesale in his defence when he has been taken to court.

Richard Dix joins in one of these perjury shows to free the chinless college boy after his first killing. Later as District Attorney he has to prosecute the little waster for a second killing, and this time he finds what it feels like to fight on the opposite side to the perjurers.

It's a sombre propaganda film, but is quite surprisingly good.

Most of the murky exposures of religion rackets and kidnapers and machine rings and dope combines and slot-machine trusts which deluge the screen carry no real moral feeling. They are simple melodramas.

But this picture has an unusual sincerity and force.

It is a sermon that lasts a bit too long, but it is a moving one.—Capitol and King's Cross, showing.

★ THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY

Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery. (M.-G.-M.)

"WHAT fools you've made of us all!"

says Lord Arthur Dilling to Mrs. Cheyney near the end of this film. And he is quite right, since that astute lady, key member of a gang of jewel thieves, has not only succeeded in being asked to a duchess' house-party, but has received two proposals of marriage from peers of the realm.

It's a fairly entertaining show, yet

anybody who saw the classical "Mrs. Cheyney" in which Norma Shearer starred a few years ago will know that this new version is very inferior.

The glittering surface has been sadly tarnished.

A good production of this piece must create an artificial and aristocratic atmosphere in which cynical characters may talk in sparkling phrases without seeming unnatural.

In the Norma Shearer version all this was done to perfection.

Week's Best Release

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER. Delightful ridicule of an actor's affectations.

But this time there is no trace of aristocratic style about the guests at the duchess' fateful house-party.

Robert Montgomery and Frank Morgan are about as much like a pair of Zulus as a pair of English lords.

Nor is big-eyed, earnest Joan Crawford much better cast in the gay and clever role of Mrs. Cheyney.

Only one person in the cast has the nuance of manner which ought to distinguish them all. This is Powell as Mrs. Cheyney's butler and accomplice. But we don't see much of him, and his comic talents are cruelly repressed.

A bungled production—though even in mutilated form the situations retain traces of the brilliance of Frederick Lonsdale's play.—Prince Edward, showing.

★ BACK IN CIRCULATION

Pat O'Brien, Joan Blondell (Warner Bros.)

SOMEWHERE in this film Pat O'Brien, playing the most brutal and unscrupulous of all possible editors, expresses disgust because Joan Blondell, his toughest reporter, has "gone soft on him."

Much the same could be said of the film itself.

It is fast, if unoriginal, entertainment so long as it is just a display of the hideous efficiency of America's yellow Press in action—so long as insolent Joan Blondell slams doors and swaggers into a dozen spots where she is not wanted.

Then it goes soft on us. We are asked to credit a young lady who prefers to "burn" in the electric chair rather than allow her innocent sweetheart to be put on trial for murder.

She takes all the blame herself to avoid the risk that he may not be able to establish his innocence.

That is a stupid situation which has been put up to us often before but which we have never believed in the slightest.

Joan Blondell fades out as an actress as soon as she goes soft. Cheeky charm is her line, and she is good at it, but emotion—no.

But Pat O'Brien, lucky enough to have no emotional lines, is good in his supercharged role.—Regent, showing.

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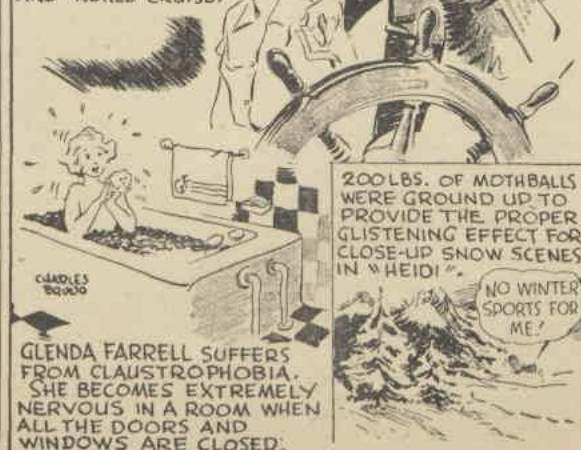
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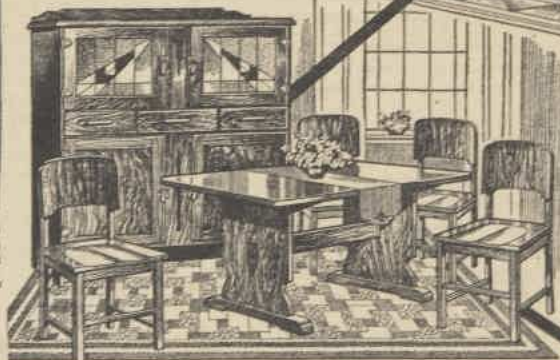
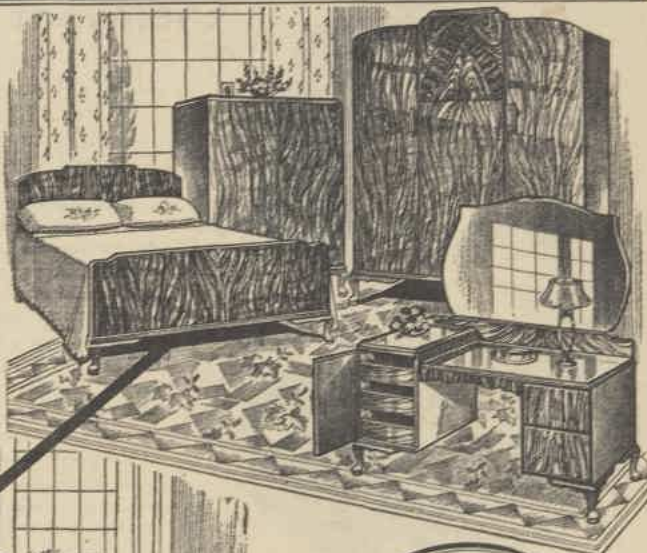
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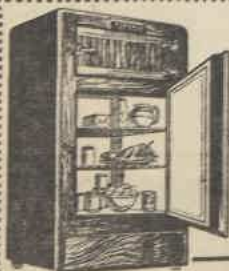
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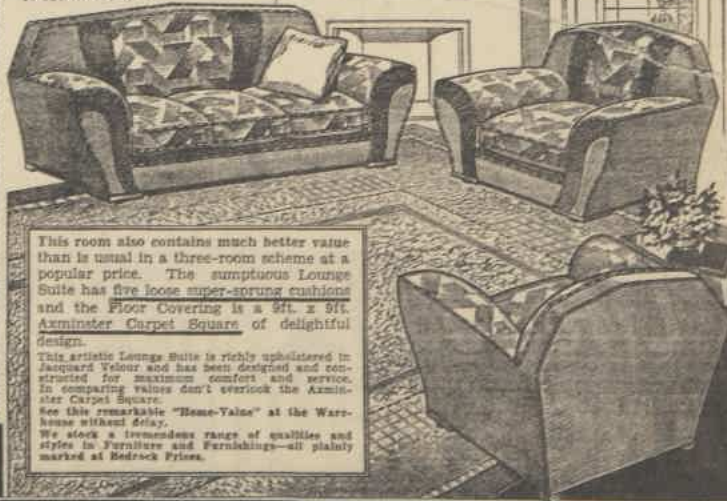
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RUTH DACRE
leant again a wall gasping.

"You have released yourself, could have at any time?" she cried bewildered. "But this man, your gaoler—"

"Allow me to introduce Abn Zayd," grinned Savaran. "My headman in many expeditions."

"And—and you got him in here as your own gaoler?" she gasped. "How—how?"

"Here is Zavarani," beamed the man. "Wonders are natural to him."

"Less than a wonder here," said Savaran largely, for he was enjoying this. "The officials are so sleepy that when the real gaoler went down with fever and recommended his cousin Abn Zayd, they did not push their inquiries very deep. But let us go out and review my army."

"Even the soldiers are yours?" she laughed hysterically.

"I had five hundred men on my

DELILAH'S Daughter

Continued from Page 28

pay roll," he grinned. "It was a pity to let them waste their time in idleness, especially as the Government forces were eager for recruits owing to slackness in enlistments. Quite a number joined up and spread the news of Savaran through the ranks of the all-too-ready regulars, for an army will always back a real leader to a man."

They went out and five grinning ranks of hard-bitten askari came to the salute like veterans at the barked command of Abn Zayd. The two officers of the guard were sitting blinking at rifle muzzles in the little mess-room of the prison barracks.

Savaran stalked like *utsize* Napoleon along the ranks. Spoke a handful of harsh words in Yorgi which sent two hundred well-oiled rifles tossing in the air as the men

cheered, and called for horses. Two horses. Ruth Dacre rode with him as he marched in triumph through the sleek and sleepy streets of Mamee Yorga to Government House. But there was no sleep in Mamee Yorga once Savaran had passed. Savaran left no details unthought of. He had even provided a band.

So behind the blood quickening scream of native instruments they swung into the huge parade ground facing the official palace. It was already full of black fighting men. Regulars of the Colonial force marshalled in companies with new machine-guns ominously trained on the Commissaire's dwelling, and masses of Savaran's even more formidable irregulars drawn up be-

hind. A huddle of white officers stood about the palace steps uneasily fingering their pistols as Savaran strode largely up to them.

"Gentlemen," he said grimly, "draw your weapons and it is a massacre. On the other hand wait patiently a little while and I will find you plenty of use for them."

He walked straight through that little crowd, though every man of it was ready to cut him down—if he only had the nerve.

His Excellency the Commissaire was as yet only half awake to what had happened. He heaved his gross body from his chair and, blinking across his great desk, mumbled:

"What's this? Most irregular . . . a prisoner without an armed guard. Most improper."

"Pat one," said Savaran with ferocious geniality. "Go back to your dozing. You are temporarily deposed. Since you can neither govern nor protect Mamee Yorga an expert has been called in." He turned to two frightened secretaries. "Take away this—bundle," he said. "Savaran needs his chair of state."

The Porofangora attacked to time table. They came out of the jungle mist into the red sun at dawn, their great head-plumes making a sea of dancing lights, their rhino shields drumming thunder as their spear shafts beat out their war challenge. They moved in an exultant swarm tight-packed because, thanks to the two great rivers, only one side of the town could be approached. But that did not bother them. They were contemptuous of Mamee Yorga. They knew that the watch was half asleep, the defences nil.

It seemed they were right. Dawn sun showed them a broken old wall behind which crouched a sleep-sodden town. No man stirred in it.

No movement, no sound at all from Mamee Yorga until the mass of naked braves were no more than forty feet from the wall, and even then no sound from the wall—only a new sound from the Porofangora warriors . . . A strange sound. A shrill outcry, a screaming. The foremost ranks were suddenly yelling and leaping and trying to twist back in a panic of pain. They hurled themselves back into the mob that hurled itself forward with a force that piled up the whole mass in a wild squirm of tangled confusion. And they screamed that the ground beneath their feet was as warm with devils.

This was not quite correct. Savaran had merely ordered that through every door and every flat plank in Mamee Yorga there should be driven eight-inch nails sharpened to needle point. Those doors and planks had been buried in the sandy soil outside the wall so that they formed a broad band, thirty feet deep, right across the front of the wall. The Porofangora were now stepping with bare feet on those needle points set as close as cornstalks, and the effect was distressing. And as they shrieked and milled and formed themselves into a matted mob Savaran, smiling fiercely, leant outward from Mamee Yorga's wall and shot Podi Kabba, king of the Porofangora, and three of his chiefs as fast as his remarkable pistol could spit bullets. And even before his third shot rang out the front of Mamee Yorga was a blaze of flame. Machine guns and rifles pumped in a continuous blaze into the brown of that milling, tight-packed, helpless mob. It was point-blank killing at non-stop rates. The pelt of shots blew great holes in the writhing mass, and pressure from behind filled up those holes ready for more killing. In time it was impossible to say how many died, so dense was the swathe of dead and living. The shambling that the Porofangora had planned for Mamee Yorga had come to meet them. In twenty minutes there was no more war.

There was a lame, feeble sort of siege for a week or two until word that flotillas were being rushed up river finished even that. It was always half-hearted, never dangerous. The Porofangora ran from Mamee Yorga beaten.

"Those first twenty minutes finished them," Savaran explained to Ruth Dacre. "They taught them that a master was in command, and that there was no hope for them."

Savarani told her this as they stood on the banks of the river by the canoe that was to take him across to Abn Zayd and his expedition waiting on the frontier bank.

"Savarani!" cried Ruth Dacre huskily. "Stay to enjoy your triumph." Savaran looked into eyes that told him he—personal that triumph might be and he turned quickly to nod at the two stern-wheelers that were disembarking white regiments and artillery on to Mamee Yorga's quay.

"It is wiser for Savaran to go before the official mind remembers there is a reward for his capture."

"They won't do it," she cried. "Why, all Mamee Yorga is petitioning to have you made Commissaire."

"Horrible," he grinned. "Imagine Savaran developing an His Excellency paunch!"

"That's not Savaran's way," she said, searching his eagle face with overbright eyes. "You are making excuses."

"Possibly," he grinned. "You see, I still think I can get those diamonds." "Diamonds—Savarani, I am more than diamonds. I—I want you."

"And Dr. Felton wants you," said Savaran grimly. "And I've taken a liking to him . . . And you're a lovely thing, Ruth, and Savaran is an Ismael . . . only fit for diamonds."

He bent and kissed her and sprang into his canoe. And half-way across the stream his fierce grin broke out. "I wonder," he asked himself, "which of us has made the luckier escape?"

(Copyright)

AUTO-INTOXICATION— Enemy of Beauty

A well-known
physician says—

"Poisons need not necessarily be taken into the body to produce disease; they may be manufactured within the body itself, and these poisonous substances when formed are absorbed into the blood circulation and carried to different places, where they exert their harmful effects. This, briefly, is the meaning of auto-intoxication."

"These poisonous substances, long before they have had time to produce actual disease, will have shown their presence by producing an unhealthy appearance of the skin, giving rise to unsightliness and destroying all beauty that may naturally be present."

"Auto-intoxication, by producing unhealthy skin, deformed joints or painful muscles, is a direct enemy to beauty."

Most people know that auto-intoxication is one of the dangers of our present mode of life, and realise the need of preventing it. But, too many try to rid themselves of poisons by taking poisons. Drugs which act by local irritation are poisons—relatively mild though they may be. In time their injurious action is added to that of the poisons they seek to expel.

The only safe method is to use Eno's "Fruit Salt," which does not act by irritation, but solely by the innocent process which physicists call osmosis—retaining sufficient water in the food canal to dilute and dismiss the contents.

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Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:—

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go to the South Pole to find
MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Missing airwoman. Walking through a wall of steam, they come to a prehistoric world, peopled by neanderthal men and primitive animals. They find Molly, but she is carried off by a

huge flying lizard. Mandrake causes the monster to drop his intended prey, and just before she reaches the ground she is caught by a handsome stranger, named

LANCE: Whom Mandrake says is a cro-magnon man, a superior race of artists. Lance, believing the strangers are evil, tries to kill Mandrake, but is overpowered by Lothar. NOW READ ON.

MANDRAKE, DID YOU HEAR THAT? HE SPOKE IN ENGLISH!

I HEARD IT ALL RIGHT! WELL, LANCE, LET'S HAVE IT. WHO ARE YOU? WHY DID YOU TRY TO KILL ME? HOW DID YOU GET DOWN HERE?

I HAVE ALWAYS LIVED HERE, WITHIN THE GREY VEIL OR STEAM WALL, AS YOU CALL IT. ONCE I TRIED TO WANDER THROUGH IT, BUT IT WAS COLD AND FRIGHTENED ME.

HMM—GO ON.

YOU SPEAK THE SAME TONGUE AS THE EVIL STRANGERS WHO HAVE ENSLAVED MY PEOPLE. THEY TAUGHT ME YOUR TONGUE. I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THEM, BUT YOU ARE ALL TOO BRAVE, TOO FINE.

DO YOU BELIEVE HIM? WHAT CAN IT ALL MEAN?

HE'S NOT LYING. IT CAN ONLY MEAN THAT WE'RE NOT THE FIRST TO DISCOVER THIS PLACE. THERE ARE OTHERS DOWN HERE! BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHO THEY ARE?

YOU REALIZE, LANCE, THAT THIS LAND OF YOURS IS ENCLOSED BY A STEAM WALL. OUTSIDE THAT WALL IS THE ICE AND COLD OF THE FRIGID ANTARCTIC.

YES, I HAVE LEARNED THAT SINCE THE EVIL STRANGERS CAME, OUR PEOPLE THOUGHT THE WORLD ENDED AT THE STEAM WALL. IT IS TABOO TO GO THROUGH IT.

I SEE. TELL ME ABOUT THESE EVIL STRANGERS.

THEY CAME FROM THE SKY IN MACHINES. AT FIRST, WE ACCEPTED THEM AS FRIENDS. AS I WAS THE CHIEF'S SON, THEY TAUGHT ME THEIR LANGUAGE, USING ME AS THEIR TRANSLATOR.

THEN, IMMEDIATELY, THEY TRANSFORMED MY PEOPLE FROM FREE MEN INTO SLAVES. WE WERE FORCED TO DO THEIR BIDDING—BUILD THEIR STRANGE APPARATUS. MY FATHER AND I TRIED TO STOP THEM.

WE WERE NO MATCH FOR THEIR DEADLY WEAPONS. MY FATHER WAS KILLED. I ESCAPED, A HUNTED MAN. THAT'S WHY I TRIED TO KILL YOU—WHEN YOU SPOKE THEIR TONGUE!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHO THESE EVIL STRANGERS ARE. LANCE IS LEADING US TO HIS VILLAGE.

MANDRAKE—I'M—AFRAID—

THIS PLACE IS FILLED WITH DANGER, MOLLY. I GUESS WE'RE ALL A LITTLE AFRAID.

NO, NOT THAT. THESE EVIL STRANGERS—WHO COULD THEY BE? LANCE SPOKE OF STRANGE, DEADLY WEAPONS. PERHAPS THEY'RE FROM ANOTHER PLANET!

I'M SERIOUS! HE SAID THEY CAME OUT OF THE SKY, PERHAPS, THEY PLAN TO CONQUER THE EARTH AND ARE USING THIS AS A BASE.

BUT IT IS POSSIBLE, ISN'T IT?

I DON'T KNOW. I DO KNOW THAT WHEN I FOUND YOUR PLANE IN THE SWAMP, THERE WERE THREE HOLES IN THE FUSELAGE! YOU DIDN'T FALL—YOU WERE SHOT DOWN!

CAN'T YOU SEE, MANDRAKE? NO ONE ON EARTH HAS DREAMED THIS PLACE EXISTS! THE STRANGERS MAY HAVE SEEN IT THROUGH UNEARTHLY INSTRUMENTS—AND COME HERE IN SPACE SHIPS!

WELL, IT'S A NICE STORY, MOLLY.

DON'T SMILE, IT'S POSSIBLE! PERHAPS THEY'VE PLANNED THIS AS THEIR BASE, UNTIL THEY CAN BUILD ENOUGH WEAPONS TO CONQUER THE EARTH! STRANGE WEAPONS THAT WE'VE NEVER DREAMED OF!

YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT THE LANGUAGE THEY TAUGHT LANCE—WAS ENGLISH.

THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. THEY MAY HAVE LEARNED ENGLISH FROM AFAR, THROUGH SOME TYPE OF TELESCOPIC HYPNOSIS MACHINE!

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR POWERS OF IMAGINATION, MOLLY. LOOK!

AHEAD, MANDRAKE SUDDENLY SEES THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE MYSTERIOUS EVIL STRANGERS!

LOOK, MANDRAKE! YOU LAUGHED AT MY IDEAS! INVADERS FROM SPACE, BUILDING UNEARTHLY ARMAMENT TO CONQUER THE WORLD!

HMM—THAT IS UNEXPECTED, AT THAT. LOTHAR—COME OVER HERE.

LOTHAR AND I ARE GOING DOWN THERE TO INVESTIGATE. LANCE, OF COURSE, CAN'T GO, BECAUSE THEY'RE GUNNING FOR HIM. SO, MOLLY, YOU—

NOW, MANDRAKE, I WANT TO GO, TOO!

YOU CAN COME LATER. IT MAY BE UNSAFE NOW. I'M NOT SURE JUST WHAT WE'LL FIND. OF COURSE, IF YOU'RE AFRAID TO STAY HERE WITH LANCE—

TO BE CONTINUED

Australian Women's Weekly Medical Service . . . By A Specialist

ARTHRITIS—What Science
Knows AND CAN DOWomen More Susceptible than Men
to This Distressing Complaint

Arthritis, or rheumatoid arthritis, one of the most distressing and painful complaints of modern times, is reviewed this week in the series of authoritative medical articles specially prepared for The Australian Women's Weekly.

It is not really a new disease. Examination of the bones of prehistoric animals and men shows that they frequently suffered from it. One in every three prehistoric British skeletons shows arthritis, and it was prevalent in ancient Egypt and early America.

Ironically enough, for this disease which has afflicted mankind for at least 50,000 years, modern science has no certain cure to-day.

ARTHRITIS was once called "rheumatoid" arthritis, the first word of the name meaning "resembling rheumatism."

The term has been dropped of late, as acute rheumatism (or rheumatic fever) appears to be quite distinct from "rheumatoid" arthritis; rheu-

matic fever is a clear-cut distinctive disease, chiefly attacking children, and its cause and consequences are thoroughly understood.

What is generally called arthritis, however, is not one clear-cut disease; there are at least two main types which are possibly separate complaints. Nor is the cause of the condition clear, even to physicians.

In fact, it may be said that the medical profession has advanced as many theories and treatments of arthritis as the layman—and the speculations of the latter are legion. It may be affirmed, however, that the name "arthritis" covers a number of chronic joint infections which, beginning insidiously, spread from joint to joint, slowly interfering with their functions till at last, after running a course which is usually spread over many years, there is eventual crippling and deformity.

A typical case may be described as follows: The patient first notices slight pain and stiffness in one joint on moving it, say, in moving a finger.

Soon other joints of the fingers become swollen and tender. These painful swellings die down and recur in a series of attacks spaced over several months. Soon a distinct grating or dry clicking is heard when the joints are moved.

After a time the enlargement of the joints becomes permanent; it becomes increasingly difficult and painful to move them. At last they become "set" and immovable, usually in a slightly bent angle; use of the joint is lost and there is considerable deformity. Long before the joints become actually fixed the patient has given up attempts to move them, because of the intense pain this sets up.

Attacks All Ages

THE fingers were instanced in the above example; but the disease may afflict any of the joints in the body. It may begin in the ankle and toes, for instance, spreading to the joints of the knee and hip. Or it may spread from the fingers to the wrist, elbows and shoulder. In other cases the neck and spine are affected.

In severe cases every joint in the body is affected in turn, and progressively. As a result such patients become cripples, or even bedridden.

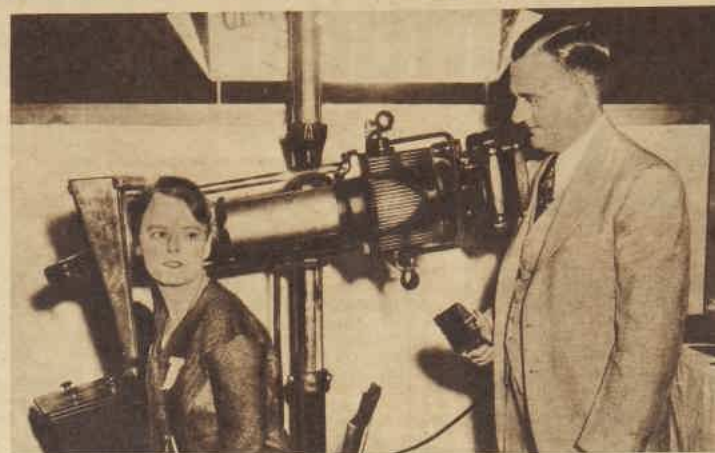
This distressing complaint attacks persons of all ages. Women are rather more liable to it than men. Some authorities place the ratio as high as three to one. Middle-age is the most usual period of onset, but there is also a group of high incidence among young people in their "teens." This disease should not be confused with another common complaint which is particularly troublesome in advancing age—"muscular rheumatism." This is the popular name; it is also a popular fashion just now to dignify it with the designation "neuritis."

Physicians now call this trouble "fibrositis." It causes pain and stiffness when certain muscles are brought into action, especially muscles at the lower end of the spine (lumbago). It is due to inflammation of the binding tissue of the muscles. A "stiff neck" is a transitory attack of fibrositis.

Fibrositis, however, does not affect the joints. It can usually be diagnosed by finding a very painful spot or node along the course of the muscle affected. Cold and damp weather aggravate muscular rheumatism; so much so that patients unwittingly become walking weather-prophets.

True arthritis, however, is not a muscular disease at all. The trouble is really an inflammation of the cartilages of the joints themselves. This leads to changes which cause swelling of the cartilages till they meet and grate against each other.

In one big class of cases there is overgrowth of cartilage-tissue; in another the ends of the bones are eroded



MODERN X-ray equipment for head tests. Infection of the cavities of the skull is sometimes responsible for arthritis.

Drug Experiments
For Arthritis

AN enormous number of drugs have been tried out in arthritis, but at best they merely relieve pain. The salicylates were routine treatment in last century, and lately have been replaced by aspirin, and other synthetic iodides were another great standby.

It is said that they stimulate the thyroid, and so may be effective in constitutional cases, especially in people past middle age.

The iodoxy-benzoates and other complex iodine compounds have also been used; but it does not appear that they hold any advantage over thyroid extract, when administered to suitable cases (middle-aged persons with accompanying obesity) by the physician.

and leave a rough surface. In both cases the interior of the joint eventually becomes hardened and the ligaments get thickened and "set." The joint becomes useless.

WHAT causes this swelling and setting of the joints? The oldest theory is that it is due to advancing age and exposure to cold. But this is really no explanation at all.

Hundreds of thousands of elderly people work out of doors, yet escape arthritis altogether, though muscular rheumatism is common enough. To-day the most favored theory is that arthritis is an infection of the joints, due to germs.

Which particular germs are responsible for the trouble is still a disputed point. Some form of streptococcus seems probable. The germs obtain entry into the system from one point or focus, circulate in the blood, get carried to the various joints in turn, and set up the irritation that is the cause of the later trouble.

Acting on this theory doctors have sought for a "septic focus" in sufferers from arthritis—some infected spot in the body acting as a distant stronghold from which germs continuously poison the blood-stream and get carried round the system to the joints.

Decayed teeth are obvious sources of such general poisoning; so are infected tonsils, growths in the nose, or conditions of the back of the nose associated with chronic discharge. Another possible source is the intestine in chronic constipation; another is infection of the gums (pyorrhea), apart from decayed teeth.

Still another is sinusitis (infection of the cavities in the skull communicating with the nose). Sinus trouble is quite a common complaint in modern civilised life.

Hopes of Cure

SO physicians advocate removal of any such septic focus as a first line of defence against arthritis, when it appears. Obviously to be successful such removal should be carried out early before the joints pass beyond the inflamed swollen condition to the fixed stage.

Wonderful results have followed such removal and there is a school of specialists who believe that all cases of arthritis are curable if the septic focus is found and treated early enough.

But of late this theory has been found too sweeping. Cases in which

all the teeth have been removed for sepsis, and yet an accompanying arthritis has not been halted, are not uncommon.

Patients in which the only possible source of infection was appendicitis or gall-bladder trouble have had operations, only to find their arthritis unchanged. And again where vaccines were actually made from a septic focus, say from germs found on the teeth or tonsils, injection of these has been found disappointing.

Consequently opinion is growing among medical men that arthritis may have other causes beyond a septic focus, though the presence of the latter explains a big majority of cases.

In cases occurring in young women, for instance, a constitutional cause seems indicated. The arthritis develops with adolescence, and is accompanied by symptoms pointing to gland deficiency, or imperfect working balance between the various glands of the body.

Another type of case occurs at "change of life," and has a similar origin. Wasting or a rapid increase of weight frequently accompanies these joint troubles; and in elderly persons the arthritis often remits when a course of thyroid extract is prescribed by the physician.

Still other cases can be halted by diets rich in vitamins, or by administration of liver extract. It seems a fair conclusion to draw that in these cases there is lowered resistance to germs and their toxins, and that this can be built up by better nutrition.

In many cases there is deficiency of acid in the gastric juice. This condition runs in families; and may be the precursor of serious anaemia in later life.

Heat Treatment

THERE is a greater liability to arthritis in such patients. Advocates of the germ theory believe that the lack of acid in the stomach allows germs to flourish there, forming a septic focus.

Treatment of arthritis has "boxed the compass" round since the nineteenth century, which is an indication of the difficulty found by both medical men and the ordinary citizen in securing relief, let alone cure, of this stubborn complaint.

Heat as a mode of relief has been practised for centuries. It is still one of the most efficient treatments to-day.

The first step which any sufferer should take, however, before adopting any course of treatment, is to make quite sure (by getting a thorough overhaul by physician and dentist) whether any possible septic focus exists, and to get this removed as quickly as possible.

Heat can be applied as steam or vapor baths; by ordinary hot baths (these are not so effective), or by the new electric heat machines. It is not a cure in any sense; but it relieves pain and swelling and secures much-needed sleep.

Early treatment of the affected joints is now much in favor with physicians. The joint is rested by being placed in a compression-bandage or plaster setting, and afterwards massage and manipulation are carried out in order to prevent it becoming permanently fixed.

This is necessary because patients usually find relief by holding the joint in a slightly bent position, and if this becomes "set," permanent deformity results.

Continued on Next Page

EVERYBODY SAYS HE NEGLECTS HER, BUT...

PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S HER FAULT. HER BREATH IS—WELL, SHE OUGHT TO SEE HER DENTIST!

HEAVENS, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME! COULD THAT BE WHY JERRY'S STAYING AWAY FROM HOME SO MUCH LATELY...

MRS. LANE SEES HER DENTIST

EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

BAD BREATH COMES FROM TEETH!

MY MOUTH FEELS FRESHER, AND CLEANER ALREADY!

FRIDAY NIGHT—TWO WEEKS LATER

I'M HOME EARLY, DEAR! THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY BEST GIRL DANCING TONIGHT!

SHE ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE, DARLING!

HOW GLAD I AM I TOOK THE DENTIST'S ADVICE ABOUT COLGATE'S!

NO OTHER TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

LEADING dental authorities are agreed: "Most bad breath is caused by improperly cleaned teeth!"

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IF YOU PREFER POWDER—Colgate's Prophylactic Dental Powder gives the same results. Its oxygen content prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhea.

TRESIDDER MOON MAIDEN

Sandra's hand on his arm. He wondered that she had not gone to her husband. The shock, probably, of seeing him amid these strange surroundings, of finding him so queer, so different, so frightened. Yes, that was it—frightened.

"To-night the moon-goddess dances," said Tresidder. "It is to-night, isn't it? Where is she, Lo-pieta?"

"She is dead." And Bidlake's voice was a dead thing. "She died a week ago. They say I can bring her back or make her send a goddess in her stead. I said I could; if I hadn't promised that—that I'd bring them a goddess, I'd have died the moment she did. As it is, I die when the moon goes, for Lo-pieta cannot come back and—"

Tresidder whistled softly. He could hear Sandra's sharp breathing. And it was for this they'd journeyed so far, so deep into the dark and unknown lands; to find that the girl for whom Jon Bidlake had given up everything was dead and that he was doomed to follow her.

They stood there in silence, the moonlight seeming to wax and wane with each passing moment. The air was heavy with the lush cloying fragrance of the tropic flowers, and the mighty hush of the jungle seemed to muffle the beating of the drums and the wild chanting of voices.

"Thousands of them, waiting out there on the hillsides. They believe—yes, they believe I can do a miracle for them—" Bidlake's voice cracked. "What can I do?"

"You are going back with us, Jon Bidlake," said Sandra. "We came here to bring you back. Your wife needs you; there is a young son now. You can't die to your obligations."

"His wife!" Tresidder stared from her to Bidlake and back again. "But

I thought you said you married him in St. Klida's!"

Sandra's laugh was gay. "So I did; but he was married already; the woman was waiting for us in Goston, so I left him that night, and he ran away. But she came to me and she needed him and he's going back to her. And you must forgive me, Guy, for taking the only way I could see to make you bring me to him. Forgive me, for I love you."

"Forgive—" He caught her in his arms, held her hard against him. "I forgive long ago, even when I thought you had let me down." His lips were against her hair, breathing in the fragrance of it.

Faster, more insistent, sounded the drum-beat and the chanting. Dimmer, it seemed to their wide and startled eyes, grew the bars of moonlight and darker the bars of shadow.

"Am I as lovely as Lo-pieta?" Her voice, so low and deep, so clear, startled them. "Perhaps with the moon's magic I could be a goddess—and I can dance and—and I am not afraid."

Tresidder did not speak. Bidlake made a sound like a moan. But it was as Tresidder she looked, Tresidder who once thought she was made to dance on creamy velvet, never in a jungle clearing to the awful music of the tom-toms and savage voices singing. Well, since it was for him her husband, that she did it—

"If you both will leave me—"

Silently they went out into pale green light and shadows so deep that they seemed to have substance. They waited, saying nothing. Jon Bidlake stared at the wide plain of the amphitheatre revealed through the gap in the hills. Insistent, compelling, the chanting and the drum-beat called.

"Do you"—Bidlake's voice was

harsh—"do you think she can do it, Guy?"

Tresidder made no reply. His face was like stone, but inside him was tumult and dread. Suppose she was not what they wanted, not what they expected, suppose, in fear, she collapsed—

Then he said: "You see the moon maiden is white; she comes to the pool and the natives watch her afar off, and then she crosses it and dances for them."

"Let her try it. I shall stand by with a gun to shoot if anyone comes near her."

"No; I will do it," said Bidlake. "There is danger. The natives would resent you and not me."

Some time later Bidlake stood by the river, gun in hand. He was suddenly startled to see the girl in diaphanous drapery—the moon maiden of the legend—coming towards the pool. She was to plunge in and swim across.

He prayed that the crocodiles were not waiting. He gripped his gun fiercely—but miraculously she was across.

A great and swelling psalm of savage voices surged up and up until it was a thunder filling all the air. Dwarfed, like some elfin figure that springs from a lily-cup, Sandra stood poised in the centre of the plain under the spotlight of the moon. Slowly the tom-toms beat and the voices sang low. She moved in sinuous rhythm to the sensuous throb of the music—faster, faster, until she was a moving blur of white in which, withal, was never lost the grace of limbs, the symmetry of curve. Tresidder felt in his own spirit the primitive stirrings, the urge that filled those savage hearts—desire that was like a flame.

The music reached a mad fortissimo, died slowly and found her, as if dead, bent back upon the sword. Tresidder started forward, but in that moment she arose and ran towards them, escaping the horde of savage men and women that flowed

Continued from Page 38

like a tide, out upon the plain and danced like furies to the pounding rhythm of the drums. "Like the floor of hell," muttered Tresidder, and caught her, fainting, in his arms and carried her tenderly back to the hut with Bidlake trailing silently behind them.

"Sandra!" Her eyes opened wide as he set her down gently in the shadow-barred dimness of the hut. "It was most lovely—lovelier than the dance of Lo-pieta that I saw once. But now we must hurry; we must all be away before the feasting is over. They might want to keep you here."

She shuddered. "Wait for me. I won't be long."

She joined them outside the hut. There was no one about. They dashed for the plane. Tresidder holding her hand, half-dragging her through the thick, impeding grass.

Bidlake outdistanced them. "Hurry!" he called. "For heaven's sake, hurry!"

They climbed into the plane. The motor roared and its roaring was drowned by a greater sound—a thunder of savage fury. Dark figures in hundreds burst through the gap in the hill, streaming towards them. Tresidder's jaw was set grimly. They wouldn't stop him now. The Nomad moved, gathered speed, tore straight down upon the advancing mob. Tresidder's hard eyes measured them, measured the gap that narrowed as it rose. The Nomad lifted, its landing gear touching the spear-tips of the savages, spurring them. Through the hill-gap, into the moon, they went like the winds; below them the plain was black and bare, but Tresidder still could see that cadent figure dancing, swaying, breathing of passion, yielding, withdrawing. He glanced at her, sitting beside him, and the darkness of her eyes held a sheen and a mystery. Her hand reached out for his, and held it and drew it against her breast; her lips invited and bending he kissed them hotly. Below them the dark of the jungle streamed away and the North Star grew brighter towards which they sped.

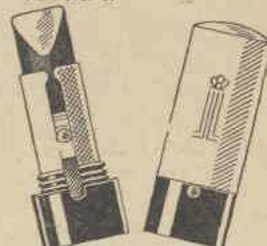
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3/9—REFILLS 2/6

LIPSTICKS

BY

LENTHERIC

FACE POWDER · COLOGNES · PERFUMES
ROUGES · NAIL POLISHES · L.I.

HUNGRY, YET CAN'T EAT

Strain to eat your food, the sufferer from Dyspepsia and Chronic Acid Indigestion make life a burden to himself and his near companions. The remedy is simple. A small dose of TWIST SODA gives almost instant relief. Buy a 1/6 packet from your local chemist to-day, and look forward to eating what you like.

ARTHRITIS—What Science Knows and CAN DO

Continued from Previous Page

GOOD results have been obtained in young women, where the arthritis is accompanied by functional troubles, by the New preparations of sex-gland substances, now available in potent form. Such treatment is by hypodermic injection, and, of course, needs to be administered by a specialist.

Diet has often a wonderful influence on arthritis, and this form of treatment is one with which patients may experiment themselves. Where there is much accompanying emaciation a diet rich in the dairy

products or "protective" foods should be tried.

Milk, fresh fruits, green vegetables, cheese should be staples of diet. Recent experiments show that in many arthritic sufferers there is delayed elimination of sugar. This has suggested a diet in which sugar-formers are cut down.

Such a diet would exclude much cereal, sugar, starchy foods generally, and the adoption of vegetables, eggs, fats, fruits, fresh meat and possibly liver extract instead.

Cod liver oil (or the more modern haliverol), bexmax, radiostoleum, or other vitamin preparations are useful where the diet is suspected of deficiency in vitamins, and where the sufferer lives in districts where a supply of fresh vegetables or milk cannot be obtained.

Constipation should be avoided. Where a physician's overhaul has revealed the presence of gallstones or chronic inflammation of the gall-bladder, it is best to face an operation for clearing up the trouble, as sooner or later these conditions will make any arthritis rapidly worse.

A raw vegetable diet has been advocated. Dr. Dorothy Hare recently investigated treatment by this means in England, and concluded that, while it was not a cure, it gave relief.

Liver extract, as mentioned above, is beneficial in cases where there is deficiency of gastric acid, and should be taken where this is suspected, or has been established by a test. Physicians usually prescribe dilute hydrochloric acid in such cases to supplant the acid deficiency.

Difficult To Cure

FINALLY there is surgical treatment. Manipulation of a joint which has become fixed may be so painful that an anæsthetic is sometimes necessary. These are very advanced cases; and if the joint remains immovable, opening-up the joint and removing the fringes which are becoming fixed together is sometimes undertaken.

This, of course, is a desperate measure; and the same may be said of "setting" the joint straight, but as a "fixure" (to obviate deformity).

All told, it will be seen that arthritis is still difficult to cure, even if its cause has been discovered in the case under treatment. This is due to the fact that removal of the cause (if a septic focus has been found) is not going to do much good if the joints have already become fixed and deformed.

And in some cases a focus cannot be found, so that the condition only admits of palliative treatment by heat, diet, bandaging, massage and manipulation.



"MY DARLING'S SKIN IS FAR TOO PRECIOUS TO USE ANY SOAP BUT Pears"

Now only 6d. A CAKE City and Suburbs



Mannequin Loses Fat Keeps Health, Weight, and Figure Perfect with Famous YOUTH-O-FORM



This letter from a leading Sydney mannequin will interest thousands of men and women who are overweight to-day.

"I FIRST took Youth-o-form in 1931," she says, "and I reduced from 10st. 2 to 8st. 5 in a few weeks, and my figure is now regarded as perfect for my height. Better still, I have never gained any of the weight again since, and I have had no trouble in keeping my job, which, of course, depends on my figure. As you know, a mannequin's work is very tiring, and I suffered from headaches and rheumatism through catching cold. I think; but since taking Youth-o-form my health is perfect, and I hardly know myself. I still take a Youth-o-form capsule occasionally, and I have recommended the famous Youth-o-form to many of my friends."

June Y.....
Tasteless, convenient Youth-o-form Tonic Capsules Reduce Safest, Quickest! Prescribed by Doctors

Youth-o-form is scientifically compounded from purest ingredients, especially imported from England. Doctors prescribe it as the world's finest prescription for ugly surplus fat and to drive out Rheumatism, Blood Pressure, Constipation, Indigestion, and Chronic Headaches. Youth-o-form is safe and marvelously effective. It keeps your body young... cures back slim - a g u r e charm, youthful

Get Genuine YOUTH-O-FORM NOW

Go to your nearest chemist to-day and get a 10-day carton of Youth-o-form, 5/6, or a 6 weeks continuous treatment, 20/-. Be sure you get genuine Youth-o-form. If you are far from a chemist, send the handy order form below, and Youth-o-form will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped, with full directions.

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES
49, CHANCERY-LANE, LONDON, E.C. 4
Dear Sirs.—Please send, post free, by return mail—
YOUTH-O-FORM, ten days' treatment .. 5/6
YOUTH-O-FORM, six weeks' treatment .. 20/-
I enclose Cheque, Postal Note, Money Order, Stamp, for the amount of
NAME ..
STREET ..
CITY or TOWN ..
Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us

YOUTH-O-FORM

Seek out those Beauty Spots on a SPEEDWELL



HAPPY days ahead when you own a Speedwell—the sweet running cycle that's easy to pedal and easy to buy. Specially designed and correctly built in every detail, Speedwell is Australia's most popular cycle because it's Australia's greatest cycle value. If you want the most enjoyment out of cycling, Speedwell is the cycle you'll buy.

LADIES and GENTS
models from
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10/- DEPOSIT
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Car. Pitt & Bathurst Sts., Sydney

Branches at
WOLLONGONG, LISMORE, IN-
VERELL, PARRAMATTA, NEW-
CASTLE, GOULBURN, AND
WAGGA.

See your local Speedwell Agent, or send
the Coupon for full particulars to—

Please send me, without obligation,
full particulars of Speedwell Cycles.

Name WWS 18/10/37

Address

"DID Jones inherit his father's
brains?"
"If he did, they must be held in
trust by somebody."

PATIENT: What does a pain low
down in the right side usually
mean?
Doctor: About fifty guineas.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible
Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or bat-
teries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write
for free booklet.
MEARS EARPHONE CO., 11 State Shop-
ping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.



Home on Wheels

SISTER K. HUGHSTON and Sister
M. Turner, both triple-certificated
nurses, are taking complete charge of
this Health Centre on wheels.

The council made it possible by a
gift of £600 to which other donations
have since been added.
The long, graceful caravan is buff-
colored, a rosy baby's face in a circular
scroll bearing the name of the Vic-
torian Baby Health Centres Association
is on each side, so even the tiny tot
who cannot read will know the travel-
ling Health Centre when they see it.

TAKING the CLINIC to the BABY

New Victorian Idea Will be Boon to Outback Mothers

The first motor caravan
in the world to be fitted as
a baby health centre is
ready for the road, and will
soon be making regular
calls in Victoria's outback
Mallee districts that are far
beyond the reach of rail-
ways.

IT will be a boon to Mallee
mothers, who have long
envied their city sisters the
baby health centres that sim-
plify so many of the problems
of child-rearing.

This amazing caravan is the out-
come of a suggestion made in 1934,
when the Women's Centenary Council
was collecting money for a fitting
memorial to the pioneer women of
Victoria.

The council made it possible by a
gift of £600 to which other donations
have since been added.
The long, graceful caravan is buff-
colored, a rosy baby's face in a circular
scroll bearing the name of the Vic-
torian Baby Health Centres Association
is on each side, so even the tiny tot
who cannot read will know the travel-
ling Health Centre when they see it.



THE TRAVELLING BABY CLINIC, which will bring help and
advice to Mallee mothers.

They will do even their own driv-
ing, and have a couple of green
leather-covered chairs to sit in while
travelling.

These are movable, and become
lounge chairs at will.

The green-and-cream interior of
the caravan, which is 16 feet 8 inches
long by 6 feet 4 inches wide, man-
ages to compress all the amenities of
home along with all the equipment of
the most modern Health Centre.

The two sisters intend to "live in,"
and along with their baby-scales,
office corner with desk complete, cup-
boards with sample clothes for babies
of all ages, patterns and directions
how to make them, and pamphlets on
diet and other phases of infant wel-
fare, they have quite a lot of extra-
ordinary ordinary home furniture.

For instance, there are two bunks,
one that is a lounge during the day
time, and another that folds away.

There is a refrigerator and a light-
ing system run off the car battery; a
wireless set and an electric fan; a
petrol radiator and a petrol stove.

All the windows and ventilators are
covered with fly-wire. . . . There are
pretty cottage-weave curtains.

There is a wardrobe, lockers, a shin-
ing wash-basin that closes up into the
wall, and a stainless steel sink. Even
a hot water system is included, and
there are two water tanks to hold 55
gallons and two petrol tanks to hold
26 gallons.

When lifted, a trap-door in the floor
discloses a small bath. A shower is
fixed in the ceiling immediately above
this, and the addition of an easily-
hung waterproof sheet quickly com-
pletes the efficient shower-bath.

There is even a fire extinguisher.



A CORNER of the interior of the
travelling baby health centre.

The first trip round the Mallee will
be something of an experiment, to dis-
cover how best to map out an itinerary
that will bring the Health Centre
within the reach of the mothers who
need it most.

The Sisters will probably time their
visits to the various country centres
for market days.

Robert Taylor Just "Gawked At" In Paris

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special
Correspondent in London

After being mobbed by women in London, heart-throb
Robert Taylor, the Adonis of Filmdom, was given a cold
reception in Paris.

THERE was one lone movie
official to greet him when
he stepped from the London
plane, and when he went to a
cafe in the evening with a
party of friends Parisians and
tourists simply "gawked" at
him.

Nobody wanted his autograph, and,
what was worse, when he reached his
"reserved" table it was occupied and the
holder refused to move, even for
Robert Taylor.

On subsequent visits to the "sights,"
like Versailles and the Exposition,
Taylor was regarded more with curi-
osity than with admiration. He was
looked upon in much the same manner

at the hotel where he stayed, and
the "mobbing" was evident by its
absence.

Still, he proved himself a diplomat
when asked what he thought about
women—French women in comparison
with American and English women.

"There are lovely women every-
where," he said with a grin. And he
let it go at that.

He was equally adroit when ques-
tioned about fashions—French
fashions in relation to those of Eng-
land and America.

"It is a well-known fact that French
women are smartly dressed," he par-
ried, and refused to be cornered on
that and subsequent questions which
might affect what his "fans" in any
country might think of him.

LOOK AT SUE!
ALWAYS LOOKS GORGEOUS...
WEALTHY HUSBAND...
AND ONLY PAYS
A SHILLING A BOX
FOR HER FACE POWDER
...BUT, OF COURSE,
IT'S REVELRY

... Of course, it's Revelry! Haven't you and I been silly? Wasting our money on
expensive powders... While Sue looks nicer and pays less! Ah, but we look prettier
too, now we're using Revelry—like Sue. Maybe we'll marry men with fortunes, too? If we
do, we'll go on buying Revelry—in the shilling box. My word! There's no flattery like it!



IN THE NEW
1/-
BOX

REVELRY
the Exclusive
Balanced FACE POWDER

56.80.19

J. & E. ATKINSON PTY. LTD.

IEYES.. beauty's greatest asset

**THE SECRET OF THE STARS
IS REVEALED TO YOU**

Don't envy the film stars their glamor-
ous eyes! You, too, can possess those
long, dark, silky, shadowy eyelashes by
using "Irene" Cream Fur Mascara.

This amazing preparation is harmless to
the eyes and will not streak. It is obtain-
able in four fascinating shades: Black,
brown, blue, or green—so there is a colour
to suit you.

"Irene" world famous beauty aids for the
eyes are obtainable at all toilet goods
counters for only 1/6, or by post from
Box 2845 RR, Sydney.

IRENE
WORLD-FAMOUS
BEAUTY AIDS
FOR THE EYES

WHOLESALE FROM HAMILTON SMITH PERLSTEIN
PT. 12, Sydney. A. SAUNDERS & CO PT. 12 Melbourne.



The Lyons Government has made life better for Women...

The kind of Government that is in power has a direct influence on the daily lives of women.

Under the Lyons Government, Australia has prospered, work has become plentiful, and there is more money about. Happiness and security have come to thousands of wives and mothers who, when the Lang and Scullin Governments were in power, knew only anxiety and want.

For this reason you should vote for your United Australia Party candidate on October the 23rd.

FOR THE SENATE VOTE

1 ARKINS

2 HALL

3 HARDY

4 HELMORE

AND NUMBER EVERY
OTHER SQUARE ALSO

VOTE FOR THE UNITED AUSTRALIA PARTY

Authorised by H. W. Horsfield, 30 Ash Street, Sydney.

U.A.P.S.F.P.W.



Takes all uncertainty
out of your cooking!

KREAM CORNFLOUR does just that! No doubt or disappointment when you use it—always the same satisfying, gratifying results. For all cooking into which corn-flour should go: for those toothsome, dainty desserts that tempt appetite, there is nothing like KREAM CORNFLOUR. Specially packed in the DISTINCTIVE PINK PACKET to ensure that you get what you order.



KREAM CORNFLOUR

Made by MAIZE PRODUCTS Pty. Ltd.
(Incorporated in Victoria) 278 Sussex Street, Sydney

For Free Friendly
Advice

Women's Weekly Travel
Bureau

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.

SAVED FROM DRINK

Free booklet gives scores of instances of successful treatment with "DRINKO," the safe, "harmless" treatment for drink addicts. Call or write for free confidential advice. Est. over 30 years. DEPT. K. HOME WELFARE PTY., 133 George Street, Sydney, and London Stores Bldg., Elizabeth St., Melbourne.



Easy come...with little boys
Easy go...with Bon Ami

Bon Ami gets a bath clean just about as quickly as a small boy gets it dirty. There's simply nothing like it! Cleans in an instant—and polishes at the same time. Yet this odourless, white powder is so fine it doesn't scratch or dull the surface, doesn't collect in and clog up the drain. Try Bon Ami—you'll like it!

Bon Ami

the better cleanser
for baths



"hasn't scratched yet!"

The CITADEL

"YES," Manson spoke in some surprise. "Is it too small an amount to open with?"

"Oh, no, no, doctor. 'Tisn't the amount, like. We're very glad to have the business," Rees hesitated, scrutinising the order then raising his small, suspicious eyes to Andrew's face. "Eh—you want it in your own name?"

"Why—certainly." "All right, all right, doctor." His expression broke suddenly into a watery smile. "I only wondered, like. Wanted to make sure. What lovely weather we're havin' for the time of year. Good day to you, Dr. Manson. Go—od day!"

Manson came out of the bank puzzled, asking himself what that bald, buttoned-up devil meant.

One day Andrew reached home to hear Mrs. Page's voice exclaiming: "Is that you, doctor? Dr. Manson! I want you!"

Andrew swung round to see Mrs. Page sail out of the sitting-room, her face unusually pale, her black eyes sparkling with some violent emotion. She came up to him.

"Are you deaf? Didn't you hear me say I wanted you?"

"What is it Mrs. Page?" he said irritably.

"What is it, in indeed." She could scarcely breathe. "I like that. You askin' me! It's me that wants to ask you somethin', my fine Doctor Manson!"

"What, then?" Andrew snapped. The shortness of his manner seemed to excite her beyond endurance.

"It's this. Yes! my smart young gentleman! Maybe you'll be kind enough to explain this." From her pudgy bosom she produced a slip of paper and, without relinquishing it, flattered it menacingly before his eyes. He saw it was Joe Morgan's cheque. Then, raising his head, he saw Rees behind Blodwen skulking in the doorway of the sitting-room.

"Ay, you may well look!" Blodwen went on. "I see you recognise it. But you better tell us quick how you come to bank that money for yourself when it's Dr. Page's money and you know it."

Andrew felt the blood rise behind his ears in quick surging waves. "It's mine. Joe Morgan made me a present of it."

"A present! Ho! Ho! I like that. He's not 'ere now to deny it."

He answered between his shut teeth. "You can write to him if you doubt my word."

"I've more to do than write letters all over the place." Losing the last of her restraint she shouted, "I do doubt your word. You think

you're a wise one. Huh! Comin' down here and thinkin' you can get the practice into your own hands when you should be workin' for Doctor Page. But this shows what you are, all right. You're a thief, that's what you are, a common thief."

She spat the word at him, half-turning for support to Rees who, in the doorway, was making sounds of expostulation in his throat, his face sallow than usual. Andrew, indeed, saw Rees as the instigator of the whole affair, dallying a few days in indecision, then scurrying to Blodwen with the story. His hands clenched fiercely. He came down the two bottom steps and advanced towards them, his eyes fixed on Rees' thin bloodless mouth with threatening intensity. He was livid with rage and thirsting for battle.

"Mrs. Page," he said, in a labored tone. "You've made a charge against me. Unless you take it back and apologise within two minutes I'll sue you for damages for defamation of character. The source of your information will come out in court. I've no doubt Mr. Rees' board of governors will be interested to hear how he discloses his official business."

"I—I only did my duty," stuttered the bank manager, his complexion turning muddier than before.

"I'm waiting, Mrs. Page." The words came with a rush, choking him. "And if you don't hurry up I'll give your bank manager the worst hiding he's ever had in his life."

She saw she had gone too far, said more, far more than she had intended. This threat, his ominous attitude, frightened her. It was almost possible to follow her swift reflection. Damages! Heavy damages! Oh, Lord, they might take a lot of money off 'er! She choked, swallowed, stammered:

"I—I take it back. I apologise."

It was almost comic, the plump little termagant, so suddenly and unexpectedly subdued. But Andrew found it singularly humorous. He realised, all at once, with a great flood of bitterness, that he had reached the limit of his endurance. He could not put up with this nagging, importunate creature any longer. He took a quick, deep breath. He forgot everything but his loathing for her. There was a wild and savage joy in letting himself go.

"Mrs. Page, there are just one or two things I want to tell you. In the first place I know for a fact that you are making one thousand five hundred pounds a year because of the work which I do for you here. Out of this you pay me a miserable two hundred and fifty, and in addition you've done your best to starve me. It may interest you to know, also, that last week a deputation of the men approached the manager, who invited me to put my name on the Company's list. It may further interest you to know that on ethical grounds which you couldn't possibly know anything about—I definitely refused. And now, Mrs. Page, I'm so absolutely sick of you, I couldn't stay on. You're a mean, guzzling, mercenary woman. In fact, you're a pathological case. I give you a month's notice here and now."

She gaped at him, her little button eyes nearly bursting from her head. Then suddenly she shrieked: "No, you don't. No, you don't. It's all lies. You couldn't get near the Company's list. And you're sacked, that's what you are. No assistant 'as ever given me notice in his life. The idea, the impudence, the insolence, talkin' to me like that. I said it first. You're sacked, you are, that's what you are, sacked, sacked."

The outburst was loud, hysterical, degrading. And at the height of it, there was an interruption. Upstairs, the door of Edward's room swung slowly open and, a moment later, Edward himself appeared, a strange gaunt figure, his wasted shanks showing beneath his night-shirt. So strange and unexpected was this apparition Mrs. Page stopped dead in the middle of a word. From the hall she gazed upwards, as also did Rees and Andrew, while the sick man, dragging his paralysed leg behind him, came slowly, painfully, to the topmost stair.

"Can't I have a little peace?" His voice, though agitated, was stern. "What's the matter?"

Blodwen took another gulp,

Continued from Page 20

launched into a tearful diatribe against Manson. She concluded, "And so—and so I gave him his notice."

Manson did not contradict her version of the case.

"You mean he's going?" Edward asked, trembling all over with agitation and the exertion of keeping himself upright.

"Yes, Edward." She sniffed. "Any'ow you'll soon be back."

There was a silence. Edward abandoned all that he wished to say. His eyes dwelt on Andrew in mute apology, moved to Rees, passed quickly on to Blodwen, then came to rest sorrowfully on nothing at all. A look of hopelessness yet of dignity formed upon his stiff face.

"No," he said at last. "I'll never be back. You know that—all of you."

He said nothing more. Turning slowly, holding on to the wall, he dragged his way back into his room. The door closed without sound.

Remembering the joy, the pure elation which the Morgan case had given him and which, with a few ugly words, Blodwen Page had turned to something sordid, Andrew brooded angrily wondering if he should not take the matter further, write to Joe Morgan, demand something more than a mere apology. But he dismissed the idea as one worthy of Blodwen rather than himself. In the end he picked out the most useless charity in the district and in a mood of determined bitterness posted five guineas to the home and asked them to send the receipt to Aneurin Rees. After that he felt better. But he wished he might have seen Rees reading that receipt.

Please turn to Page 53 45

DOCTOR POINTS OUT THE FACTS

I'VE HAD ALL
SORTS OF EXPENSIVE
SKIN TREATMENTS
FOR HER, DOCTOR...

TRY REXONA SOAP
ITS SPECIALLY
MEDICATED LATHER
IS ALL SHE NEEDS
FOR A HEALTHY
SKIN.



Rexona is more than a soap—it's a whole beauty treatment! It cleanses the skin thoroughly both on the surface and deep down in the pores. The specially medicated Rexona lather destroys the germs that cause skin blemishes, at the same time soothing and healing the tissues already affected. Use Rexona to clear your skin and keep it smooth and healthy in the future.

TO END PERSISTENT SKIN TROUBLES

Cleanse thoroughly with Rexona Soap, then smear on Rexona Ointment. The Rapid Healer. Pain and irritation cease and healing begins!

Rexona

Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin.
R.183.22 (City and Suburbs)

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 3 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 25 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 3 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for name Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/2, household size 1/4. Recent a substitute

The CITADEL

Continued from Page 52

AND now, realising that his work must terminate here at the end of the month, he began immediately to look for another position, combing the back pages of the "Lancet," applying for everything which seemed suitable. There were numerous advertisements inserted in the "assistants wanted" column. He sent in good applications, copies of his testimonials and even, as was frequently requested, photographs of himself. But at the end of the first week and again, at the conclusion of the second, he had received not a single answer to his applications. He was disappointed and astounded. Then Denny offered him the explanation in one terse phrase: "You've been in Blaenelly."

It dawned upon Andrew, with a pang of dismay, that the fact of his having been in practice in this remote Welsh mining town condemned him. No one wanted assistants from "the valleys," they had a reputation. When a fortnight of his notice had expired Andrew really began to worry. What on earth was he to do? He still owed over £50 to the Glen Endowment. They would allow him to suspend payments, of course. But apart from that if he could not find another job how was he to live? He had two or three pounds in ready cash, no more. He had no equipment, no reserves. He had not even bought himself a new suit since coming to Blaenelly and his present garments had been shabby enough when he arrived. He had moments of sheer terror when he saw himself sinking to destitution.

Surrounded by difficulties and uncertainty he longed for Christine. Letters were no use; he had no talent for expressing himself on paper; anything he could write would undoubtedly convey a wrong impression. Yet she was not returning to Blaenelly until the first week in

September. He turned a fretful, hungry eye upon the calendar, counting the days that intervened. There were still twelve of them to run. He felt, with growing despondency, that they might as well be past, for all the prospect which they held for him.

On the evening of August 30, three weeks after he had given Mrs. Page his notice and he had begun, from stark necessity, to entertain the idea of trying for a dispenser's post, he was walking dispiritedly along Chapel Street when he met Denny. They had remained on terms of slightly strained civility during the past few weeks and Andrew was surprised when the other man stopped him.

Knocking out his pipe on the heel of his boot Philip inspected it as though it demanded all his attention.

"I'm rather sorry you're going, Manson. It's made quite a difference your being here." He hesitated. "I heard this afternoon that the Aberlaw Medical Aid Society are looking for a new assistant. Aberlaw—that's just thirty miles across the valleys. It's quite a decent society, as these things go. I believe the head doctor—Llewellyn—is a useful man. And as it's a valley town they can't very well object to a valley man. Why don't you try?"

Andrew gazed at him doubtfully. His expectations had recently been raised so high and dashed so hopelessly that he had lost all faith in his ability to succeed.

"Well, yes," he agreed slowly. "If that's the case, I may as well try." A few minutes later he walked home, through the now heavy rain, to apply for the post.

On September 6 there took place a full meeting of the committee of the Aberlaw Medical Aid Society for the purpose of selecting a successor to Doctor Leslie who had recently resigned in order to take up an appointment on a Malay rubber plantation. Seven candidates had applied for the position, and all seven candidates had been asked to attend.

IT was a perfect summer afternoon and the time, by the big Co-operative Stores clock, was close on four o'clock. Prowling up and down on the pavement outside the Medical Aid offices in Aberlaw Square, darting nervous glances at the six other candidates, Andrew nervously awaited the first stroke of the hour. Now that his foreboding had proved incorrect and he was here, actually being considered for the post, he longed with all his heart to be successful.

From what he had seen of it he liked Aberlaw. Standing at the extreme end of the Gethly valley the town was less in the valley than on top of it. High, rising, considerably larger than Blaenelly—nearly 20,000 inhabitants was his guess—with good streets and shops, two cinemas, and a sense of spaciousness conveyed by green fields on its outskirts. Aberlaw appeared to Andrew, after the sweltering confines of the Penelly ravine, as a perfect paradise.

"But I'll never get it," he fretted as he paced up and down—never, never, never. No, he couldn't be so lucky! All the other candidates looked far more likely to be successful than himself, better turned out, more confident. Doctor Edwards, especially, radiated confidence. Andrew found himself hating Edwards, a stoutish, prosperous, middle-aged man who had freely intimidated in the general conversation a moment ago in the office doorway, that he had just sold his own practice down the valley in order to "apply" for this position. Damn him, grated Andrew inwardly, he wouldn't have sold out of a safe berth if he hadn't been sure of this one!

Up and down, up and down, head bent, hands thrust in his pockets. What would Christine think of him if he failed? She was returning to Blaenelly either to-day or to-morrow—in her letter she had not been quite sure. Bank Street School reopened on the following Monday. Though he had written her no word of his application here, failure would mean his meeting her gloomily, or worse, with a fictitious brightness, at that very moment when he wished, above everything in the world, to stand well with her, to win her quiet, intimate, exciting smile!

Four o'clock at last. As he turned

towards the entrance a fine saloon motor car swept silently into the Square and drew up at the offices. From the back seat a short, dapper man emerged, smiling briskly, affably yet with a sort of careless assurance, at the candidates. Before mounting the stairs he recognised Edwards, nodding casually.

"How do, Edwards?" Then aside: "It'll be all right, I fancy."

"Thank you, thank you ever so, Doctor Llewellyn," breathed Edwards with tremendous deference.

"Finish!" said Andrew to himself bitterly.

Upstairs, the waiting-room was small, bare, and sour smelling, situated at the end of a short passage leading to the committee-room. Andrew was the third to go in for interview. He entered the big committee-room with nervous dejection. If the post was already promised he was not going to cringe for it. He took the seat offered him with a blank expression.

About thirty miners filled the room, seated, and all of them smoking, gazing at him with blunt but not unfriendly curiosity. At the small side-table was a pale quiet man with a sensitive, intelligent face who looked, from his blue pitted features, as if he had once been a miner. He was Owen, the secretary. Lounging on the edge of the table, smiling good-naturedly at Andrew, was Doctor Llewellyn.

The interview began. Owen, in a quiet voice, explained the conditions of the post.

"It's like this you see, doctor. Under our scheme, the workers in Aberlaw—there are two anthracite mines here, a steel works and one coal mine in the district—pay over a certain amount to the society out of their wages every week. Out of this the society administers the necessary medical services, provides a nice little hospital, surgeries, medicines, x-rays, etcetera. In addition the society engages doctors, Doctor Llewellyn, the head physician and surgeon, and four assistants together with a surgeon dentist, and pays them a capitation fee—so much per head according to the number on their list. I believe Doctor Leslie was making something like five hundred pounds a year when he left us." He paused. "Altogether we find it a good scheme." There was a murmur of approval from the thirty committee men. Owen raised his head and faced them. "And now, gentlemen, have you any questions to ask?"

Please turn to Page 54

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THEY began to fire questions at Andrew. He tried to answer calmly without exaggeration, truly. Once he made a point.

"Do you speak Welsh, doctor?" This from a persistent, youngish miner by the name of Chenkin.

"No," said Andrew, "I was brought up on the Gaelic."

"A lot o' good that would be 'ere!"

"I've always found it useful for swearing at my patients," said Andrew coolly, and a laugh went up against Chenkin.

It was over at last. "Thank you very much, Doctor Manson," Owen said. And Andrew was out again in the sour little waiting-room, feeling as if he had been buffeted by heavy seas, watching the rest of the candidates go in.

Edwards, the last man called, was absent a long, a very long time. He

Continuing THE CITADEL

came out smiling broadly, his look plainly saying "Sorry for you fellows. This is in my pocket."

Then followed an interminable wait. But at last the door of the committee-room opened and out of the smoke swirling depths came Owen, the secretary, a paper in his hand. His eyes, searching, rested finally with real friendliness upon Andrew.

"Would you come in a minute, Doctor Manson? The committee would like to see you again."

Pale-lipped, his heart pounding in his side, Andrew followed the secretary back into the committee-room. It couldn't be, no, no, it couldn't be that they were interested in him.

Back in the prisoner's chair again

he found smiles and encouraging nods thrown in his direction. Doctor Llewellyn, however, was not looking at him. Owen, spokesman of the meeting, commenced:

"Doctor Manson, we may as well be frank with you. The committee is in some doubt. The committee, in fact, on Doctor Llewellyn's advice, had a strong bias in favor of another candidate who has considerable knowledge of practice in the Gethly valley."

"E's too fat, that Edwards," came an interruption from a grizzled member at the back. "I'd like to see 'im climb to the houses on Mardy Hill."

Andrew was too tense to smile. Breathlessly he waited on Owen's words.

"But to-day," the secretary went on, "I must say that the committee have been very taken with you. The committee—as Tom Kettles poetically expressed it a minute ago—want young active men!"

Laughter, with cries of "Ear! Ear!" and "Good old Tom!"

"Moreover, Doctor Manson," continued Owen, "I must tell you that the committee have been exceedingly struck by two testimonials, I might even say testimonials unsolicited by yourself, which makes them of more value in the eyes of the committee and which reached us by post only this mornin'. These are from two practitioners in your own town, I mean Blaenelly. One is a Doctor Denny, who has the M.S., a very high degree as Doctor Llewellyn, who should know, admits. The other, enclosed with Doctor Denny's, is signed by Doctor Pate, whose assistant I believe you now are. Well, Doctor Manson, the committee has experience of testimonials and these two refer to your good self in such genuine terms that the committee has been much impressed."

Andrew bit his lip, his eye lowered, aware for the first time of this generous thing that Denny had done for him.

"There is just one difficulty, Doctor Manson," Owen paused, diffidently moving the ruler on his table. "While the committee is now unanimously disposed in your favor, this position with its—its responsibilities—is more or less one for a married man. You see, apart from the fact that the men prefer a married doctor when it comes to attendin' their families, there's a house, Vale View, and a good house too, that goes with the position. It wouldn't—no, it wouldn't be very suitable for a single man."

A tumultuous silence. Andrew drew a tense breath, his thoughts focused, a bright white light, upon the image of Christine. They were all even. Doctor Llewellyn, looking at him awaiting his answer. Without thinking, entirely independent of his own volition he spoke. He heard himself declaring calmly:

"As a matter of fact, gentlemen, I'm engaged to someone in Blaenelly. I've—I've just been waiting on a suitable appointment—such as this—to get married."

Owen slapped down the ruler in satisfaction. There was approval, signified by a tapping of heavy boots. And the irrepressible Kettles exclaimed:

"GOOD enough, lad. Aberlaw's a rare fine place for an 'omeymoon!"

"I take it you're agreed then, gentlemen," Owen's voice rose above the noise. "Doctor Manson is unanimously appointed."

There was a vigorous murmur of assent. Andrew experienced a wild thrill of triumph.

"When can you take up your duties, Doctor Manson? The earlier the better, so far as the committee is concerned."

"I could start the beginning of next week," Manson answered. Then he turned cold as he thought: "Suppose Christine won't have me. Suppose I lose her, and this wonderful job as well."

"That's settled then. Thank you, Doctor Manson. I'm sure the committee wishes you—and Mrs. Manson—that's to be—every success in your new appointment."

Applause. They were all congratulating him now, the members, Llewellyn, and, with a very cordial clasp, Owen. Then he was out in the waiting-room, trying not to show his elation, trying to appear unconscious of Edwards' incredulous, crestfallen face.

But it was no use, no use at all. As he walked from the Square to the station his heart swelled with excited victory. His step was quick and springy. On his right as he strode down the hill was a small green public park with a fountain and a bandstand. Think of it!—a bandstand!—when the only elevation, the only feature of the landscape in Blaenelly was a slag heap. Look at that cinema over there, too; those fine big shops; the hard good road—not a rocky mountain track—under his feet! And hadn't Owen said something about a hospital, too, a nice little hospital? Ah! Thinking of what the hospital would mean to his work, Andrew drew a deep, excited breath. He hurried himself into an empty compartment in the train for Cardiff. And as it bore him thither he exulted wildly.

Continued from Page 53

THOUGH the distance was not great across the mountains, the railway journey from Aberlaw to Blaenelly was circuitous. The down train stopped at every station, the Penelly valley train into which he changed at Cardiff would not, simply would not go fast enough. Manson's mood had altered now. Sunk in the corner seat, chafing, burning to be back, his thoughts tormented him.

For the first time he saw how selfish he had been, these last few months, in considering only his side of the case. All his doubts about marriage, his hesitation in speaking to her, had centred on his own feelings and had preoccupied the fact that she would take him. But suppose he had made a frightful mistake? Suppose Christine did not love him? He saw himself, rejected, dismally writing a letter to the Committee telling them that "owing to circumstances over which he had no control" he could not accept the position. He saw her now, vividly before him. How well he knew her, that faint inquiring smile, the way in which she rested her hand against her chin, the steady candor in her dark brown eyes. A pang of longing shot through him. Dear Christine! If he had to forgo her he did not care what happened to him.

(To Be Continued)

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Don't waste any more time with outside applications. Get a package of Vaeuoloid to-day. It has given safe and lasting relief to thousands, and will do the same for you, or costs you nothing.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOMIE MAKER

October 16, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of homelovers

Page One

WHEN IT'S Wise to be a DAWDLER!

By
EVELYN

In luxury baths that beautify and cleanse the skin, relax tired muscles and taut nerves, and refresh the spirits

FOR beauty's sake and for the sake of the nervous system, we need to dawdle more. It would do us all good to indulge in the minor delights of comfort and personal pampering, even if only for half an hour a day in the form of a luxurious bath in warm, perfumed water.



DON YOUR prettiest lounge pyjamas and relax occasionally. It will do your looks and your nerves good.

(either bath salts or a bath oil or water-softening powder) that makes the bath water bland, silky, and smooth on the skin.

Your bath water should be fragrant, so your sense of smell is refreshed and delighted. Most water softeners are also perfumed. Even if you don't need to soften your bath, use a handful of bath salts or a sprinkling of bath oil to make your tub deliciously fragrant.

We are told that salt-water baths are beneficial. Sea salt makes a very refreshing and restful addition to your bath. A salt rub is gloriously stimulating when you're tired. After a brief soak, stand up in the tub and rub your chest, back, and limbs with salt for several minutes. Sea salt may be scratchy for this, so try table salt first. Then rinse off, dry and rub again with a body oil or your hand lotion or skin balm. You'll feel marvellous!

An oatmeal bath is soothing and softening to a dry, scaly or red skin. Another old beauty book gives a recipe for mixing five pounds of oatmeal, one pound of orris root, one of almond meal and half a pound of powdered soap and filling little cheese-cloth bags with the mixture. Use the bag like a wash cloth in the bath.

A big handful of bicarbonate of soda in your bathtub makes a good substitute for some of the mineral baths of Europe. This bath, too, is soothing if your skin is irritated with chafing, prickly heat, or other minor rashes. A bath with borax makes you feel doubly clean after a day of dirty work, or a dusty hike. Lemon juice makes a good addition to a bath. So does eau-de-Cologne, or a nice toilet water. Go ahead, be luxurious and use a spoonful or more.

You can give yourself a lot of important beauty treatments with a good bath brush. Use it to massage a flabby chin and throat while you soak. Use it to knead deeply into flabby abdominal muscles. Nothing does so much for those goose-pimples and arms that women sometimes complain about. Those bumps are dead skin scales, too lazy to even fall off. Scrub them off with a bath brush and then scrub them dry with a rough Turkish towel. Rub such dry skin areas with a body oil or skin balm.

Gay Accessories

GAY bath accessories, colorful wash cloths and towels, colored salts, foamy soaps—all those things that amuse you and delight your eye and nose and skin—are part of the value of a bath.

The water, even, should feel soft and caressing to your skin. If you have hard water, use a water softener



SOME TOILET WATER or eau-de-cologne added to the bath gives a pleasant feeling of luxury. Gail Patrick, Paramount player, shown above, prefers eau-de-cologne.

Now THEN!

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Protex contains an antiseptic 11 times **STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC** yet non-irritant. It is a Colgate Quality Soap.

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(Fide "The Medical Journal of Australia," 4/7/36.)



FOR A LOVELY SKIN, Helen Wood, 20th Century-Fox player, believes in the warm bath with fragrant soap and plenty of friction.

BATHS are great beautifiers. Besides washing you clean of dirt, they wash you free of fret, somehow. They refresh your spirits. They make you like to live with yourself and with the world about you. Whenever you feel you dislike yourself and yearn to be a nicer, more elegant woman, the first step is to take a bath. It will prove a marvellous help.

Showers are fun and convenient, but there's nothing to equal the soaking system of baths. For one thing, a soak presupposes solitude and privacy for a longer time. And a busy woman's nerves and soul hunger for these two hard-won luxuries.

When your nerves are screaming, your mind is frantic, your spirit distraught, you need to shut yourself away from the world and soak in peace—soaking in peace as you slough off grime and impatience.

Cold baths are for moments and moods of hurry. A cold bath is stimulating. The shock of the cold on your skin has the effect of sending the blood inward, away from the chilled surface.

If your system reacts vigorously, to send the blood surging right back again in a rush to the skin, to create a rosy glow of well-being, then a cold bath is a restful way to start

the day. But unless you do react like that, a cold bath is too exhausting to be good for you. You haven't the excess body fuel to burn up in that extravagant way.

For the end of your working day, when you dress to go out, or when you dress for your family's homecoming, or when you get home from the office or factory, or when you get ready for a party—whenever you want to stop being a housewife or business woman, and step forth feeling a lady—take a warm bath.

A warm bath is relaxing. It releases taut nerves, spastic muscles, mental tension. It rests you, because so much of fatigue is really tension that all the antidote you need is to "let go." It refreshes you, because it opens up channels of circulation that have been dammed by nervous knots, and so starts a renewing blood stream into every tissue.



LEFT: Beautiful eyes with heavy lids and long-curling lashes are made even more glamorous by their possessor, Marlene Dietrich, Paramount star, with the aid of subtle make-up. Above: Another star, Ann Harding, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is distinctive because of her lovely blonde hair which she makes look even more attractive by dressing in the most simple style.



You Can ... BLOSSOM Into BEAUTY

Learn to accent your good features,
acquire poise and add glamor
to your personality...

IF you are willing and determined you may blossom forth from a present nondescript stage to that of the dazzling swan-like beauty of your dreams. And it will not be too difficult—it just takes perseverance—and you will have fun and encouragement in the changeling that will be you.

YOU may have seen the photographs of your favorite star when she was a baby, when she was a young girl and those of her just before she became the glamorous person she is to-day.

Study these early photographs and you will have little cause for actual discouragement, for she was just such a little girl as you were.

Look at yourself as if you were another person. Be frank about your deficiencies, your worst points. It will be easier to acknowledge your best points. Locate your individual points, whether good or bad. Remember many of the cinema stars whom you admire have concentrated on their particular individuality and made the most of that, even if it were not up to the classic standards of beauty.

One star we have in mind—you know her well—is actually no beauty. She has very full lips with but a shallow depression in the upper lip—no cupid's bow there! It is a mouth of generous size which she rouges frankly; actually accenting its size and shape.

Another star accents her prominent cheek bones; another heavy white eyelids. They make these individual features modish by accenting them. But they do not concentrate on more than one feature.

If you cannot decide which is the feature to play up—which to modify—go to the best beauty authority in your locality and ask her advice. Learn how to carry out instructions at home. It may mean that your hair needs shaping or that a permanent is in order.

We suggest that you who are discouraged go many times to watch your favorite film star. In all probability she was unconsciously chosen because there was some slight resemblance to you, who secretly wish that you might emulate her finished grace and beauty.

If that is so, well and good. Go many times to watch, analyse and compare your features with hers. You are fascinated by her mouth—yours is too large, your lips too full and not so well shaped. Her eyes are gloriously brilliant, her lashes long and curling upward—yours lack lustre and need accent. Her hair, so beautifully arranged, gleams in the light as she goes through her part in the play—yours is just hair!

With Rhythm

SHE is slim and graceful, and she walks with rhythm.

All these things may be yours if you will work as conscientiously as she does every day to give the impression that so enthralls you.

Possibly you may not need a permanent—your hair may be more attractive unaltered! It may merely need reshaping. One young person we have in mind made an interesting experiment with her straight black hair, which fortunately grows in an interesting widow's peak. When all of her friends were having their first permanent, she also felt the urge and begged her mother to allow her to have one.

The wise mother suggested that her daughter have her hair marcelled, which would give her some impression of what her hair would look like if permanently waved.

As a matter of fact she looked like a stranger; for she had lost the re-



ACCENTING a rather full mouth gives character to the face of Simone Simon, 20th Century-Fox.

deeming individuality that made her distinctive. We are glad to say she learned her lesson. At present she wears her hair straight back, accenting the widow's peak with an eyebrow pencil.

Then you may actually remodel your face with two shades of powder. A broad nose, for instance, may be made to appear less thick if light powder is used from brow to tip and darker powder applied to the sides and over the nostrils.

The same stunt is employed to make a round face appear more oval—dark powder at the sides and a light shade down the centre of the face. Rouge in this case should be placed away from the nose. Study your face with this idea in mind and make some experiments.

Natural Color

IF you decide that your eyes are to be played up, then do not call attention to your mouth by using a brilliant lipstick. Use as natural a color as you can find.

Do not, in other words, concentrate on two features—that is distracting!

Now, if you have decided what to do to your hair, your complexion and your make-up, there is another very important thing to consider—your body! If you are young you are probably not overweight, but you may have bulges in conspicuous places, which must be subdued. Most important of all, however, is your poise. Do check up on that. Do you sit, stand and walk correctly? If not, begin immediately to correct that with daily exercises. Exercises taken with grace and rhythm in mind will do wonders for you.

Diet, together with exercise, will not only take off pounds or bulges, but produce the grace and poise that are so fascinating as attributes of beauty. Select your exercises for the definite spots that need to be reduced. Select others that will give grace and rhythm.

Stimulating the circulation in itself will eliminate discouragement. You will feel more alive than ever in your life, and more determined to obtain your ideal.

A carefully chosen diet, walks in the open air, special exercises when necessary, eight hours' sleep in a well-ventilated room, eight glasses of water each day to help eliminate the wastes of the body will soon have a muddy sallow complexion clear and lustrous hair and dull eyes gleaming with renewed life.

There's something about BEDGGOOD'S that's winning younger women

With a keen regard for all the new ideas in spring fashions, Bedggood's have excelled themselves with the most intriguing styles ever created. And on every shoe there has been bestowed the unmistakable touch of Bedggood individuality—finest leathers... perfect fit... good finish... and delightful comfort. Bedggood Shoes are obtainable at all good shoe stores.



6163.—Pleasant punched and stitched effect makes this court shoe unusual. Built on Helema last with medium high heel and available in black, navy or brown kidskin.



6170.—Sports shoe in navy or brown service suede with patent holes for coolness. Sporty Cuban heel or popular Maytime last.



6181.—Peak is a not court shoe built on novel last. There's a pleasing contrast in front—medium high heel. Patent last. Made in black and navy kid skin.



6014.—A new treatment in Oxford tie shoes with a variety of cut-outs for summery appearance. Made in black or navy kid skin with medium heel.



NEW COLOR SCHEMES for BATHROOMS

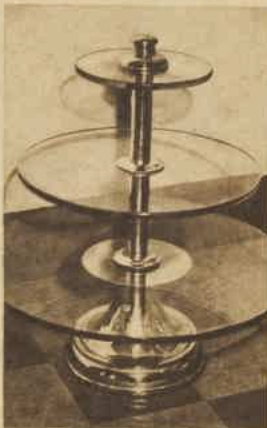
Vogue for delicate pastel tones . . . or unusual exotic shades for decorations and fittings

SEEKING new ideas for bathroom decorations? Then what about a lovely cool shade of Ming-green? Or you could go all exotic and decorate your bathroom in entrancing orchid shades. But perhaps you would prefer a feminine room done in Rose du Barry or coral-pink.

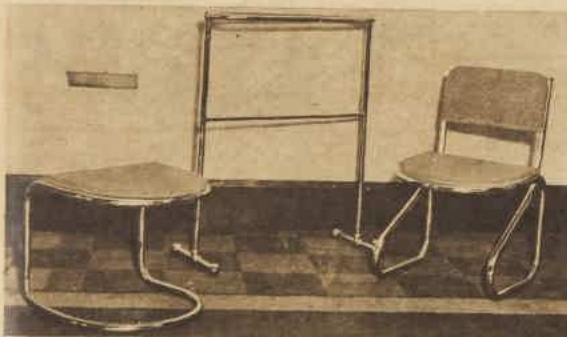
SOME years ago bathrooms decided to blossom with color and the old style of decorating and fitting with matching equipment in dead white gave way to warmer tones and refreshing cool shades. Pale green and sunny amber became the most popular colors, with combinations of blue-and-white or black-and-white also fairly popular.

Now bathrooms are taking on gayer hues still. Actually there is an exotic trend about the new color schemes even when delicate pastel tones are used to obtain the various effects.

Bathroom fittings, baths, pedestal basins and other pieces are made in these new colors, and very attractive they are, too.



FOR THE BATHROOM, three-tiered toilet table in glass and chromium.



CHAIR AND STOOL in cork and chromium and towel rail also in chromium tubing.

Some of the fascinating new colors are Copenhagen-blue, a deep but cool shade; Coronation-blue, a lovely tone reminiscent of the recent Empire pageant; Tang-red, a deep tone verging on to tomato; Ming-green, a green in a deeper but more exotic tone than of yore; Claire de Lune, an exquisite new blue; Rose du Barry, an old rose tone; coral, a delicate peach pink; orchid, an entrancing mauve; amber, a rich gold; black; and black-and-white.

New Shapes

FITTINGS are not only made in these unusual new colors, but appear in new shapes, too. There are, for instance, Roman baths in triangular shape, which are made to fit into one corner of the room. Pedestal basins appear in the shape of a flower, such as a water-lily, the bowl representing the flower head and the pedestal the stem.

All sorts of fascinating accessories, many of them suitable for rejuvenating older bathrooms, are also obtainable now.

There are quite a lot of chromium pieces, such as three-tiered toilet table with

By . . . OUR HOME DECORATOR

circular shelves of glass supported by a chromium stand. Towel rails are made in chromium tubing, while chairs, stools and little seats are made of chromium tubing with seats or backs of cork.

The lovely bathroom illustrated on this page gives some idea of the present trend for the exotic.

Notice the way in which the head of the Roman bath fits into an enormous mirrored alcove. Over the pedestal basin there is a smaller matching mirror.

A separate shower recess is provided, while the windows on either side of the bath are fitted with glass featuring a fish and water design. Concealed strip lighting on either sill illuminates the glass to give the effect of water.

Hot water is supplied to the bath, shower, and basin by means of a gas-operated hot-water service. The attractive



LUXURIOUSLY EQUIPPED BATHROOM. The head of the Roman bath fits into a big mirrored alcove, while a smaller matching mirror is attached to the wall over the hand basin. Separate shower recess, novel window treatment, hot water services and attractive lighting fixtures are additional features.

lighting fixture in the centre of the ceiling is totally enclosed in opal glass in tubular style.

If you have an old-fashioned bathroom it is, of course, useless to install new fittings unless you modernise or "do up" the walls, floor and ceiling first.

For the walls and floor hard glazed surfaces that lend themselves to quick cleaning

and are impervious to water are essential. But here you have a choice of materials in a wide range of colors.

If you like painting, for instance, get busy with your brush and paint and do over the walls and ceiling a color to match or harmonise with the new fittings. If the floor is concrete, give it a coat of paving paint deeper in color than the walls.

Or you could invest in some marble or tiled-finished asbestos cement wallboards which are obtainable in many different shades.

You can be even more luxurious and have the bathroom done in some of the new dull-finished tiles in exquisite new shades. The walls may be done halfway with these materials, and the upper half finished with paint.—J.K.

Would you like a new Bedroom for practically nothing?



Miss Sheila Helpman

IMAGINE the thrill of a fresh new room, charming with soft pastel colors—just like the ones you see illustrated in the latest magazines! It's not impossible, you know, for Taubmans paints will transform the whole room, and you can do all the painting yourself, easily and inexpensively. Lots of the smart houses you see have been decorated by their owners—it's the way to make your surroundings express your personality! Try "doing over" your bedroom first—you'll be delighted with the results.

Anne Stewart's book will show you how.



Anne Stewart, leading Australian decorator, has written "The Colorful Home" for the woman who wants to bring her house up-to-date herself, and make it more lovely without much expense. It's a homemaker's book—every woman should have a copy—and it's absolutely free. Send for it today—just clip and fill in coupon.

"I never held a paint brush until I used Dynamol," says Mrs. A. Nightingale of 6 Henry Street. "Now I've dynamited lots of my furniture and it all looks just as 'professional' as anything you can find in the shops."

Any woman can do her own walls, doors and skirtings with Taubmans new wall paint, Dulsatin. And it's marvellous the way it stays so clean! says Mrs. G. Smith, of Fairview Street.

FREE

Anne Stewart, Director, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peter, Sydney.

Dear Miss Stewart, Please send me my FREE copy of your book, "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. to cover postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

A12

Listen to Anne Stewart every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. 2UW 10.20 a.m.; 3AW 11 a.m.; 4BK-AK 10.45 a.m.; 5AD-MU-PI 11.30 a.m.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

So LOVELY for Your BEDROOM.

*Exquisite Bedspread
with Pillow Shams to match in a
New Water-lily Design.*

Could anything be lovelier for the bedroom than the exquisite bedspread shown in the picture on this page? The charming design of water-lilies, specially created to be done in cutwork, makes it handsome enough to be used with the most beautiful of furniture.

YOU can obtain this bedspread in white or colored linen, together with two matching pillow shams all stamped with the water-lily design ready for working, from our Needlework Department.

If you are a bride-to-be, one of these spreads would be ideal for your

glory-box. Even if you are not collecting linens for a future home, a water-lily spread and two matching shams may be just the very things to rejuvenate your bedroom.

The design, which is quite new and exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, is exquisitely graceful, its beauty quite glorifying plain linen. Yet the design is very simple to work. The prices of the spreads and shams,

obtainable in best quality linen in white, cream, blue, pink, or green, stamped with water-lily design ready for working, are:—

Double bed size, 72 by 108 inches, 30/-, postage free.

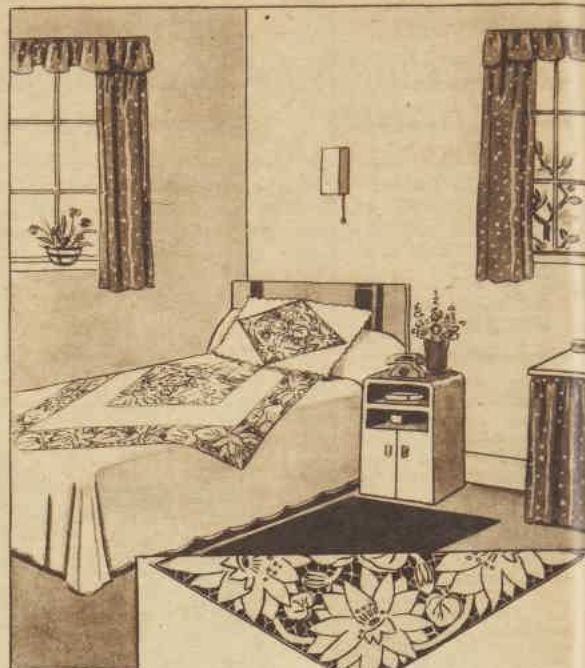
Three-quarter bed size, 72 by 90 inches, 25/-, postage free.

Single bed size, 54 by 72 inches, 20/-, postage free.

Pillow shams, 4/6 each, postage free.

The stitches used for embroidering the design are buttonhole, stem-stitch, satin-stitch, and eyelet or french knots. Do not attempt to cut the work before you have pressed it with a hot iron. After this has been carefully done, cut away the linen.

All-white or all-cream would be very lovely for this spread and sham, but if you would like a color to harmonise with the color scheme of your room, blue, pink, or green worked in self colors would be most attractive.



ABOVE: Showing how attractive the water-lily bedspread and shams look when completed.

RIGHT: A close-up of a portion of the design which, although most effective, is quite simple to work.



What a FLAVOUR!



YOU can do so many things with the unique flavour of Heinz Baked Beans. They're so delicious that everybody welcomes them—served in all sorts of ways... with the breakfast bacon... for school or home lunches... as a second vegetable at dinner... or as the basis of savouries and snacks. No-one but Heinz can equal Heinz in baking beans. Slow-baked in ovens. Sweet as a nut. Soaked through with the most appetizing tomato sauce. Two styles—with and without pork. Make the most of Heinz Baked Beans.

RECIPE FOLDER FREE. Showing 24 delicious ways to use Heinz Baked Beans. Send for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, C.I.



ONE OF THE
57
VARIETIES

You would appreciate
Heinz Spaghetti
Macaroni
Ready-to-Serve Soups
Tomato Ketchup
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etc.

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

for BREAKFAST/- for LUNCH/- for DINNER/



"JOY OF LIVING" for a few pence

Linen Handbags for Summer

**In White
or Colored Linen
and Embroidered
with Your Own
Initial.**

WHAT could be smarter with your summer frocks than a neat linen handbag embroidered with your own initial?

Let your imagination go further and consider just how useful it would be to have several of these bags either matching or contrasting with your frocks.

An all-white bag would look well with a white frock or matching the white accessories for a yellow, brown, navy or blue frock.

A green or red bag and matching accessories would give a gay note to a white, black or brown frock.

The handbags illustrated here are most attractive and take only a few minutes to make.

You can obtain paper pattern and transfer for making up a bag in your own material or you can obtain the linen ready for making up and traced with initial ready for working.

The size of the linen bag when finished is 7 inches deep by 9 inches wide.

The price of the handbag in white, cream, blue, pink, green or yellow linen of fine quality, ready for making



ONE OF the smart notions for summer—linen handbags embroidered with your own initial.

up and traced with desired initial, is 2/6, postage free.

Paper pattern and transfer for making bag in your own material costs 1/6.

These linen bags may also be made up in the form of removable covers to go over your ordinary handbags. This idea may appeal to you, because you can then remove the cover when it is soiled and launder it.

Order now and state initial required from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Reliable patterns, complete with directions, available on application to our Pattern Department.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupons. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.

SNAPPY BEACH SUIT

WW1883.—One of the smartest beach suits this season. The undersuit may be worn as rompers or the legs of the shorts may be left open. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2 5-8 yards, 38in. wide for playsuit, 3 3-8 yards, 36in. wide for skirt, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

AFTERNOON MODE

WW1884.—A useful and smart frock for afternoon wear, with chic buttons. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TROUSSEAU NIGHT-GOWN

WW1888.—A very appealing nightgown design for your trousseau. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2 1/2 yards, 36in. wide, and 1 5-8 yards, 36in. contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



DAINTY FLORAL

WW1885.—Dainty floral with full bodice and puff sleeves. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3 5-8 yards, 36in. wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SPORTS COAT

WW1886.—Pastel flannel or lightweight material is our choice for this charming coat. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2 1/2 yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART, NEW STYLE

WW1887.—Smart sleeves and cravat neckline are chic touches for this afternoon frock. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SLIP

WW1889.—Attractive slip. 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2 5-8 yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

LACY BLOUSE

WW1890.—A remnant of lace would suffice to make this dainty blouse. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2 yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Children's Playsuits

Cut in sizes 2-4, 4-6, 6-8 years
Price 3d.

THE three attractive little suits for beach and carefree play may be cut from this week's three-in-one concession pattern, sizes 2-4, 4-6, 6-8 years. Price, 3d.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required.—36in. wide: No. 1, 1 1-8 yards, and 1-8 yard contrast. No. 2, 1 1-8 yards for trousers, and 1 yard for bodice. For No. 3, 1 1-8 yards.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right fill in the coupon and post it WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADLAIDE.—Box 288A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 4007, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 810, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4289Y, G.P.O.

If calling, 178 Castlereagh Street, TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

N.Z.: Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please use address of our office, which will be found on page 3.

Please Print Name and Address in Block Letters.

Name

Address

State

Size

Pattern Coupon, 16/10/37





"Good for your Toofies"

WHEN Baby's first tiny tooth is due to appear, there is nothing that will delight him more or help him so much as crisp, delicious "Ovaltine" Rusks.

Baked to just the right degree of firmness for Baby to bite and crunch, "Ovaltine" Rusks give just the assistance necessary to bring each little tooth easily and comfortably through the gums. This biting exercise also helps to keep the teeth sound and healthy, and to encourage the correct formation of the mouth.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are made from the purest unbleached wheat flour in which all the valuable nutritive elements are retained. A proportion of "Ovaltine" is added to give them their delicious flavour and to make them even more nutritious and easy to digest.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

APPETISING · DIGESTIVE · & · NOURISHING

Prices: 2/3 and 4/-

A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY.

R1-18-37

Drives Out Itching Dandruff--Quickly!

In 14 Days--Dandruff that Looked Like Skull Cap, Disappears.

"I SUFFERED terribly with scurf so thick it looked like a skull cap," says Mr. William Smith, of N.S.W. "My hair used to fall out very fast every time I combed it. At times the itching was so bad I fetched blood scratching it. After only 14 days' treatment all my head troubles were entirely gone. No itch, no scurf, falling hair nearly stopped."

One case only out of hundreds of remarkable experiences. But how clearly it demonstrates that there is now no excuse for people to suffer with scalp troubles.

Dandruff is not—as many imagine—merely the white, scaly flakes that fill the hair. It is a germ—hidden in the hair roots—these white flakes are but a symptom. When this insidious germ plugs up pores, the hair starves, weakens and falls out. Soon—if your scalp is not cleansed of these plugs—baldness will set in.

Crystalis Rapid—by virtue of its amazing penetrative power—a scientific property of its extremely low surface tension—is swiftly absorbed deep down into the hair roots. Here it dissolves and expels all hidden foreign matter—and stimulates the papillae (hair-growing organs) with the very elements they need to revive their natural hair-growing functions.



So highly endorsed by world-famous scalp specialists—it is positively guaranteed to produce actual—visible—results or money promptly refunded.

If you would have a CLEAN scalp—free of dandruff—a new growth of hair with the glossy sheen and sparkle of good health—ask your chemist for

CRYSTOLIS

RAPID

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as the World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Hair Restorative



FOR YOUNG Wives and MOTHERS

Learning to Eat

By MARY TRUBY KING

Until baby is nine months old, his digestion is accustomed, almost entirely, to dealing with milk in some form—either the natural milk of his mother, or cow's milk modified to resemble it as closely as possible.

DURING his tenth month and onwards to his second year his digestion has to tackle a series of hitherto new foods. It is very important that this period be carefully supervised by nurses qualified to direct the mother in an ordered presentation of this series of foods; otherwise the digestion is liable to be over-taxed.

It is a good plan to keep in mind the words, "Never make sudden changes." Accustom the baby to one new food, and make sure his digestion is dealing with it adequately, before proceeding to the next.

In this way much suffering from digestive troubles in after life will be avoided.

Unless your doctor orders otherwise, weaning from the breast should take about six weeks. It is a mistake to wean abruptly, though this sometimes has to be done in exceptional circumstances.

Baby has not only to become used to a new food, but to a new method of obtaining it—namely, from cup and spoon instead of by suckling.

The wise mother prepares baby for this several months previously, by giving him his afternoon fruit juice and water from a cup. This is a great help when the actual time for weaning arrives.

From the tenth to the twelfth month baby's main source of food supply is still his milk-mixture, and this is far more important to his growth than the extras he is learning to eat.

The Right Extras

WHAT IS important is that he should be given the right extras, and learn to eat them in the right way, for during this time he is learning very rapidly, and good eating habits will tend to remain with him throughout life.

Baby must learn how to chew food thoroughly, and how to reject such

portions of it which cannot be reduced to a creamy consistency after thorough mastication.

It will take him a little while to discover that everything placed in the mouth must not necessarily be swallowed.

Twice-Baked Bread

THE best form of hard food is a finger of twice-baked bread, which should be given to baby about ten minutes before a meal.

The bread should be one day old, cut into fingers of about three-quarters of an inch thick, and baked in a slow oven until quite dry and crisp. Keep these in an airtight tin.

But do not leave baby alone with one of these twice-baked pieces of bread until he has quite mastered the art of eating them.

In addition to the milk-mixture and crusts, baby should have semi-solid cereals introduced into his diet.

The semi-solid foods are chiefly oat jelly, barley jelly, rice jelly, and wheatmeal jelly.

These jellies are given in a firmish form, with no added sugar. Part of baby's milk-mixture should be poured over them, but not mixed into them.

Mothers frequently wonder if baby's milk-mixture should continue to be "modified" or "humanised" till the end of the first year. Without exception, until the end of the first year the larger part of baby's milk allowance should be humanised.

The necessary amounts of added sugar-of-milk and emulsion (which form part of the humanised milk recipe) are very beneficial, indeed, almost indispensable, till baby is one year old.

The small quantity of mixed foods taken from the ninth to the twelfth month does not make up for the lack of these ingredients if the milk is merely diluted with water.

Do not make the mistake of giving the child drinks of milk-mixture between its proper feeding times.

If baby is thirsty, give plain warm, boiled water, not milk, as milk is a food—not a drink.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PYORRHEA is one of the most prevalent diseases of the human race, but is not met nearly as frequently as one is led to believe. Advertising and ordinary

PATIENT: Is pyorrhea a very prevalent disease?

conversation would make us think that four out of five people suffer from pyorrhea. This is not the case by any means, but, even so, the ailment is all too common.

In reality, pyorrhea is a disorder of the tissues that surround the teeth. It is always a sign of careless hygiene of the mouth. As a result of the changes it causes, the teeth are improperly supported, become loosened and ultimately diseased. It is a very slowly-progressing disease. Often no pain or sense of discomfort is present for a long time after the trouble starts. This is unfortunate because, if pain were present, the sufferer would consult his dentist.

Destroys Tissues

IN its development pus forms, and its absorption leads to body poisoning. This state of affairs hastens the destruction of the soft tissues around the tooth, in some cases actually dissolving portions of the bone, with great damage to the tooth.

There are many causes for pyorrhea, but one of the most important factors is that known as "tartar" formation, especially if excessive in quantity. When this is present, there is a persistent irritation and inflammation of the gums, which develops into pyorrhea. Faulty bridge work, inadequate fillings, irritating crowns and other dental defects are possible causes of pyorrhea. If you have any of these symptoms or notice tenderness or sensitivity of the gums or teeth, it is wise to consult your dentist.

TO BOYS & GIRLS GIVEN

WHIST WATCHES Cameras, Ma-Ma Dolls, Fountain Pens and many other valuable prizes, also cash commission, for selling small parcel of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big illustrated catalogue of presents. SEND NO MONEY NOW, only name and address. Write to-day.

JOHN B. MURRAY

(16 years at this address)

661V George Street, Sydney.

CHRONIC DYSPEPTIC NOW EATS ANYTHING

"I used to dread the approach of meal time because of my inability to eat ordinary foods. Now I can eat anything that is put before me, and enjoy it. Thanks to TWIN SODA." (Extract from satisfied patient's report.) You, too, can gain this wonderful relief. Buy a packet of TWIN SODA from your chemist to-day. It costs only 1/6.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation



Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth. Speedy. Certain and Permanent for Open Pores and Blackheads.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG.

YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG.

BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or large Tube sufficient for twelve treatments posted free to any address for 5/- SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT, Pacific House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney. (Next Bathurst St.)

Also obtainable at many leading Chemists.



Checked quickly with REXONA

Thousands of people suffer from "Surfer's Foot"—you may be the next to get it. At the first signs of scaly skin or rawness between the toes, apply Rexona Ointment. Its healing properties destroy the germs that cause "Surfer's Foot," prevent the infection from spreading, and restore the skin to healthy condition.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .

Cuts, sores, burns, insect bites, cold sores, skin blemishes, eczema, rashes and all skin complaints.



Immediate Relief from . .

Coughs

You need have little fear of Pneumonia after Influenza if you have HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure to take care of any chest condition.

To avoid any possibility of confusion you should be particularly careful to ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure.

Always insist on . .

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

Over 2,000,000 women have REDUCED this way

What countless other women have done, you can do, without dieting, purging or strenuous exercise.

Four times a day take a little Marmola Prescription Tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning to useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer.

Marmola has been used for 30 years—millions of packages. Today more and more women are keeping slender in this easy, pleasant way. And they are gaining new health and vitality as the weight goes down.

The Marmola booklet enclosed with every package, gives a complete explanation as to why the pounds go. You know exactly what you are taking, and why. Go get a package today. It is folly to stay fat in these scientific days. Simply take Marmola until weight comes down to normal. It is the easiest way of all to regain an attractively slim figure.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/- per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679, S.S. Sydney, N.S.W.

"This 'BIOCEL' CREAM WORKED A MIRACLE on my face"

says nurse



ITS effect was almost magical. In a few days I saw little lines begin to disappear. In a couple of weeks I looked 10 years younger. BioCel—a doctor told me—is the discovery of a great Vienna University Professor. It is now contained in every jar of Crème Tokalon BioCel. Use this cream every night and Crème Tokalon (Vanishing) in the morning. This will soon make a sallow dull complexion glow with new youthful vitality: make the skin clear, fresh, firm and free from blemishes and lines. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of these terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing, and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is Germ in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 4 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.

Why Not Grow... GERANIUMS and FUCHSIAS?

These hardy, old-fashioned favorites come in an amazing variety of colors, and can be relied on to color the garden most of the year round—Says THE OLD GARDENER

WHY not cultivate the geranium a little more? Bring it back to our gardens again. With so many different colors and varieties available, you can, with a little care and forethought, use geraniums to color the garden most of the year round.

Massed in garden beds, or colorfully blooming from hanging baskets and window boxes, geraniums are really lovely.

When planting geraniums, group in such a way that the colors are separated. Geraniums also make wonderful pot plants, and can be used for indoor decorations. They are quite simple and easy to grow.

I have seen them growing in places where one would think that no plant would live. The trailing types can be trained up fences, and also used to cover up any unsightly corners, such as old stumps and ugly rocky places.

For Rockeries

GERANIUMS are also splendid for rockeries. Planted here and there, they brighten up the rockery and give a pleasing appearance. The trailing types tumble about in a careless fashion, and give a natural effect to the garden.

There is nothing more pleasing than a carpet of the ivy leaf geranium in a standard rose bed. A bed of standard roses when out in full flower with a carpet of geraniums of this kind is most attractive.

Try as far as possible to have the roses the same color as the geraniums. Always remember that geraniums are sun-lovers, so be sure and plant them well out in the open. They will not flower if planted in the shade. They are quick growers, and every type will strike readily from cuttings. They also grow rapidly from seed, which can be very easily gathered when the flowers are dead.

Sow the seed immediately it is gathered and while it is fresh.

The seed is found in little pods after the flower has fallen. The pod has a beak-like formation—hence the common name of Stork's Bill for the pelargonium or geranium.

The fancy or lady's pelargonium, the decorative, large-flowered zonal or bedding variety, the ivy-leaved, the variegated-leaved and the hybrid do well in any class of soil, but they also love it rich in humus, with plenty of animal manure incorporated with the soil. The mature must be well decayed. Don't forget that geraniums also love plenty of water, even though they will grow fairly well under dry and adverse conditions.

Geraniums do better if they are systematically pruned after each flowering period. They give all their flowers on new wood, so don't be afraid to cut them back hard at each term.

Some varieties are subject to rust. If this should happen, pick off all the affected leaves and spray the plants with lime sulphur, mixing one part of lime sulphur to 40 parts of water. Bordeaux mixture bought in powdered form and used according to directions is also a splendid preventive.

Fungus Disease

THE plants when affected with this fungus disease should be sprayed at intervals of from two to three weeks.

Another old-time favorite which is a splendid acquisition to the garden and does well in the semi-shaded corners is the fuchsia, and what a host of varieties we have to choose from! This is another type of flower that can also be grown in hanging baskets.

The fuchsia adapts itself to all sorts of conditions, and with the enormous amount of varieties a garden can be made really beautiful.

If you have a bed that is semi-shaded—say one that receives a few hours of the morning sun, and is well protected by shade during the hotter parts of the day—this is the ideal spot for them. An attractive bed can be made by planting the tall varieties at the back, then the smaller and lastly the midgates.

Group them artistically in their multifarious tints and colors, and they will make a striking display.



THE colorful fuchsia, an old-fashioned favorite, is worthy of a place in every garden.

The fuchsia was named after Leonhard Fuchs, a noted German botanist. Its native home is South America and it is really one of the oldest flowers grown. Each year great improvements have taken place and today we have the perfect flower.

There are a number of varieties to choose from. The giant doubles are Rose of Ireland, Sinbad, Mauve Queen, Paul Cambon, Fascination, Improved Castille and Jules Dalagoe. The best of the hanging baskets group are Loads of Glory, Pendula Aurea, Gracilis, Doctor and Microphylla Vera.

The single varieties are, to my mind, the most beautiful. The midgate varieties are the hardest of all and grow to perfection with very little trouble. They are splendid for cold districts, and if the frost cuts them down they will spring up again and grow just as happily as ever.

There is also a splendid variety which are sun-lovers—Bronzeleaf, First Otto, Coralie, T. Bonstead, H. Henkel and Thalia.

These thrive in plenty of sunshine, so plant them well out in the open. All fuchsias love good, rich soil, so dig deep, manure well, and give plenty of water.

Fuchsias can be planted from October on till April. They strike rapidly from cuttings and take very little care and attention. After each flowering period cut them back hard and in such a manner that the bush will be in perfect shape. Some varieties suffer with red spider. For this spray with Volck. Full directions as to its use are supplied with this material.



Untroubled by Teething

Avoid constipation and its attendant dangers by using Steedman's Powders. Gently and safely they keep baby regular in his habits, his bloodstream cool during teething. Used by mothers for over 100 years for children up to 14 years of age.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request

Give **STEEDMAN'S POWDERS** FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

GET THIS AMAZING NEW Hair chart free!



Wouldn't YOU like MARIO as your personal hairdresser? Mario, who has made so many lovely Film Stars lovelier! Well, he can be! For here in this WONDERFUL CHART he shows you how to dress your hair—whatever your type! Blonde, Brunette, Brown or Silver; oval faced, square faced, strong forehead or strong chin! See yourself in this FREE descriptive chart as you are, as you might be, and HOW! Send for one to-day!

You can't have a Good Setting

unless you have a Good Shampoo

There is nothing to compare with the 47 specially chosen ingredients in Amami! These Amami Hair-nourishers and Hair-Beautifiers penetrate deeply into the very roots of your hair so that it quickly becomes silkier, more youthful, gleaming with a thousand hitherto unsuspected lights.



Hairstyling style for oval face

Your chemist, hairdresser or stores has the Amami suitable for your type of hair.

Send your application for the FREE HAIR CHART to: Geo. Ripley & Co., Dept. (J. 9), Macdonell House, Pitt St., SYDNEY.

AMAMI SHAMPOOS

After your shampoo, add perfection's final touch with AMAMI WAVE SET. Full directions enclosed with every bottle.

★ FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT ★

BACKACHE IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG WITH MY KIDNEYS?

That is the question you should ask yourself when you first feel the stabbing pains of Backache.



Weak Kidneys cause that pain in the back

Pain in any part of the body is Nature's warning that something is wrong. If the kidneys become inflamed and clogged, and so are unable to remove the waste products (uric acid) from the system, pain is felt in the small of the back; from a slight discomfort, to intense agony like a knife thrust in the back.

You must realise what a menace to health such a condition means. To neglect it is down-right dangerous, as poisons will accumulate all over the body. Naturally this puts a severe strain on the system.

Rheumatism, Painful Joints or Muscles and Urinary Disorders are further indications of Faulty Kidney Action.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have been specially compounded to meet and relieve all forms of Kidney Trouble. They put their healing touch right where it is wanted—the kidneys. From the first few doses you will get relief. Persist in the treatment and your kidneys will once again rapidly remove the accumulated poisons and waste matter from your body. Your pain will vanish, and you will feel brighter and more invigorated—meaning that once again you are in perfect health.

Be sure you get the genuine—

DEWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Reduced Prices: 3/- and 5/9. New Trial Size, 1/9. Quality always the same—the best ingredients that money can buy.



Mrs. Green is worried about Jack and Polly—thinks she'll have to take them out of school. They won't eat breakfast and they're getting thin.



Decides to go to the District Nurse for advice. "Give them Kellogg's Rice Bubbles", she says. "They 'snap', 'crackle' and 'pop' when milk or cream is poured on—children love that funny little sound and will always eat them right up."



Rosy cheeks and happy smiles follow heaping bowls of Kellogg's appetizing Rice Bubbles. No more coaxing and scolding. The whole family love that "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP," and they feel better because Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are so wonderfully easy to digest. Order a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day. They come in the famous inner sealed Waxtite packet all ready to serve.



Winners of the KELLOGG'S Radio Contest!

Here they are! Those three lucky people whose 25 words have won for them a beautiful Fisk Radiola!

L. R. Biggs, "Walton," 14 Gordon St., Ivanhoe N.21, Melbourne, Vic.

"Because of their simplicity in preparation they obviate the cooking problem and I know my family go to school or business well nourished and satisfied."

Mrs. M. H. Munro, 22 Graeme St., North Strathfield, N.S.W.

"Their concentrated nourishment combined with delicious crispness and tempting flavour make them the solution to every mother's problem. 'What shall I give them for breakfast?'"

Mrs. Marguerite C. Livingston, "Carinya," 80 Rennie St., E. Coburg N.13, Vic.

"These popular, natural foods stimulate appetite, save time, worry and fuel, and keep my family healthy and happy with tempting nutritious meals and wholesome confections."

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

BACK TO OUR WEEKLY "Best Recipe" COMPETITION

This Week's Prizewinning Recipes For Unusual Dishes

Now that our £500 recipe competition is over, our popular weekly "Best Recipes" feature will continue as usual, and prizes will again be awarded every week for recipes from readers.

THESE prizes are well worth winning—£1 is awarded for the best recipe for the week and 2/6 for every other recipe published.

Here is an interesting selection for this week. Try them and then write out your favorite recipes and send them in to us. They may be worth cash to you.

CHOCOLATE CREAM

Four ounces dark eating chocolate, 4 eggs, pinch salt, 1 cup whipped cream, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts.

Grate chocolate into a basin and stand in saucepan of boiling water to melt. If difficult to melt add a very little water and work well with a spoon. While the chocolate melts break eggs and separate yolks and whites. Add a pinch of salt to whites and beat until stiff. Beat yolks until thick and creamy, and pour into melted chocolate, stirring well. Then fold yolk and chocolate mixture thoroughly into the stiff whites. Pour this mixture into custard glasses, and leave in a cold place for at least three hours. It will set quite thick. Pipe unsweetened whipped cream on top, and sprinkle thickly with chopped nuts. Serve with meringue fingers.

MERINGUE FINGERS

Whites of 2 eggs, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 4oz. sugar (castor or plain), 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts.

Beat egg-whites and salt until quite stiff and dry. Add sugar gradually, beating until mixture is snowy white and will cut with a knife. Grease a tin baking dish very lightly with butter and force meringue mixture on to it in long finger shapes. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts and bake very slowly in an oven which is moderate at first and cools while meringues are cooking. They should be dry all through when they are done.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. H. Morrison, Killeavey, Eltham, Vic.

BREADED PLUM PUDDING (Without Flour)

Five cups stale bread squeezed dry, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup dripping, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon spice, nutmeg and cinnamon mixed, 1 cup seeded raisins or sultanas, 1 cup lemon peel.

Soak pieces of crusts or stale bread in cold water, squeeze as dry as possible. Mix dripping in with hands, then add all other ingredients. Mix well, put in greased basin with paper on top and steam 3 or 4 hours. The longer this pudding is boiled the nicer it is.

2/6 to Mrs. J. McDonald, 15 Condon St., Bendigo, Vic.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS IN CARAMEL

Two cups of water and 1 cup of sugar boiled together for caramel, 3 apples, 12 tablespoons of self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons butter.

Peel and core apples and cut in halves. Rub butter into flour, add salt and sugar, and make into pastry with sufficient milk and divide into six parts. Roll out into round shapes, place 1 apple on each, fill core with sugar, and mould pastry round apples. Place in baking dish, and pour boiling caramel around, and bake in a moderate oven 1 hour. Serve either hot or cold.

2/6 to J. Anderson, 12 Brucedale Avenue, Epping, N.S.W.

MEDLAR JELLY

Six pounds of medlars, 6 lemons, 6 pints of water, sugar.

Wash and dry the fruit. Cut each medlar into four, peel lemons thinly, squeeze out juice, and cut pith in large pieces. Add water, boil all together 2 hours, mashing and stirring occasionally and strain through a scalded jelly-bag. Weigh liquid, put in preserving-pan, and boil for 10 minutes. Then add an equal weight of sugar, stirring while it is dissolving, and boil briskly for 15 minutes or till it jells on a cold plate. Skim well, pour into sterilised jars, and cover immediately.

The fruit should be selected carefully, and on no account allow jelly

to boil longer than stated in recipe. Over-boiling and over-ripe fruit destroy pectin, without which no jelly will set properly.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntleys Pt. Rd., Huntleys Pt., N.S.W.

MULBERRY JAM

Eight pounds mulberries, 6lb. sugar, small teaspoon citric acid. Boil mulberries without sugar for 15 minutes. While mulberries are boiling, heat the sugar in the oven. When mulberries have boiled 15 minutes pour in the sugar. Boil quickly for 1 hour, adding the acid a few minutes before taking from the fire.

2/6 to Miss Monica Browne, c/o Mrs. McCann, 23 Amelia St., Coorparoo SE2, Brisbane.

DRIED PINEAPPLE CHIPS

One pound pineapple, 1lb. sugar.

Peel pineapple and cut in very thin pieces. Place the fruit on a sieve to drain. When it has dried off a little, place on a flat dish and strew

Further list of prizewinners in our big £500 recipe competition appears on Page 3.

over with plenty of sugar. Place in the sun each day, turning occasionally till it appears dry. Then finish in the oven by giving it a quick bake for a few minutes. Pack in boxes with layers of tissue-paper between. This method keeps it indefinitely.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Bond, 12 Steward St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN TART

One cup each dried apricots, prunes, seeded raisins, and sugar, 2 tablespoons chopped peel, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 4 tablespoons chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon each grated nutmeg and ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, short pastry.

Pour boiling water over apricots and prunes. Stir well, then drain. Cover with cold water and let stand three hours. Remove stones from prunes and cook with apricots in water in which they were soaked.

THIS WEEK

Cake Recipes

Most housewives have one or more pet cake recipes. Here are some of our readers' favorites which are all worth trying, especially as they are fairly unusual.

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STEAMED CHOCOLATE CAKE

Three teaspoons flour, 2 1/2 cups butter, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 4 1/2 tablespoons treacle, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 1/2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 1/2 cups milk. Rub fat into flour. Add sugar, cocoa and milk. In which the carb. soda has been dissolved. Lastly add treacle. Beat for 10 minutes. Line a large cake tin with greaseproof paper, but let it come about 3 inches above sides of tin. Pour in mixture. Cover well with a large piece of greaseproof paper, being careful not to crush the paper standing up round the sides of the tin. Tie securely. Place in a steamer and steam for 1 1/2 hours. This is a winter cake—light and wholesome.

2/6 to Mrs. W. J. Gillies, c/o Mr. A. T. Tenkies, Ceduna, S.A.

CHOCOLATE POTATO CAKE

Cream 1/2 cup butter with 1 cup of castor sugar. Melt 2 1/2 cups unsweetened cooking chocolate over boiling water, and add to blended butter and sugar, then add 1/2 cup of mashed potatoes. Mix all well together, then add beaten yolk of 1 egg and 1/2 cup of milk. Beat 1 1/2 cups of flour and 3 level teaspoons of baking powder and add. Beat well. Add 1/2 cup of chopped nuts, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, and 1/2 cup of white of 1 egg. Mix thoroughly. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

When cool, ice as follows: Boil 1/2 cup of granulated sugar with one-third cup of water, without stirring, till it spins a thread from a fork. Pour slowly over the beaten white of an egg, add a little vanilla essence. Beat till thick, then spread over cake. Before icing add, apricots with coconut.

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BAVARIAN APPLE CAKE

Half pound puff paste, 1lb. apple puree, 6oz. sugar, 1/2 pint cream, 4oz. place cherries, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1oz. gelatine, 1/2 pint jelly, apricot jam, angelica.

until water is nearly boiled away. When cold add the other ingredients. Line a tart-plate with short pastry, add filling, and cover with pastry. Glaze and bake in hot oven 40 minutes. Sprinkle with castor sugar before serving.

Short Pastry: Sift 1-3 cup self-raising flour with 1 cup plain flour, rub in 1/2 cup butter or lard, and mix to a dough with as little water as possible. Roll out.

2/6 to Mrs. O. Howard, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

PRESERVED FRUIT SALAD

One dozen pears, 1 dozen peaches, 2 pineapples, 2 dozen passionfruit, 4lb. sugar, 4 pints water. Fruit must be ripe, but firm and fresh.

Peel pears and cut in slices. Peel and stone peaches and cut in slices. Peel pineapples, cut in quarters, remove core and cut in small pieces. Remove pulp from passionfruit. Boil water and sugar together for ten minutes; allow to cool. Pack fruit neatly in dry bottles. Mix passion fruit pulp with syrup and pour over fruit in bottles. Stand bottles in cold water, bring to boil and simmer gently until the fruit is soft. Remove from fire and seal.

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ECONOMICAL DINNER MENU

Onion soup, baked rabbit in milk, boiled vegetables, apple sponge.

Soup: Simply made by browning sliced onions in butter until golden, and then adding enough hot water so that, when it is reduced by a third, the right quantity of soup will remain. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve with grated cheese.

Baked Rabbit: Rabbit, breadcrumbs, parsley, thyme, pepper and salt, slices bacon, milk.

Soak rabbit in warm salted water, cut the joints, dry well, put into a casserole, cover with breadcrumbs, parsley, thyme, seasoning, and 1 pint milk. Bake for 2 hours, about 1 hour before it is cooked cover with slices of bacon, return to oven and brown.

Apple Sponge: Six cooking apples, 1 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, small piece butter. Steam apples till tender, and place in pie-dish; meanwhile mix flour, cream of tartar, and soda together. Melt butter, add to sugar, beat in egg, mix to a smooth paste with flour and milk, and pour over hot apples. Bake for 15 minutes in hot oven. Serve with cream.

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ECONOMICAL DINNER MENU

TRY Making SWEETS at HOME!

It can be such fun, especially with the simple recipes for delicious confectionery given below.

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

Home-made sweets bring back memories of exciting adventures of childhood, when we assisted at toffee and fudge making.

There were never any sweets half as delicious as those we actually made ourselves, even if our efforts resulted in a sticky concoction that refused to set properly.

SWEET making at home is really quite simple, especially if you have a sugar thermometer which ensures boiling the sugar to just the right degree. The other utensils needed are: sugar-scraper, wire fork, hair-sieve, palette knife, marble slab, double saucepan, and spatula.

If it is not possible to obtain these, substitute the following: For a sugar scraper or a palette knife use a long, thin knife; a wooden spoon for spatula; a piece of twisted wire for wire fork; a jam-jar in saucepan instead of double saucepan; a large meat-dish will serve instead of a marble slab.

Remember to place the thermometer in hot water before putting into boiling syrup, otherwise it may burst.

In case graining or overboiling should happen, add half the water used at first, and boil to the desired degree again.

TURKISH DELIGHT

Two cups sugar, 1 pint water, 4 dessertspoons gelatine, pinch citric acid, vanilla, coloring, 3oz. cornflour, 1 cup water.
Soak gelatine in water for 1 hour, add sugar and acid. Boil for 10 minutes. Blend cornflour in cup water. Pour on boiling syrup. Stir over heat till clear. Stir well. Flavor with vanilla or lemon. Color half pink with carmine. Pour into wetted sandwich tins. Leave 24 hours. Remove from tin onto paper. Sprinkle with cornflour, then cut into squares with pair of scissors. Complete by coating all with cornflour. Store in airtight tin.

AUSTRALIAN ROCK

One pound 14oz. white sugar, 1lb. glucose, 1½ gills water, whites 2 eggs, 4oz. almonds.
Boil water, sugar, and glucose to 262 degrees Fahrenheit. Pour into basin; beat till white. Add beaten egg-whites, small quantity at a time; add chopped nuts. Beat till thick. Pour into tin, lined with paper. Next day, cut into shapes. Wrap in paper.

RUSSIAN TOFFEE

Quarter pound of butter, 1lb. soft sugar, 1 tin condensed milk, vanilla.
Melt butter in an enamel saucepan, then add sugar and condensed milk. Stir over heat continually for 13 minutes after it comes to the boil. Add the vanilla and mix in well. Pour into well-greased tin. Leave till quite cold and cut into squares and wrap in greaseproof paper and leave in airtight tin.

PEPPERMINT CREAMS

White of 1 egg, 1 teaspoon cold water, icing sugar, peppermint essence, sap-green coloring.
Slightly beat white of egg, add water; then gradually add well-sifted icing sugar, making into a smooth, stiff paste. Add essence to taste and the coloring, making a very pale green. Knead well till very smooth. Roll into balls, leave for one hour; then roll in greaseproof paper and store in airtight tin.

MARSHMALLOWS

Two cups sugar, 1 cup water, 3 tablespoons gelatine, 1 tablespoon glucose, white 1 egg, vanilla, carmine, chopped nuts, cornflour, raspberry essence.
Soak gelatine in half the water. Boil the remainder of water with sugar and glucose for 10 minutes. Add gelatine when cool, pour on to well-beaten white, then beat till thick and white. Add nuts. Color half pink and add the raspberry essence. To

the white part add vanilla. Pour into two greased tins and leave till next day. Cut into squares with pair of scissors and roll in cornflour. Store in airtight tin.

TOASTED MARSHMALLOWS

Quantity marshmallows, browned coconut.
Make marshmallows as given in previous recipe. Leave till next day.



then cut into squares and roll in the browned coarse coconut. Leave for a few hours before packing in airtight tins.

To Brown the Coconut: Put coconut on a swiss roll tin. Place in a cool oven till sufficiently browned, stirring it occasionally to have it evenly brown. Have it quite cold before using.

MOCHA WALNUTS

Fondant, coffee essence, halves of shelled walnuts.
Make fondant in usual way and flavor it with coffee essence. Pull it into small pieces and make into balls. Flatten out between fingers and press on each side of these rounds halves of shelled walnuts. Leave till set and roll in greaseproof paper.

BLACK CURRANT LOZENGES

Two pounds black currant jam, 1 teacup water, 1oz. gelatine, 3oz. sugar.
Put jam through a fine sieve, pour water over and extract as much juice as possible, add dissolved gelatine and sugar. Simmer for 40 minutes. Pour mixture into wetted dishes. Leave till set and cut into squares.

FONDANT WITH GELATINE

One pound sugar, 3 tablespoons cold water, heaped teaspoon gelatine, 2oz. glucose, essence.
Soak gelatine in water 1 hour, add sugar and glucose. Boil for 5 minutes or till it boils, or to 235 deg. Fahr. If thermometer is used. Pour into wetted basin and heat till white and creamy, then knead well. Leave in greaseproof paper till ready for use.

UNCOOKED MARZIPAN

White 1 egg, 1 teaspoon water, 1lb. icing sugar, ground almonds, almond essence, saffron.
Add water to white of egg, add icing sugar till a stiff mixture, then work in required quantity of almonds. Add essence if liked, and coloring, and knead very well. Then mould into fruit shapes, such as apples, pears, strawberries, etc., and color accordingly.



● ABOVE: Children love making sweets at home. There is no reason why they should not be taught how to make them properly. Made with pure ingredients, home-made confectionery is good for children, providing they are not given too much at a time.

● LEFT: Some home-made confections, Turkish delight, garzipan fondants and others. Lower left: Home-made sweets served in little dishes add zest to the party menu and are most popular with guests—both children and adults.

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WELL KNOWN STAGE IDENTITY SAVED FROM GRAVE

"I FELL TO THE GROUND IN A STATE OF UTTER COLLAPSE"



"HE COULD NOT GET UP FROM HIS CHAIR WITHOUT HELP"



"I FINALLY AGREED TO TRY BIDOMAK"



**I made arrangements for my own funeral
SO ILL WAS I**

Eight Years' Torture and Suffering had made me a broken-down, crippled old man

"I FEEL TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER IN EVERY WAY"



Now, at 68, BIDOMAK has "saved me from the grave" — my health improvement is miraculous. . . I go about my work as though I had not been ill at all. I can walk and get about my business as I never thought possible. . . I feel 20 years younger in every way. BIDOMAK has been credited with amazing power to build up the health of run down people, but perhaps the most remarkable case ever assisted by this wonderful tonic is that of Mr. Fred Kingsley, of the Hotel Gilbert, Gilbert Street, Adelaide.

A FAMOUS ATHLETE AND ACROBAT

Thousands of theatre-goers will remember Mr. Kingsley, who, as Kingsley, of Kingsley and Kerr, thrilled audiences by his death-defying feats of acrobatics, trick cycling and skating.

One act had Mr. Kingsley ride a one wheel cycle FIFTY FEET in the air across a tight rope and without a safety net. Serious illness robbed him of his physical fitness and, writing from his home, he tells his amazing story.

MR. FRED KINGSLEY'S OWN STATEMENT

Gilbert Street, Adelaide. He writes: "I felt duty bound to write and tell you of my experience with your wonderful Tonic, 'Bidomak'."

"As you may gather from my name, I was the former partner of the well-known Vaudeville Artists, Kingsley & Kerr, and have been on the stage and connected with Vaudeville Shows from when I was twelve years of age until eight years ago, and I shall be sixty-eight years next birthday. My partner and I have appeared before audiences on the Continent as well as Australia, and have worked under such producers as Bland Holt, Fullers, Hugh J. Ward, Rickards, Woodlocks' American Circus, Fitzgerald Bros, Hiscocks Federal Minstrels, Frank M. Clark, World Entertainers, and others."

"Our Act was a very strenuous one, for we thrilled our audiences with Acrobatics, Skating, Trick Cycling and one Show in which

"Now that I have told you of my life when I enjoyed perfect health and fitness, let me tell you of the last eight years of physical torture and suffering I have been through. Just eight years ago, commencing with a carbuncle on the neck, which was directly over the spinal cord, I had a complete nervous breakdown; my whole body seemed to give way, my body became gaunt, and my speech was affected."

8 YEARS' OF TORTURE THEN NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

we appeared in Melbourne and Sydney, was to ride a one wheel cycle on a tight rope, fifty or sixty feet in the air, with no safety net.

COLLAPSED IN STREET

"Several times from sheer weakness I fell to the ground in the street in a state of utter collapse."

ARRANGED FOR FUNERAL

"So worried was I that I actually made arrangements with an undertaker for my interment if I failed on some occasion to recover from my faints."

"The situation was horrible to me in the extreme and kept me in a state of continuous worry and nervous tension."

FRIEND RECOMMENDS BIDOMAK

"When I finally agreed to try BIDOMAK it was on the urgent recommendation of a friend who felt that it might do some good. I had tried everything else and was doubtful."

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE

"However, now I have been taking BIDOMAK, I can truthfully say without fear of contradiction from anyone who saw me previously that I was literally saved from the grave."

"I have taken eight bottles of BIDOMAK (am now on ninth), and I am able to have persons testify to my health improvement."

Honestly it is miraculous. I now go about my work as though I had no illness at all, and can walk and get about my business as I never thought possible. I feel twenty years younger in every way. I cannot show my appreciation deeply enough to express my feelings, and this testimonial is written so that others who are suffering as I did before taking BIDOMAK may learn of this wonderful Tonic.

"Yours in appreciation,
(Signed) FRED KINGSLEY."

Witness to signature:
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(Signed) A. C. MYERS
J.P. and Councillor.



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Hearts Walking

By...

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HEARTS WALKING

By MRS HARRY PUGH SMITH

IT was the smoothest Formal the sorority ever gave. I mean it really was," insisted Norma Poole.

"Far be it from me to doubt it," murmured Janet.

"Did I tell you about the favors?" inquired Norma eagerly.

Janet nodded. "Yea, you told me."

She might have added that she had heard the sorority dance discussed until she was weary of the subject, but Norma meant to be kind and after all it was not her fault that Janet Phillips had not been able to go away to an exclusive finishing school along with the other girls in her crowd.

"Want to dance, Norma?" asked Dicky Allen. "Or are you afraid of Ted?"

Norma was wearing Ted Hughes' frat pin, and she adored being teased about it. "Certainly not!" she cried, displaying all her dimples. "Ted and I are terribly broad-minded."

Norma's departure left Janet conspicuously stranded on a large pink damask sofa. Behind her Tommy Davis was discussing the track meet at his university with Althea Morris. At the tea table Priscilla Leigh was expiating on the plans for her debut party in the autumn. Janet had no desire to thrust herself into either conversation. She was not making a debut and she had not been to the track meet.

"Ring the bell and ask the maid for more hot muffins, Gordon," sang out Priscilla.

Most of the families in Bay City who kept a servant had colored cooks. The Leighs were one of the few who also employed a maid. The Leighs lived in style. Their large living-room had handsome hardwood floors and a magnificent radio. Priscilla brought her friends home with her for tea whenever she felt like it. It was no trouble to kick back the scatter-rugs and dance, and there was always the maid to bring in a silver pot of fresh coffee or cinnamon toast under a fine linen napkin.

"All alone, Janet?" asked Ted Hughes, dropping down beside her.

"Yea," said Janet with a little grimace.

"I was sorry you couldn't come to the June prom," he said. "You're the only girl in the crowd who didn't show up. We missed you."

"I missed being there."

"Gordon was lost without you."

Janet carefully made her face expressionless. "Was he?" she asked.

She did not glance towards Gordon Key, who was dancing with Priscilla Leigh. Ted also meant to be kind. Like all Janet's friends, he was trying to pretend that Gordon had not changed, but it was no use. Everything is changed, thought Janet with a cramped feeling in her throat.

Until nine months before it had not mattered that Janet Phillips did not have a car of her own and a well-to-do father and a large house in which to entertain her

friends. Nor until recently had it made any social difference because her mother worked in a department store. Before her marriage Anne Phillips had been a Radcliffe. The Radcliffes were one of the town's old aristocratic families. Janet's grandfather had been Governor of the State at one time. When it had become necessary at her husband's death for Mrs. Phillips to go out and make a living for her three children, her friends applauded her courage. They did so yet, when they remembered about her.

Janet winced. "That's the whole trouble," she told herself. "Once you drop out, you can never catch step again."

Bay City was a conservative Southern town of twenty thousand inhabitants. Fourche Creek, a muddy branch, bisected the community physically and socially. On the right were the best residence and business districts. On the left were the railroad shops, a neighborhood called Shanty Town, occupied by poor whites, and blocks and blocks of negro houses. Bay City had no private schools for the children of the first families. Every one of any social pretension lived on the right side of the town branch and went first to the old frame grade school on Lucas Avenue and later to the new brick High at Dawes and State.

As a matter of course Janet grew up right along with the daughters of her mother's old friends. Janet had not only been one of the smart younger set all her life, she had been extremely popular. Every one liked her except Priscilla Leigh, who never liked other girls. Janet had taken it for granted that it would always be like that. She had not realised a break was inevitable when she and her girl friends graduated from High School.

The boys in the crowd had been going off to colleges and universities for several years, but the group remained intact until the girls themselves departed for finishing schools the preceding September. Janet had counted the days until their return for the summer. Yet it was now only the third week in June and she had definitely discovered that she no longer belonged.

"I'm for another slice of cake," said Ted when the radio paused for station identification.

He led the way to the tea table toward which Gordon was moving with Priscilla. Janet's cheeks burned. She wished her friends would not be so obvious in their attempts to right what everyone was beginning to recognise as her wrecked romance. She had never wanted to be thrown at anybody's head and certainly not at Gordon Key's.

"Hallo, Janet?" he murmured. "How are you?"

He too, was scarlet, and he was trying to act as if until that moment he had not noticed that Janet was present, as if he had not seen her come in with Norma a quarter of an hour ago. Janet seethed with resentment. It would not have been half so noticeable that Gordon's ardor for Janet Phillips was cooling if he had not persisted

in looking conscience-stricken in her presence.

"I was never better," said Janet with her most brilliant smile.

Priscilla laughed unpleasantly. "Excuse it, darling, if I seem to have monopolised your boy friend this afternoon."

"I don't mind," said Janet.

The irritating point was that when she said things like that, nobody believed her. The crowd was convinced that Gordon was breaking Janet's heart. All her friends said it was a shame. If she protested that she was by no means dying of unrequited love for Gordon Keys or for anyone else, they assumed that she was saving her pride.

"Run on and dance with Janet, Gordon," said Priscilla. "Didn't you always use to say she could dance rings around the rest of us?"

"Sorry," said Janet and to save her life she could not keep the acid out of her voice. "I don't believe I care to dance just now."

Priscilla gave a trill of malicious laughter. "Don't tell me love's young dream has curdled."

Gordon looked miserable and guilty and confused. "I didn't realise I was neglecting you, Janet," he stammered.

"It's quite all right," said Janet, stiffly. "It may seem incredible, but there are compensations for being neglected."

Priscilla giggled. "That sounds like the well-known sour grapes, darling."

MY teeth are on edge, she told Priscilla, "but believe it or not, it has nothing to do with sour grapes."

Priscilla shrugged her shoulders in a cynical manner and Gordon looked more conscience-stricken than ever. From Janet's viewpoint the situation was maddening, but there appeared to be nothing she could do about it. Her face must have betrayed how baffled she felt, for Ted awkwardly changed the subject.

"I guess you'll carry off the swimming cup as usual to-morrow, Janet," he said.

Janet shook her head. "I won't be there."

"You aren't going to compete?"

"You forget I have classes in the morning."

"But it's the club opening."

"Country clubs may come and go," said Janet lightly, "but summer school is something you don't cut, even once, or you're dropped."

"Whatever made you enroll?" protested Priscilla. "It's dumb enough to go to a poky local college when everybody's away and there's nothing else to do."

Janet shrugged her shoulders. "The Normal has no social standing, Priscilla. You probably can't comprehend it, but people go there because they want to learn. Most of my classmates are teachers, working for a degree. Sometimes they have to stop and teach awhile to get the money to go on. One is a grandmother. None of them is collegiate."

HEARTS WALKING

3

"Sounds too terribly dreary!" murmured Priscilla with a yawn.

"It fits you for a paying job," Janet pointed out. "At least when I got my diploma in August, I'm promised a place at Tracy's."

There was another awkward pause. You're going into the store?" faltered Ted in a second feeble effort to retrieve the conversation.

"The store where your mother works?" Priscilla added with disagreeable emphasis.

"Yes," said Janet, her lips tightening.

She was looking straight at Gordon. He tried to hide it, but she saw the distaste in his eyes.

"Yes," she announced with a bright smile. "After August I'll be a shop girl like mother."

That was what made the difference to Gordon. He was his widowed mother's adored and only child. They were impoverished gentlefolk. By the exercise of every economy and subterfuge, Dora Key managed, however, to keep up a front. She edged favors off her rich relatives and acquaintances, including their old clothes and magazines. She never allowed her son to forget that the blood in their veins was blue, if somewhat attenuated.

"I'm afraid your mother thinks I'm committing social suicide," Janet said to Gordon with a laugh that was like a gauntlet flung down between them.

HE flushed. "The matter has certain bred-in-the-bone prejudices."

Priscilla laughed. "You sound as if you inherited them."

"I don't believe any woman can buck the world without coarsening herself," he admitted doggedly.

He's quoting his mother, thought Janet. "Poor Gordon," she murmured in a soft, mocking voice, "his ideal woman never tried to hold down a man's job or hung onto a street car strap to get to work. She's a clinging vine when she's young and an exact copy of Whistler's Mother after her children grow up."

"But mothers don't any more," protested Ted. "I mean modern mothers never sit by the chimney corner and knit with worn delicate hands and a lace cap on their silvery brows. If you ask me, the mothers of today are darned snappy numbers."

Priscilla smiled unpleasantly. "You have to look at your mother twice, Janet, to be sure she hasn't just stepped out of a style show."

"Yes," said Janet, "she's head saleswoman in the ready-to-wear at Tracy's and her job depends on her looking like a fashion-plate."

"That's what I'm trying to say," contended Gordon. "When women go into business, they have to make concessions to the business world. A woman who pounds a typewriter all day or sells goods over a counter from nine to six has to become commercialised in self-defence. Naturally she doesn't develop into the kind of woman who used to give her all to the home."

Ted laughed. "The self-sacrificing mother we read about vanished when bobbed hair came in."

"I don't think the world's a sweeter place because ladies have gone out of style," said Gordon stubbornly.

He's smug and stupid like his mother, thought Janet, and wondered why it had never occurred to her before that all Gordon's opinions were second-hand, like his Uncle James' shirts which Dora Key made over for her son.

"You can't imagine a mother in this day and age putting a candle in the window

to guide the footsteps of her wandering boy," said Ted.

Priscilla giggled. "Maybe her cigarette serves the same purpose."

Janet could no longer control her sense of outrage. "It burns me up when people wisecrack about the modern mother!" she cried hotly. "Perhaps she does bob her hair and wear a misses' size and have the kind of skin they advertise on the radio. I don't know why there's any special virtue in looking like a withered leaf if you can help it. Certainly, the modern woman's young at forty and at sixty. So what?"

"Darling, must you rant?" jeered Priscilla.

"Yes," cried Janet with something perilously close to a sob, "because I don't concede that the old-fashioned mother has a thing on mine. It's true she's bucked the world. She had to or genteelly starve to death with her children. It's also true that she's sold things over a counter from nine to six for fourteen years and she hasn't been able to give her all, as Gordon calls it, to her home. But mothers are the same today as they were fifty years ago or five hundred years ago or even five thousand years ago. Wrinkles and white hair and whether she works over a counter or a cook stove haven't a thing to do with it. From the beginning of time mothers have been doing the best they could for their families and they always will."

She paused breathlessly and turned a little white. Everybody was looking uncomfortable.

"I'm sorry," she stammered and then added defiantly, "I know it's the fad to be flippant if it kills you, only I—I just am not flippant about my mother."

It was then she became aware of the man standing in the doorway. She did not know how long he had been there or how much he had overheard. He had a lean, controlled face and eyes which were not easily read.

"You asked me to look you up if I came down this way," he said to Priscilla.

"Tony Ryan?"

"In person," he drawled.

Priscilla gave a little squeal of delight and ran across the room. She took both his hands in hers and drew him over the threshold. Even then Janet noticed what a striking couple they made. Priscilla was very blonde. Her hair was exactly the color of the first pale jonquil in early spring and she had long oval violet eyes.

"It's Tony Ryan, everybody!" exclaimed Priscilla as if she expected the news to overcome them.

"What are we supposed to do?" Janet asked Ted. "Fall down and roll over or kiss his hand?"

Ted did not answer. He and the others were crowding in a body about the great Tony Ryan, who at eighteen had been lightweight champion of America, and at twenty welterweight champion of the world, who at twenty-two had realised that the big money in the sporting world is in the promotion end, and who at twenty-seven was said to be ready to retire with something over a half-million dollars.

"You said if you ever came off down here, you'd look me up," cried Priscilla, deliriously, "but I simply didn't believe you'd come. I mean I couldn't imagine that anything so perfectly gorgeous might happen."

"Why shouldn't I drop into Bay City and look the old town over?" he demanded lazily. "I was born here."

His teeth were very white and his smile rather attractive, but he was not good-looking, or so Janet decided. She thought

his features were too harsh and there was something sarcastic about his slow drawl and the way his eyes indolently looked his audience up and down.

"After all," he went on softly, "my mother used to take in washing for all the best families in Bay City."

Janet heard Priscilla catch her breath as though she had stepped into an icy shower. Tony Ryan continued to gaze at them all with a slow, sardonic smile and in his blue eyes there flickered a little mocking flame.

"When I delivered clothes at back doors, I promised myself I wouldn't be poor white trash from the wrong side of the branch forever," he said. "Funny, isn't it? As a ragged little tyke in a shanty in Shanty Town, I made up my mind that some day I'd walk in at the front door of a house like this and be treated like visiting royalty."

The corners of his wide mouth curled, the mockery in his Irish eyes deepened. As if he were sneering at them, thought Janet.

"Darling," cried Priscilla, giving him a languishing glance, "it's too romantic; from rags to riches practically overnight!"

Tony Ryan grinned. "All in the good old American tradition."

"You'll have to come over to the Country Club in the morning," murmured Ted. "The summer season is being formally opened with swimming events and a golf tournament."

"I'll have father mail you a guest card," cried Norma.

"I'm having a dinner-party to-night," said Priscilla. "Just a few couples before the club dance. You must stay."

Janet had not known Priscilla was having a dinner-party. Just a few couples meant the crowd, the small exclusive clique of which Janet had been the natural leader. A year ago, she would not have been left out of Priscilla's party.

"I'll be delighted," said Tony Ryan.

Janet turned away abruptly. A great many things she had been taught to believe apparently were not true. She had not known, for instance, how decisive money is in the adult world. For lack of it, she was being penalised, but a Tony Ryan could stride roughshod into society because he had the admission price.

"Going so soon, Janet?" asked Priscilla carelessly.

"Yes," said Janet. "I'm using Jim's car and I must pick him up. He's over at the club subbing for Jack McCall, you know."

PRISCILLA nodded and turned enthusiastically to Tony. "I forgot to tell you Helen Sanders is visiting me. She and my brother are golfing this afternoon."

"The oil magnate's daughter?"

"You were introduced to us both at the same night club in New York, don't you remember?" Priscilla reproached him.

He grinned. "I'd hate to say how many debutantes I've been introduced to at night clubs."

Janet glanced at him with rancor. He was entirely too self-possessed, she thought. "Good-bye, everybody," she said.

"Good-bye, Janet."

Several waved and Norma said: "See you to-night, honey," although they were all too intrigued by the famous Tony Ryan to be more than vaguely aware of Janet's departure. She was surprised when she reached the battered flivver, which her brother Jim had bought of a used car dealer,

HEARTS WALKING

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

to find that Gordon had followed her outside.

"I'm awfully sorry," he stammered.
"I told you it's quite all right," said Janet. "I wouldn't have embarrassed you by coming over this afternoon if I had known you had a tea engagement with Priscilla. I didn't mean to come, only I met Norma and she said the whole crowd was here. She wouldn't let me off."

Gordon was perspiring. "It's not that," he said. "It's to-night."

"To-night?"
"Mother didn't know I was taking you to the dance. She couldn't have known or she wouldn't have accepted Priscilla's dinner invitation."

Janet sat very still for a moment. "You mean you have to take Priscilla to the dance?"

"I'll ask Jim to bring you, Janet."

"Please don't," she requested sharply.
He looked miserable. "You're such a splendid person, Janet. I never intended to break our date. Mother just didn't understand. I'll feel terrible if I cause you to miss the dance."

Curiously enough she was sorry for him. He did not want to hurt her. Circumstances were too strong for him. They always would be.

Janet drew a long breath. "All right," she said. "I'll be there, with Jim or without."

"You're such a peach!"

"Yes?" murmured Janet and drove away.

THAT same afternoon Jim Phillips looked up from the tournament schedule he was making out for the next day to discover Ruth Hetchcoote smiling at him from the doorway of the caddy room at the Country Club.

"I haven't a partner, Jim. It looks as though you'll have to go around with me," she said ruefully.

Jim laughed. "You sound as if that isn't my idea of a grand break."

Two foursores were already waiting to drive off when Jim and Ruth reached the starting tee. Foreseeing a lengthy period of delay, Ruth sat down on the wooden bench to one side while Jim occupied himself with retaping the handle of her driver which had worked loose. He was frowning a little from sheer concentration. No one ever called Jim Phillips handsome. He was a big, rawboned young chap with very dark red hair and level blue eyes and a quizzical grin.

He grinned now. "Yes, sir," he said. "I can't think of any way I'd rather spend a balmy June afternoon than golfing with a Hetchcoote."

Ruth smiled. "But then you've always been right partial to Dad and me."

She smiled again and Jim smiled back. He could not have told of which he was the fonder, the Judge or the Judge's gentle, dark-haired daughter.

It was the Judge who taught Jim and Ruth at the same time how to blast a golf ball out of a sand trap. It was the Judge who entered Jim Phillips in the juvenile tournament without his knowledge. Jim had only two clubs at the time, an ancient midiron and a rusty putter, but he won the tournament, much to the chagrin of Howard Leigh who insisted that a caddy had no right in a tournament intended for the sons of members. However, the Judge told the chairman of the greens committee to disqualify Jim if he dared, and that settled it.

Ruth looked up into Jim's intent face and sighed. "You'll never be arrested for going back on your friends, will you, Jim?"

"Not on you and the Judge."

"Father did well for himself when he toiled you into the legal profession."

Jim grinned. "You mean it was my lucky day when he decided to lend me the money for law school."

"You're already worth your weight in gold to him at the office."

"If he hadn't taken me into partnership, I'd probably be waiting yet for my first client."

"You'll have to admit that it isn't everybody who'd spend his vacation doing somebody else's work."

"I couldn't let Jock down, Ruth. He gave me my first job."

"You couldn't let anybody down," she said, and sighed again.

Jim knew she was thinking of Howard Leigh, of whom the same thing could never be said. Howard and Priscilla were the spoiled and pampered children of one of the town's leading citizens. They were not altogether to blame for being selfish and inconsiderate. Only how Ruth Hetchcoote could care for Howard was something Jim had never understood.

"Jock didn't mind an emergency operation for appendicitis half so much as having to be away from the club in the height of the season," Jim explained. "The minute I said I'd take over his duties here, his fever dropped. He called me a blithering idiot to give up the fishing trip I'd planned, but he squeezed my hand, the old curmudgeon."

"Jock's a lovable old bear."

"He hired me to caddy when I didn't know one end of a golf club from the other."

The foursome ahead of them moved on. Jim and Ruth had no caddy. He stooped and made a tee of soft wet sand for her ball, but before she could drive off a couple came towards them from the club-house. Jim did not need to look around. He knew who it was by the painful flush which washed into Ruth's sensitive face.

"Oh, hello, Ruth, how are you?" murmured Howard Leigh. "You haven't met Miss Sanders, have you? Helen, this is Miss Hetchcoote."

Jim stared steadily at a point far down the fairway. He always felt like committing mayhem around Howard Leigh, and never more so than when he was turning the thumbcrews on Ruth Hetchcoote. She had been in love with him for years. It was agreed that they would marry eventually, only Howard was forever flying off after other girls. Until each of his affairs ran its hectic course, Ruth suffered exquisite torture. For a week Howard had been devoting himself to his sister's visitor from New York, but Ruth Hetchcoote was a thoroughbred. Nothing of her unhappiness came through in her even voice.

"How do you do, Miss Sanders?" she murmured, and put out her hand.

"How do you do?" murmured the other girl.

Jim had not turned around. He was in no hurry to behold the object of Howard Leigh's latest tangent. Jim was wholeheartedly Ruth Hetchcoote's champion.

"And this is Red, our club pro," Howard went on in an offhand manner.

"I'm honored," said Jim drily.

He did not offer his hand. He simply stood there, feeling awkward and out of place.

"You forgot to mention, Howard, that Jim's name is Phillips," said Ruth quite sternly. "Miss Sanders, Mr. Phillips."

Jim laughed. "It doesn't matter. Howard will always think of me as Red the caddy."

Howard had made Jim's life miserable while he was a caddy at the club, but once Howard went too far. He called Jim an unforgivable name and was promptly

knocked end over end. Howard's father took the matter up with the board of governors. He insisted that the caddy be discharged. Most of the club members thought Howard received exactly what he deserved, and Jim kept his job, but between him and Howard Leigh there remained a lively antagonism.

"We were just starting around," said Ruth hesitatingly. "Would you care to join us?"

Jim knew it cost her a pang to make the suggestion, although it was the courtesy of the green. On lovely June afternoons the links were crowded and twosomes were discouraged. Nevertheless he felt sure that Howard meant to make some excuse, but Miss Helen Sanders forestalled him.

"Why not?" she asked. "I've never played golf, but Howard's going to take fifteen minutes off and show me how."

"Really?" murmured Ruth.

Howard frowned, and again started to speak, only to be forestalled for the second time by his companion. "I've never had a driver in my hand, though if Howard's as good as he says he is, we should be able to interest you two," she remarked.

Jim grinned and Howard uttered a choked sound. Miss Sanders glanced at him and knitted her brow. She was evidently used to having her own way. She did not propose to have anything else.

"Come on," she said in an imperious voice. "You aren't weakening are you, Howard? After all you've had to say about how there's nobody locally who can give you any competition."

Howard's handsome face was crimson. It occurred to Jim that in the arrogant young heiress from New York, Howard had met his match. When it came to a superiority complex, hers was of a calibre to lay his in the dust.

"All right," said Jim. "Let's go."

Ruth drove first and it was a pleasure to see her ball wing straight down the fairway.

"Am I next?" inquired Miss Sanders.

"Maybe you'd rather watch the rest of us drive," suggested Ruth, "so as to take notes."

Howard flashed her a grateful glance and hastily addressed his ball. His drive was as true as Ruth's, and fifty yards farther. Jim in his turn did equally well.

"It looks idiotically simple," murmured Miss Helen Sanders.

"You're supposed to hold your club like this," said Jim when she grasped the driver which Howard handed her as if it were a baseball bat.

JIM attempted to demonstrate the interlocking grip, but Miss Sanders made it plain that she neither desired nor required instruction.

"I'll manage," she said coolly, drew back, looked once at the small white pellet at her feet, then closed her eyes, and lammed at it with all her might.

There was a prolonged silence while she gazed expectantly down the fairway. "Where did it go?" she inquired with marked bewilderment.

Howard was speechless. The two caddies he had employed looked at each other and sniggered, and Jim made a suspicious sound, very like a strangled guffaw.

Miss Sanders regarded them severely. "Did I knock it clear off the earth or what?" she demanded.

"It—er—you never touched it," explained Jim a little hoarsely.

She cast an astonished glance downward. There lay the ball, innocently reposing at her feet. She had not moved it off the tee. Clearly she was unaccustomed to being placed in a ludicrous position. Lightning flashed from her clear brown eyes and her chin became more resolute than ever.

"Nearly everyone waves a time or two at first," explained Ruth generously.

Miss Sanders' pouting red mouth assumed a vindictive line. "I'm not just anyone," she snapped.

Again she took a stance. She narrowed her eyes, bit her lip, gave her club head a peculiarly vicious glare, and flailed the air. This time she dug up a divot of turf from behind the tee and lost a hairpin, but the ball remained undisturbed.

"Do misses count?" she demanded of Howard.

He flushed darkly. "They are supposed to show on the score card."

"Isn't that nice?" she muttered.

She had begun to perspire, and the knot of bronze hair on her neck was on the verge of uncoiling. She glanced at one of her narrow white golf shoes, which was coming unloosed.

"It looks as though there's more to this than buying the latest thing in sport clothes," she announced morosely.

Jim chuckled. "It isn't as simple as tiddy-winks," he observed.

She contemplated him as if he were some new species of earthworm. "You seem to find it amusing," she said.

Jim grinned. "A dub is always funny." She gasped. He was certain she had never before been the recipient of such an unflattering remark. She gave him a look which should have felled him in his tracks.

Ruth flung herself into the breach. "Perhaps you'd rather wait and try it some other time," she said, "when there's less of an audience."

Howard leaped at escape. "Suppose you do that, Helen."

"Don't be silly," said Miss Helen Sanders peevishly.

"I'll hit the darned pill or burst," she announced.

In Jim's opinion she had a rotten temper; nevertheless he found it impossible to watch her without a tingle in his pulses. Every move she made was graceful.

"There!" she cried. "I've done it."

She had indeed connected with the ball at last, although she topped it and it weakly trickled less than thirty feet from the tee. "Success!" murmured Jim with an ironical grin.

Again her glance should have been sufficient to reduce him to atoms. "Lead on," she said curiously. "I'm in this up to the neck."

In spite of her potent conviction that it was less majestic for fate to permit her to play less than the leading role, Miss Helen Sanders made every blunder possible to the beginner. When distance was necessary, she chopped her ball about twenty feet, if she moved it at all. Where only a gentle stroke was needed, she whaled into the branches of a tree in the next fairway. She lost ten balls in the rough, burst three rubber tees, and took from fifteen to thirty strokes on every hole. By the time they completed the first nine, Howard was in a black rage. He, too, had reached the point where a decent putt was beyond him and his last three drives looked into the ravine.

"Don't you think this has gone far enough?" he demanded furiously.

Miss Sanders had some time since discarded her sweater. It was now stuffed into

her golf bag along with her beret. Her exquisite face was streaked with dust and perspiration, she had snagged a hole in her skirt. Any other girl would have looked a fright. She had even skinned her hair back, but Miss Helen Sanders could be beautiful under any circumstances and her chin was precisely as obstinate as ever.

"I'll finish if they have to carry me in on a stretcher," she said.

It began to look to Jim as if they might have to do just that, provided the sun did not set in the meanwhile. Other foursomes had gone through them and then passed them a second time, and still they plodded on in pugnacious silence. At first Ruth had tried to be encouraging. She said that beginners always made mistakes. Her efforts were not welcomed by Miss Sanders.

"Don't go into any song and dance for my benefit," she said tartly. "I'm terrible and that's that."

She took even less gently to any remarks from Howard. "If you knew what I'm thinking about you, you'd keep still," she informed him.

In grim silence they finally arrived at the eighteenth hole.

"Just give her a tap, and you're in," advised Jim.

"Says you," she muttered.

She was only two feet out. Jim did not see how she could miss, nevertheless she did. They both watched the ball sail gayly by to lodge at about the same distance on the other side of the cup.

Jim grinned. "It's all in how you hold your mouth," he volunteered.

"At least you've got a kick out of seeing me make a fool of myself."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You can take it at any rate."

"Doesn't a golf pro give lessons?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"You've got a pupil?"

Jim caught his breath. "You want me to teach you to play golf?"

She elevated her lovely chin. "That's what they hire you for, isn't it?"

He reddened. "A club professional has a variety of duties. If he gives private lessons, it has to come out of his own time."

"All right," she said. "When can you find time for me?"

"There isn't much doing around the club between seven and eight in the morning," he confessed reluctantly.

She nodded. "I'll be over to-morrow."

"Haven't you better wait till you get back to New York?"

"You must think I'm hopeless."

"Maybe I do."

"You should care," she said. "I'll pay you for your trouble."

Jim shrugged his shoulders again. "It's uncanny how people with acads of money think there's nothing they can't buy."

She tossed her head. "If there is, I haven't found it."

JANET had said she had to pick up her brother at the club, which happened to be true, but not the whole truth. When she borrowed Jim's roadster for the afternoon, she promised to collect him later. However, it was useless to call for Jim before dark.

"But I couldn't stay on at Priscilla's, as if I were trying to sneak in on the dinner-party," she muttered.

It had been a mistake to go at all, but lately time hung heavily on her hands.

"I'll go up and trade my tale of woe for

Berenice's," Janet decided with a rueful grin.

Actually she did not think it funny that Berenice was discontented; none of the family did. It was something else Janet could have shed tears over if it would have helped. Berenice was twenty-two. She had fallen desperately in love with Bill Carter when she was nineteen and married him two months later. Bill had just secured his first job, selling radio advertising. His salary was small. They had had to live at first in two housekeeping rooms and Berenice was compelled to go by a strict budget, but they had been tremendously in love. Janet's heart ached when she remembered how radiantly happy Berenice and Bill had been that first year before Bill had a rise in salary and they moved to the new efficiency apartment on Wilshire Boulevard.

"Who is it?" asked Berenice sharply when Janet knocked.

"Do I have to give a countersign?" inquired Janet.

"Oh, it's you," murmured Berenice not too graciously.

"You'd think you were afraid of the police," remarked Janet.

She knew quite well of what Berenice was afraid. There was a bridge table set up in the middle of the living-room. Appended to each corner were chromium trays in which stood bedewed and partially emptied highball glasses. The three women looting back in their chairs held lighted cigarettes. Janet had met them all at various times. They also lived in the apartment building and, like her sister, had more leisure than anything else.

"Berenice never draws an easy breath when we're up here for fear friend husband will walk in," May Shelton explained to Janet. "You'd think it was the Dark Ages the way she lets him cramp her style."

Janet wondered how Berenice could endure the Shelton woman. She was older than Berenice.

"There's just enough ginger ale for another highball, Janet, if you want one," she suggested.

"Janet doesn't indulge," put in Berenice quickly.

May Shelton tittered. "Don't tell me you have scruples like Berenice's Bill."

"It's partly that," admitted Janet with a shrug, "and partly that I have more expensive habits now than I can afford."

Berenice scowled and glanced at the score pad on the table. "Speaking of expensive habits," she said, "total up and give us the bad news."

"But we haven't finished the last rubber," protested Sue Berry.

Berenice glanced at the small electric clock on the slender console table in the hall. "Bill will be home in half an hour. Sorry, here's your hats."

May Shelton laughed.

"Sue's high," announced Lou Fletcher.

"You owe her sixty-five cents, Berenice. I'm a quarter loser. Here it is."

Berenice fished a handful of coins from her purse. "The Berry family will have steak for supper, announced Sue, gleefully pocketing her winnings."

"And here's where I set Bill down to another can of pork and beans," said Berenice.

Everybody laughed. "Keep a stiff upper lip," advised May Shelton. "Husbands get out of hand unless you treat 'em rough."

"Don't forget I'm throwing a party at my place to-night," Lou reminded Berenice.

"If I can get Bill to come," said Berenice, spreading her hands helplessly. "You know how he is about parties."

"Yeah, we know," murmured May Shelton, patting Berenice's shoulder affectionately. "But you're only young once, and if you don't watch your step, you'll be a dried-up old woman before you know it."

The moment the door closed behind her friends, Berenice began emptying ash trays and disposing of highball glasses. "Would you mind carrying these ginger ale bottles out to the trash barrel in the hall, Janet?" she asked. "I don't dare leave them lying around the apartment. Bill's a regular Sherlock Holmes at spotting evidence."

Janet felt a little sick. "Don't you think it's awfully cheap to do things behind Bill's back?" she asked when she returned.

"If Bill weren't so unreasonable, I wouldn't have to," muttered Berenice, hastily putting the percolator on. "Everybody drinks and smokes nowadays. You can't expect your friends to come to your house and stagnate, just because your husband has old foggy notions. That is, you can't if you want to be popular."

"Surely he has a right to his opinions."

"No one has the right to take all the joy out of another person's life," declared Berenice.

She dumped a can of beans into a saucepan to heat and began hurriedly to arrange lettuce leaves on salad plates.

JANET sighed. "I expect it's because Bill loves you so, that he can't bear to share you with other people." "Love!" repeated Berenice, disdainfully. "I don't call it love, never wanting me to have a good time like other women, always insulting my friends."

"Surely it's not that bad."

"It's worse," said Berenice with a scowl. "You don't know how hateful he acts when we're out with the bunch. I'm afraid to take a drink or dance with the same man twice. I'm almost afraid to laugh out loud."

"After all, you married each other so you could be together."

"I know," said Berenice, slamming a lunch cloth on the dinner table, "but it's important to know people if he's going to sell advertising and anyway I get tired of sitting here night after night, staring at four walls, with just Bill."

"You didn't used to want anybody else." Berenice paused to tuck in a stray curl of red-brown hair. She was a small, curved person with a dimple in her left cheek and skin like a gardenia. Her eyes were red-brown too and she had extravagant black lashes and lovely little feet and hands. To Janet, who was taller and whose black hair did not curl, Berenice had always seemed absurdly childish, in spite of the three years' difference in their ages.

"Bill is sweet when we are alone together," admitted Berenice and sighed. "No one could be sweeter, but he's so dreadfully narrow."

"Do you really like cocktails and cigarettes, Berenice, or do you take them because the other women do?"

"I hate cigarettes," said Berenice, making a wry face. "They hurt my throat and I always strangle on the smoke, darn it, but you feel such a freak when you're out with a crowd and everybody else lights up. I don't want to be taken for a prude."

"No?" murmured Janet dryly. "I saw you the other day having lunch at the Silver Moon. After the second highball you were the life of the party. Your girl friends were about to kill themselves laughing."

Berenice looked uncomfortable. "I can't carry liquor," she confessed, then added defiantly, "but you have to be a good fellow to be asked places, and the bunch says

I'm more fun than the monkeys in the zoo when I've had two cocktails."

Janet looked grim. "If you quote your friends to Bill the way you do to me, I don't wonder he can't stand them."

"He has no right to call them animated can-openers!" cried Berenice indignantly. Janet's voice was unsteady. "You aren't a very striking advertisement for love in a cottage. I mean, you were so in love with Bill, I used to envy you. Now, all the icing seems to have come off the wedding cake, or has it?"

She did not know exactly why, but she needed desperately to be reassured about many things which until recently it had never occurred to her to doubt. But there was nothing reassuring in the bitterness which hardened Berenice's piquant face so that all at once she looked years older.

"Love's a lot of phooey, Janet," she said in a curt, disillusioned voice. "It's the honey with which nature baits the trap. For heaven's sake, take me for an example, or Mother, so far as that goes, and don't be the kind of sap we've been."

"I don't believe Mother regrets having married a poor man!" cried Janet breathlessly, because even to think such a thing was as if a fist had landed on her heart.

"Don't you?" murmured Berenice with a sarcastic smile. "I suppose, she's just loved having to work and make the living and hardly ever being invited anywhere any more."

"Her friends don't mean to slight her. It's only that when a woman's employed she hasn't the time to go to other women's bridge luncheons and afternoon teas and clubs."

"She was the prettiest girl in town. She could have married anybody," said Berenice bitterly.

"Dad would have made money if he had lived."

"A lot of good that's done Mother."

"It was a rotten break he had to die just when he was acquiring a paying practice."

"It was Mother who did without things to help him get a start."

"But she's always talking about how they saved up all month to buy a new victrola record to dance by and how they made a joke of being poor. She never sounds as though she minded turning her old clothes and you know how she laughs about the time Dad took a rooster for what a patient owed him and she used the tail feathers and a piece of velvet from Grandmother's reticule to make herself a new hat."

"Listen, Janet," said Berenice, looking intense. "You don't have to tell me that Mother's swell at making the best of a bad bargain, but don't kid yourself. I don't care how much you love a man, after you've been married to him a year or so, you wonder where you ever got the idea that love makes up for everything."

"I don't want to think it's like that!" protested Janet.

"That's why I'm telling you," said Berenice. "It's not too late for you."

Janet had a feeling that she was about to cry. "Why do they teach us that life's lovely if it isn't?"

"It starts with Santa Claus," remarked Berenice cynically, "and after a while you learn that all your illusions are myths. But you don't need to walk into anything except a platinum trap. You're like Mother. Any one as good-looking as you two can pick and choose. There's Bill," she muttered and turned out the flame under the saucepan.

"Now for a practical demonstration of what happens to love after the honeymoon's over and the young couple come up for air," she told Janet in a hard voice.

"Hullo," said Bill gruffly, tossing his hat over on the overstuffed couch and scowling when it landed on a pile of gayly-colored magazines and slid to the floor.

"Hello," said Berenice, putting a plate of sliced bread down on the table with an ungentle thump.

"Janet, I didn't see you!" exclaimed Bill, his face lighting. "How's my nice little sister?"

"All right, I guess," murmured Janet dubiously.

All the members of Berenice's family were fond of Bill Carter. He was a big, self-conscious young chap with thick black hair, a lock of which was continually falling down over his eyes. When he smiled, he had an engaging boyish look which offset his protruding jaw and the stubborn line of his mouth.

"Going to feed with us?" he asked.

Janet shook her head. "I have to go out to the club for Jim."

Bill was staring at the table on which Berenice had just deposited with another thump a slender platter of warmed-over beans. "You're lucky," he said to Janet. "We're supping out of a tin can as usual."

Berenice sniffed. "I'll say she's lucky. Nothing on her mind except what dress she'll wear to the dance to-night. Single girls have all the luck."

Bill scowled. "As you've mentioned before."

Janet glanced from Bill's lowering black eyes to Berenice's flushed cheeks and swallowed painfully. "I guess I'll run on," she stammered.

"You can't be blamed for getting out before we start throwing things," said Bill, the corners of his mouth turning down like clamps.

"Yes," said Berenice, pushing a chair violently up to the table.

Janet left them glaring at each other across the narrow expanse of table, as if it were a No Man's land, lined with the barbed wire of their hostility.

ANNE PHILLIPS walked home from work that afternoon. She usually walked to and from the store. "Any one who copes with the dear public for nine hours a day needs air, and all of it fresh," she explained.

The building in which she lived was a three-storied brick structure with two flats to a floor. It had been built in the days before real estate men considered it imperative to utilise every available foot of ground for income purposes and stood well back from the street with a neat lawn in front and a deep back yard. Each flat had a large front and back porch but there were no elevators or incinerators in the building.

"I know it dates me," Anne admitted to her friends, "but I'd rather climb stairs and run out to the alley with trash, than give up my old-fashioned big kitchen and my porch boxes."

Anne's flower boxes were one of the family jokes.

"After I've struggled with customers all day," said Anne, "nothing restores my faith in the essentials like digging in the soil. You haven't any idea how much suppressed rancor I can work off by yanking weeds out of a clump of petunias."

Old Mr. Jacoby was sitting on the front stoop, reading the afternoon paper when Anne came up the walk. He had lived in the building even longer than the Phillips family. Most of the tenants were what Jim called "old-timers." However, Anne had a special affection for Mr. Jacoby. He was seventy, a withered little old gentleman with

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a courtly manner. He "bached," as he expressed it, in two neat housekeeping rooms in the basement and looked after the furnace in the winter and the lawn in the summer.

"Good evening, Miss Anne," he called out. "Warmer to-day, ain't it? Ought to be fine for them Bhasta dainties of yours."

Anne smiled. "And for your rheumatism." Mr. Jacoby gingerly flexed his left leg. "Nope," he said, "it's not so good. We can look for rain within twenty-four hours."

Anne chuckled. "I'll carry my umbrella to-morrow."

She was smiling when she climbed the stairs to the second floor and unlocked her door. "Anybody home?" she called out, her usual greeting.

"Just me," came Janet's clear young voice from the farthest regions of the flat.

Anne passed through the living-room, with its wide french doors opening onto the porch, into the hall behind it. It was a narrow hall with doors on the right into the two bedrooms and the bath. At the extreme end of the hall another door led into the dining-room, back of which lay the kitchen. It was not the most convenient arrangement if there were guests for dinner to have the dining-room separated by almost the entire length of the building from the living-room.

"BUT it's my contention," Anne Phillips said, "that a home exists for the convenience of the people who live in it three hundred and sixty-five days a year, not for the casual visitor."

"Hello, dearest," she murmured, reaching for the apron she kept hanging on the pantry door to slip over the smart black crepe dress which she wore to the store.

"Hello, Mamma," said Janet. "Come on out and cool off. Supper's ready except for the tea, and there's no use cracking the ice till Jim comes. I was going out after him but he telephoned that he'd drive in with Roth."

Janet was lying back in one of the canvas deck-chairs which the family moved about from porch to porch as desired, stretched out full length, her arm flung up above her head so that her face was in the shadow. There was dejection in the listless manner in which her long, straight limbs were disposed. Anne Phillips felt the dawn of uneasiness. It was unlike Janet to droop.

"Tired?" asked Anne, trying not to sound like the over-anxious mother who nags her children to exasperation by an excess of solicitude.

"A little," admitted Janet.

Her mother waited, with that uneasy spot inside her steadily growing, but whatever troubled her child, she was not ready to discuss it. Anne sighed. Eventually your babies grow up to be adults with an inalienable right to their own reserve. If you hope to retain their confidence, you have to grant them their self-respect.

"Have a hard day?" asked Janet.

"No more than usual," said Anne, and laughed. "Mrs. Henry Leigh was in, looking for a dinner-dress. I turned the stock over for her, but nothing suited."

"It wouldn't," muttered Janet. "I suppose she wanted something to make her look like a sylph, when she weighs one ounce less than a horse."

Anne laughed. "She did manage to leave the impression that a clever saleswoman should be able to find a dress smaller than a forty-six which she could get into."

"It makes me sick, your having to grin and bear people like that!" cried Janet. "It

would be different if you weren't a hundred times more refined than Priscilla Leigh or her mother will ever be!"

Anne flung her daughter a startled glance. "I don't mind being patronised by Jennie Leigh, Janet. I knew her when, you know. When she lived with her folks back of their meat market and thought it polite to pass the toothpicks to company. Not that she doesn't deserve worlds of credit for the way she toned down her rough edges after she married Henry. Only she knows I know about them and that's why she can't keep from trying to impress me with the fact that I may have been born to the purple, but it's she who's wearing it now, tra la."

Janet winced. "And I used to think that breeding and the quality of your grain are what counts," she remarked bitterly.

"They are," said her mother.

"Oh, no, they're not," protested Janet. "No one cares how vulgar you are inside, if you can afford to go to expensive schools and run with a fashionable crowd. Priscilla Leigh would double-cross her best friend, but she'll be the most popular deb this season because her dad gives her oceans of spending money."

"I think," said Anne slowly, "that Henry is generous with his children about money, because it's all he has to give them."

"You could have married him, couldn't you?"

Anne smiled. "He left that impression." "But you preferred a struggling young physician."

Anne's freshly colored face sobered.

"Yes," she said, "I distinctly preferred your father. You see, although Henry was well on his way to his first hundred thousand at that time, he was anything except a romantic author." She laughed softly. "He lost his figure even then, and he used to call on me and never say anything, just goggle at me till I wanted to scream. All my friends teased me about him. I can't tell you what a relief it was when your father and I announced our engagement and Henry abandoned the pursuit."

"And then Mrs. Leigh caught him on the rebound?"

"More or less."

"She was his stenographer, wasn't she?"

"She was very pretty in those days," said Anne evasively. "Quite as gorgeously blonde as Priscilla."

"And as tricky?"

"I never heard her accused of anything worse than an ambition to get on in the world."

"And how she has got on!"

"It depends on what you want out of life," said Anne. "She was never the least in love with Henry. She was supposed to be quite wild about a young man who worked in her father's butcher shop. I think he's still working in somebody's butcher shop, although I doubt if Jennie Leigh has thought of him in years."

"There you are," muttered Janet, recalling Berenice. "Love doesn't last. In a year or so it's no matter whether you married for love or not, because if you did by then all the thrill has gone out like a light."

"The thrill needn't go out," said her mother with a catch in her voice.

Janet drew a long breath, as if she had been granted a reprieve. "It didn't for you, did it?" she asked unsteadily.

"Never."

Anne laid her hand over her daughter's and Janet clung to it. "Thanks for being you," she whispered.

"How about a little food for the man of the house?" shouted Jim, flinging open the front door.

Anne was astonished to find that it was

dark. "Heavens," she cried, starting to her feet, "we should all be starved!"

However, no one betrayed an appetite although there was a delicious aspic salad and a plate of cold roast beef and baked potatoes which Janet had scooped out and mashed and then set back in their shells at the last minute to brown with paprika and cheese. Jim usually ate as if his long gaunt body was hollow, but not on this occasion.

"I met Howard's newest girl friend this afternoon," he announced abruptly.

"Helen Sanders?" inquired Janet.

Her brother nodded. Anne looked at him quickly. Jim was red clear down inside the collar of his soft blue shirt.

"Priscilla says that Helen is the prettiest girl and the worst snob that ever lived," remarked Janet.

"I don't doubt that the Sanders girl is dynamite," said Jim in an odd voice, "but she's easy on the eyes."

Janet regarded him with astonishment. "You don't mean you like her!"

"Be your age," growled Jim. "What's one more girl in my life?"

His protest must have lacked conviction to his own ears, for he glanced hastily away from the troubled look his mother gave him and flushed again.

"Miss Sanders came into the store yesterday with Priscilla," said Anne with a rueful smile. "She informed me in her best New Yorkese that she found small towns frightfully ingenuous. The shop people, quoth she, are so impossibly familiar."

"She's a spoiled brat who needs a good going over with a bundle of sticks," muttered Jim, but he still did not meet Anne's eye.

"Hi, Jim!" exclaimed a small piping voice from the direction of the rear porch. "Come and get me!"

"You bet!" cried Jim.

The interruption ended a disagreeable tension. Anne detected relief in Jim's face as if he were glad of an excuse to leap up from the table and from the disturbing topic of Miss Helen Sanders.

"Hello, everybody!" shouted little Danny Wood when Jim came back into the dining-room, riding the small, red-cheeked boy on his shoulder.

"How's my little man?" cried Anne.

"SWELL!" chirped Danny, leaning far down out of Jim's arms to bestow a series of wet and enthusiastic kisses on Janet and her mother.

"Isn't he adorable?" exclaimed Janet.

"Yes!" said Danny, who was only three, and the soul of frankness. "But now I'm tired of being kissed and I want to play horse with Jim."

Jim laughed. "That's right, Sonny. don't let the women turn your head."

He got down on all fours and when with some assistance Danny mounted, his steed proceeded to buck and cavort around the dining-table, to Danny's vast delight. He was hiccoughing with laughter and Jim had about run out of breath when Danny's mother came to the rescue.

"I don't need to ask if my son is here as usual, making a nuisance of himself. You can hear him down on the next block," said Cathy Wood in her low slurred voice, coming in by way of the rear porch.

"Oh, but, Cathy," expostulated Janet, "we love to have him."

Jim picked Danny up and swung him high into the air. "Tell your old lady, Sonny,

that the only thing we'd like better is twins just like you."

Danny crowed like a small rooster flapping his wings.

Janet was gazing curiously at Cathy. It was strange to think of Cathy as a mother. She was only twenty. Sometimes Cathy looked like a mere child. She looked that way now, laughing at Jim who was doing gymnastics, employing Danny in the manner of a wriggling Indian club. When she was flushed or happy, Cathy was almost lovely, although she was too thin and her triangular face showed the scars from a far from pleasant past, to say nothing of a precarious future.

Cathy had been left an orphan when she was fifteen, tossed upon the economic seas to sink or swim by her own power. She had not sunk, although, as she whimsically confessed, it was still uncertain as to the final score. She had, she said, slept on park benches and washed dishes in cheap restaurants before she secured a place in the chorus of a third-rate road show. The company made brief stands on what the profession labels the tank circuit. It meant long hours in dingy day-niches, broken sleep in dingier hotels, poor food at irregular hours, and shabby theatres which were draughty in winter and unbearably hot in summer.

"YOU know the theatrical couple in the play 'Lightning,'" said Cathy. "The ones who get married because the company was stranded in Porto and it rained. Something like that happened to Danny's father and me. He was a chorus man and neither of us had any folks and it snowed all the week and everybody was blue. It was anything for a change."

They were married, and the company gave them a wedding supper on the stage after the show. Dan was a good kid, or so Cathy said, but he was not strong and he was never much of a dancer. When business grew worse, he would undoubtedly have been let out except that by that time Cathy was expecting a baby and the manager felt sorry for them both.

"I worked up to the last two weeks because we needed the money for the hospital bill," Cathy explained. "Of course the company had to go on to the next stand. Danny cried when he left me. He put his head down in my lap and cried like a baby. Maybe he had a hunch. But he went because his job looked like the most important thing on earth to us right then. He wrote me every day to hurry and get well. He said he was dying to see his son. I didn't know he was actually dying until I got the telegram."

"You see, he caught a heavy cold. He should have been in the hospital himself. But he went on dancing every night in order to send me the money. He went on even after he was delirious. He was trying to do a cartwheel when he fainted. They carried him off. It was pneumonia, and he hadn't a chance."

Looking at Cathy with her straight, boy-fishly cropped blonde hair and her slender immature figure and her thin drool face, it was difficult for Janet to realize that Cathy was intimately acquainted with childbirth and death. She never asked with pity.

For six months Cathy had been dancing in the floor show at the local night club. The salary was not large, but she did not have to go to work until eight in the evening and she was through shortly after twelve. She had a room in the flat across the hall with an old German couple. Grandma

Bauer was glad to keep an eye on Danny when his mother was away. Cathy paid extra for this service and for kitchen privileges.

"Not but that I'd look after the boy for the sheer joy of having a youngster around again," quavered old Mrs. Bauer, who had lost her only son in the war.

"Want me to carry you over and put you in your crib, Sonny?" suggested Jim gently. Danny snuggled his cheek again Jim.

"Yes, please."

"I'll drive you down to the club, Cathy," Jim went on.

Anne saw the light in Cathy's violet eyes before she remembered to veil them with her short black lashes. "I don't want to put you to any trouble, Jim," she said softly.

"No trouble," said Jim. "It's right on the way to the office."

"I forgot, Jim," interrupted Janet as he turned towards the door. "You're supposed to take me to the dance to-night."

Jim stopped short. "The heck I am! What's happened to that boy friend of yours? We used to couldn't step for him around this place."

Janet's voice was as brittle as an icicle.

"That was last summer."

Anne caught her breath. Janet glanced at her defiantly and then at Jim. "Gordon broke a date with me for Priscilla. If you want to know, but you needn't take me to the dance. I'll live without it. Who am I to aspire to social eminence with Priscilla Leigh and Miss Helen Sanders? From their viewpoint we're practically the hot polloi."

Jim flushed. "So she gave me to understand this afternoon."

"Meaning the glided peacock from New York?" jeered Janet.

"And how!" said Jim.

"She's awfully pretty," murmured Cathy.

"I saw her at the club last night with Howard Leigh."

"She makes you mad enough to die," muttered Jim. "but you can't keep your eyes off her."

Cathy's face drained of all expression. "I guess she rates the spotlight wherever she goes," she said.

"Yes," said Jim.

He departed, carrying Danny, whose small head was drooping with fatigue. However, before Jim left to drive Cathy over to the night club, he came out upon the Bauer back porch which was separated from his own merely by the landing of the rear staircase, and called out to Janet.

"I'll be back in time to doll up for the dance, Jan, old thing, old dear. Get my white flannels out, there's a good girl, and see if you can locate me a decent shirt."

"If Helen Sanders makes a fool of Jim," cried Janet when he had gone, "I'll murder her!"

Anne smiled shakily. "Jim will never lose his head."

"Are you certain or are you whistling in the dark?" asked Janet.

Anne was glad to be spared an answer to the question. "There's the telephone!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure it's Berenice. I met Bill on the street to-day and asked them to come over to-night, because I'll be all alone and it's ages since I've seen them."

Janet shook her head. She knew why in the past year Berenice and her husband had taken to keeping out of her mother's way. Anne could not bear to hear them quarrel and they could not seem to be together five minutes any more without quarrelling.

"Of course, darling," Anne was saying, "if you're invited to a party, you must go. You can come over here any time."

"It isn't fair, thought Janet, her eyes

stinging. Berenice could come over whenever she wanted to, only she seldom did any more.

"I wish now," said Berenice crossly, "that I had refused to go in the beginning. It won't be any fun because Bill is sore about it and that means he'll sulk all evening and make everybody uncomfortable."

Anne's hand jerked on the receiver. "I suppose after a hard day at the office, Bill's like me, fit for nothing except an easy chair."

"No," said Berenice, "it isn't that. Bill never wants to go anywhere. If it weren't for my friends, we'd live like hermits. And it's so stupid, because a man who expects to get ahead in business has to make contacts, only Bill can't see it."

She was speaking loudly, evidently for Bill's benefit. Anne felt suddenly very tired, as if everything was too much of a strain.

"If the party isn't going to be any fun, why not drop the idea and come over here after all?" she suggested. "We'll sit on the front porch and talk about the neighbors and I'll make the kind of fruit punch Bill loves. Tell him I'll even lend him Jim's bedroom slippers."

"Gosh, Mother," protested Berenice, "it's because of the way your generation coddled your sons and husbands that mine has such a hard time standing its ground. I mean, women have got over bowing down to the male. We insist on equality and the privilege of calling our souls our own."

"Yes?" said Anne. "I heard your friend, Mrs. Shelton, say something to that effect the other day in the store. It reminded me of what your grandmother once told a militant suffragette. 'I can't understand a well-brought-up Southern woman demanding equal rights for women. We have been placed on a pedestal for so long, anything in the line you suggest would be a step down.'"

"That's the kind of twaddle Bill learned at his mother's knee, but it doesn't hold good any more," said Berenice and added indignantly: "Who wants to be on an old pedestal? It's just another way of keeping a wife locked up in a harem."

"It's been rather convenient for the female during several thousand years to have a strong protective instinct in the male," Anne pointed out dryly.

"I DON'T see why you always have to take Bill's part," protested Berenice. "It isn't as though you were an old hick like his mother."

"I wonder," murmured Anne, but Berenice had hung up with a curt, "Good-by."

Janet felt a little shock at the look on her mother's face. "Why do the best people get the worst breaks?" she asked herself furiously.

After Janet and Jim had departed for the dance, Anne Phillips hunted up the battered tin bucket which she kept for that purpose and watered her flower boxes, then she sat down in the darkness on the front porch and leaned her head back wearily against the worn upholstery of the swing. She was, she supposed, like every other mother in the world in that she passionately longed to protect her children from pain. She would gladly have suffered their every heartache, yet although she had wrenched her body apart to give them life, she could not lend them lives for them.

She was afraid that Berenice might shatter the fragile vase of her happiness like a spoiled child in a tantrum. But Berenice was married. She no longer took

her mother's advice. Nor could Janet's mother prevent the wounds which were being dealt to Janet's sensitive young idealism. On one score Anne Phillips stood adamant. She would not entertain a doubt about her son. Nevertheless she could not forget how vulnerable Jim had looked at the mere mention of Miss Helen Sanders' name.

JIM PHILLIPS, that same evening, stood outside one of the wide french doors opening off the Country Club lounge onto a screened verandah. From his point of vantage he could observe without being observed. He lit a cigarette and over its glowing tip morosely regarded the colorful scene before him.

"Thank the Lord Janet has enough partners without me."

He had danced the first dance with his sister and, because she asked him to, he danced one with Norma Poole and another with Myra West, who partly escaped being a wallflower because she, too, was a poor dancer, although "a good egg" or so her friends said. His duty done, Jim retired to the verandah and he meant to stay there until it was time to escort Janet home.

He was not blind, however, and although he tried to fasten his gaze elsewhere he was unable to distract it from the scintillating person of Miss Helen Sanders.

She was the prettiest thing he had ever looked at. In pale yellow damask which left her ivory shoulders bare and curved alluringly around her lithe hips. The skirt was extremely long, barely clearing her tanned insteps, and she was wearing yellow sandals that were composed of tall, narrow heels and a slender strap or two. The dress had no back and her skin was like golden satin.

He had never paid any attention to women's clothes. They were all right or not as the case might be without his being able to say why. Only now he could have drawn a blue print of Miss Helen Sanders' gown. He likewise knew exactly how her hair was dressed, very high in front, exposing small, shell-like ears, with rows and rows of absurd little curls in the back. The curls, too, had golden lights in startling contrast to the darkness of her eyes which she deliberately widened when she gazed up at a man.

Howard Leigh was dancing only with Miss Sanders. If somebody took her away, Howard merely walked across the floor to the other side of the room and cut in as she passed by.

"Howard, do run and get me a drink," murmured Miss Helen Sanders who had again strolled out onto the verandah between dances. "A champagne cocktail, if you can find such a thing in these parts," she went on languidly. "If not, anything except that perfectly atrocious concoction your floor committee calls punch."

Howard laughed. "I'm practically there and halfway back with a champagne cocktail. Beautiful."

He erred slightly, because he had not expected to be button-holed outside the bar by Jim Phillips. "Heaven knows why," said Jim grimly, "but you can wreck Ruth Hetchcote's evening without half trying."

"And what's that to you?" inquired Howard.

"Just this," snapped Jim, "you're going over there and ask her to dance or I'll push your face in."

"You were always a boor, Phillips."

"Yep," said Jim. "And I owe you a lot."

If you think it wouldn't give me the greatest amount of satisfaction for the least amount of trouble to ruin your fascinating countenance, you're all wet."

The small silver tray on which Miss Helen Sanders' cocktail rested quivered slightly in Howard's grasp. "I'm not afraid of you," he said thickly. "Of course, I'll dance with Ruth. I meant to all along."

"Sure," said Jim. "On your way."

"Not this dance," protested Howard. Later, I've got this one with Miss Sanders. She must be frantically wondering what's become of me and her cocktail."

"I'll deliver the cocktail," said Jim curtly. "You're going to walk right along beside me like a little man and dance with Ruth."

"Be reasonable," pleaded Howard.

"If I let you out of my sight," said Jim, "I'll never be able to corner you again. It's now or a punch in the jaw."

"You make me sick," said Howard peevishly.

Nevertheless he carried out instructions with Jim at his elbow. It was not until people began to stare at him curiously that Jim recollected the silver tray of which he had relieved Howard. Miss Helen Sanders was still leaning against the railing of the verandah, staring pensively at a silver-gilt moon riding rakishly high in a mauve sky, when Jim with a flourish that was pure bravado presented her with one champagne cocktail.

"Oh, it's you!" she murmured and eyed him with listless composure. "Do you combine hopping tables along with your other duties at the club?" she inquired.

Jim flushed. "You'd be surprised. I even double as official bouncer if necessary."

She was sipping her drink. "I am beginning to think I'll have to send out the dogs to bring in Howard. This is our dance, but the music's going round and round without us."

"It's my oversight," Howard sent you his regrets. It was called to his attention that he had this dance with Miss Hetchcote."

Helen Sanders arched her delicate eyebrows. "So I've been stood up. It's a unique experience."

"I can well believe it," said Jim and then to his shocked dismay he heard himself going on. "I'm the world's worst dancer, but you might find me possible as a substitute in a pinch."

There was a prolonged silence in which Jim's heart pounded painfully. "Aren't you being unforgivably presumptuous?" asked Miss Sanders in a cool sweet voice, the essence of disdain. "Surely even in comic little towns like this, the hired help do not mingle with their superiors."

"I asked for it, thought Jim in a cold murderous fury, and I got it. Now maybe I will be able to hate her forever and ever. Aloud he merely said, "Sorry," and turned on his heel and walked away.

Back at his old observation post, he lit one cigarette after another, and smoked them with vicious speed.

He did not mean to permit any further fatalities to his self-respect.

"It was a close call," he said, "but I'm out of it whole."

Except he was not out of it. It was almost an hour later, and to Jim it had seemed a year or two, when he heard hesitating footsteps behind him and a slender hand touched his arm.

"It develops I've made a particularly nasty blunder," murmured Miss Helen Sanders in a voice that angels might have employed. "Miss Hetchcote has explained to me that you aren't the golf pro, as Howard let me believe, or a waiter, to which conclusion I leaped unaided."

Jim was staring down into her lovely, pointed face and it seemed to be wiped quite free of sophistication and affectation. He had not until then realised that she was very young, much younger than her pose.

"I expect you hate me," she went on. "I often act like a little beast. You see, I don't remember my mother. She left my father when I was a baby, and he divorced her. He was very busy, getting rich in a frightful hurry. He still spends his time, racing from New York to the oil fields and back again. I get on his conscience because of my mother and because he's always been too busy to pay me much attention. That's why he has never denied me anything."

She's just a poor little rich girl who hasn't had a chance to be human, thought Jim, tenderness flaming like a star shell in his heart.

"I don't know why I'm boring you with my life history," continued the honeyed voice, "except I owe you an apology." She hesitated. "I've been surrounded by yes-men, only you're different. I wish it weren't impossible for us to be friends."

Jim was trembling. "Nothing's impossible if that's how you feel about it."

"You forgive me?"

"Certainly!"

Again she laid her hand on his arm and he learned that ecstasy can cut like a knife. "Will you dance the next dance with me?" she asked softly.

"I'll be delighted," he stammered, "only I warn you I'm an awful dub on the dance floor."

She smiled. "Worse than I am on the golf links?"

"Not quite, but nearly."

She laughed. "You at least have never flattered me."

"I'm no lady's man," said Jim.

"Perhaps that's why I like you so much." His heart leaped like a startled deer. He could not trust himself to speak. He should have felt more self-conscious than ever when he took Miss Helen Sanders into his arms and began to dance. Yet he was not self-conscious nor did he feel clumsy and inept. It was sheer poetry, dancing with this girl.

"You dance beautifully," murmured Miss Sanders when the music ended.

He still did not trust himself to speak. Howard Leigh was coming towards them with a scowl and still Jim said nothing.

"I'll see you in the morning," she asked, "for our first lesson?"

Jim swallowed hard. "Yes," he said, unsteadily although he knew that the first lesson was behind them.

IT was not apparent on the surface that Janet Phillips no longer occupied the same position in respect to her old crowd which she had once held. As Jim had observed, his sister did not suffer for lack of partners at the dance that night. She was one of the most popular girls on the floor, being extremely light on her feet.

That's due only to the accident of good muscular co-ordination," she reminded herself bitterly, glancing at Gordon Key who was dancing with Priscilla Leigh.

Gordon did not look happy. In spite of his mother's persuasions, Gordon had never really liked Priscilla. Gordon preferred peace at any price and squalls of varying degrees were inevitable in Priscilla's vicinity.

Janet understood the distressed pucker between his eyes and why in spite of himself he glanced longingly at her from across Priscilla's sleek blonde head. When someone cut in on him he could not resist

the temptation to tap Janet's partner on the shoulder.

"Hello, Gordon," said Janet.

Gordon drew a breath of relief as his arms closed about her. It was as if he had escaped unpredictable perils and rediscovered security.

Involuntarily Janet's voice took on a soothing note.

"You mustn't feel conscience-stricken about me, Gordon," she said gently. "I understand, and there's no great harm done." She smiled. "We were kid sweet-hearts. You gave me valentines. I sent you boxes of home-made fudge. You kissed me when you went off to school. It was a sweet and innocuous little romance, and now that it has to be laid away among our souvenirs, we don't have to be tragic about it."

"Oh, Janet!"

"I'm sorry I lost your frat pin, so I can't return it, but you may have your letters."

"Oh, Janet!"

"Probably your mother has burned mine. If not, do as you like with them."

"I wouldn't have hurt you for the world!" Janet's anger kindled. "If only you and other people would stop assuming that I'm hurt!"

"My one consolation is that you're too good for me," he said with a mournful smile.

It was Janet's cue to bolster up his self-esteem by a denial of his statement, but she had a sudden vision of the truth. "Yes," she said. "I am."

Gordon's charming, sensitive face burned with painful color. "There, you see, you do hate me."

What is the use, thought Janet.

"Have it your own way," she said wearily.

She wished some one would cut in, but her friends were too tactful. Nothing could have persuaded them to interrupt a tete-a-tete between Janet and Gordon or what they believed was Janet's big moment. She muttered an excuse when the music stopped and escaped to the dressing-room. She could not have gone on talking to Gordon during an entire intermission without saying something which would have humiliated them both.

On her heels came Myra West, ostensibly to powder her nose. "Janet!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Is everything all right? I mean, did you and Gordon make it up?"

MYRA had only a heart of gold to offset a miserable complexion and agate eyes.

"No, Myra," said Janet, speaking slowly in order to hold down the rising tide of her irritation. "Gordon and I did not make it up. We never will make up. You and the rest of my friends will be doing me a favor if you will reconcile yourselves to that, and forget it."

"Oh, dear," sighed Myra, "you don't deserve a break like this."

"Stop feeling sorry for me!" cried Janet a little hysterically. "Gordon hasn't broken my heart. I doubt if he's even dented it."

Myra gave her an awed glance. "You never were the whining kind, Janet. You're probably bleeding inside, but you'd die before you let on."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" cried Janet.

Myra patted her arm. "I know just how you feel," she said sadly. "Every time you smile, it makes me think of Laugh, Clown, Laugh. I mean it's so gallant and pathetic and all that."

"I'm fond of you, Myra," said Janet in an ominous voice, "but I'm beginning to

understand the fellow who said, 'God, protect me from my friends!'"

"You mean, protect you from your enemies," Myra corrected her brightly.

Janet shrugged her shoulders. "If Gracie Allen ever needs an understudy, Myra, you must apply."

She arrived at the ball-room to find that her partner for the next dance had looked everywhere for her before retiring in disgust to the bar. Had Janet followed her inclination, she would have hunked Jim up and asked him to take her home. She felt sure he was bored to death and eager for an excuse to go, but at that moment a couple drifted by her on the dance floor. Janet could scarcely believe her eyes. From the rapt expression on his rugged face, her brother with Miss Helen Sanders in his arms was anything except bored.

"Oh, no!" cried Janet.

She did not realise she had spoken aloud until someone who had come up behind her addressed her. "Shall we finish this dance?"

She turned sharply. Tony Ryan stood at her elbow. Evidently he had only that moment arrived. He was wearing a wide white Panama hat set at a devil-may-care angle on the back of his head. As she looked around, he slung the hat in the general direction of the cloak room, where it settled gently into a vacant space on the middle shelf, to the astonishment of the check girl.

He put out his arms and danced off with Janet as though he believed any girl would feel flattered to be singled out by the famous Tony Ryan.

Janet could never remember when she had felt more completely nettled. The fact that he danced beautifully increased her vexation. She was glad when the music ended, glad when Priscilla came skating across the room to assert her prior claim to the visiting celebrity, glad when everybody crowded around Tony Ryan, so that Janet was edged to the extreme rim of the group and finally extricated from it entirely by Ted Hughes with whom she had the next dance.

"No wonder that guy thinks he's the solution to everything," muttered Ted.

"Isn't it disgusting?" said Janet.

The last dance of the evening was the only one in which no cut-ins were allowed. Everyone was supposed to dance it with his escort, but Janet had not seen Jim for an hour. She had a notion he was lurking outside with a cigarette. However, she made a circuit of the verandah without locating him. To return to the ballroom and stand around the outskirts minus a partner did not attract her. She was perched on the porch railing, staring sombrely at the setting moon, when Tony Ryan again came up behind her.

"Want to dance?" he asked.

"No," said Janet without turning her head.

Her brusqueness had no effect on his poise. "Mind if I smoke?" he drawled.

"Why should I?"

He grinned. "My error," he said.

There was an interval of silence which Janet found trying. In the end it was she who broke what had begun to seem a contest between their wills.

"It must be nice to return to the old home town in the role of conquering hero," she remarked, in a light, disdainful voice.

"Yes," said Tony Ryan, "it is."

"Though the role is old to you, isn't it? You've been the conquering hero in a number of more important places than this."

He laughed. "It's a complex, I suppose. I am not unwelcome in the drawing-rooms of New York. At Palm Beach last winter I played around with the Vanderbilts and

their equivalents. They even asked me to visit them at their Newport addresses this summer. But I could never convince myself that I had outgrown Shanty Town until I came back here and had the seal of approval put upon me by the elite of Bay City, Queer, isn't it?"

Janet's lips curled. "I don't think so. I can imagine one might be accepted everywhere else and still have a sinking feeling that one hadn't arrived if the people back home were not impressed."

"Exactly," said Tony Ryan.

She gave him a grudging glance. "That at least needn't worry you any longer."

"I always get what I go after," he said quietly.

"Modest, aren't you?"

"No, just sure of myself. There's a difference."

"Who am I to take exception to your pride in your accomplishments?" she inquired bitterly. "You are on your way up, I am on my way out."

He stared at her curiously. "Yes?"

SHE shrugged her shoulders. "As you may know, a generation ago my family was prominent locally. Now my mother works in a store and so shall I when I finish my course in interior decorating. You can't imagine what a gulf that makes, or can you?"

"Yes," said Tony Ryan briefly.

"My friends aren't snobs," Janet pointed out in a punctilious voice. "They'll never consciously emphasise the difference in our positions. It's just that our interests are no longer the same, and so I'm definitely headed for the social backwash. I'll not be dropped flat, you understand. I'll be asked to the big affairs to which everybody is invited, but I'll gradually, or maybe not so gradually, be eliminated from the little intimate gatherings like Priscilla's dinner party to-night."

"Judging from the difficulty you have just had in dancing twice around the floor with one partner," remarked Tony Ryan, "I don't believe you need worry."

Janet shrugged her shoulders. "The stag line refuses to martyrise itself, haven't you noticed? It invariably concentrates on good dancers, but the girl men rush off her feet at dances is not necessarily the girl toward whom they have serious attentions."

He laughed. "There's something in that."

"I ought to know," said Janet bitterly.

He was studying the dead end of his cigarette. "If you're an expert on interior decorating, I might have a job for you."

"A job?"

"Perhaps you aren't interested in jobs."

"Oh, yes," said Janet with a hostile smile.

"I'm interested in any chance to earn money. It's so important to make money. Nothing else matters."

"I've bought the old Radcliffe mansion."

"My grandfather's house!"

"I signed the papers a couple of hours ago."

"But," cried Janet breathlessly, "it's dreadfully run down."

"The real estate man admitted as much."

He tried to interest me in something else. He said it would cost a fortune to fix up the place."

"And another to maintain it. That's why mother let the property go, practically for back taxes. We couldn't afford to live there, and no one would rent it. People don't care for those huge, old-fashioned places any more."

"I do," said Tony Ryan. "It's like this," he explained. "When I was a ragged alley rat, I promised myself that some day I'd buy the best of everything, everything I

had never had. At that time the old Radcliffe mansion represented any idea of the most elegant thing of its kind. Since then I've seen a few palaces and near-palaces, yet somehow I still think of the Radcliffe house as head of its class. At any rate it does something to the morale of a Ryan from Shanty Town to own it."

Janet's cheeks burned. "Didn't I say you were moving in as I passed out?"

"It'll take some trouble to put it back to where it was. You ought to be able to do more than an outsider about that."

"I remember distinctly," said Janet lightly. "If that's what you mean. It broke Mother's heart to give up the place. It's one of the few times I ever saw her cry. Since then I've gone blocks out of my way not to pass the house. It isn't pleasant to be reminded that the glories of your past are past."

"If it would be painful, forget it."

"Don't be ridiculous," said Janet. "Paupers cannot afford sentiment."

"That's settled then?"

"So far as I'm concerned."

"Shall we fix a day to go out and look things over?"

"Any afternoon, I'm at school in the morning."

"To-morrow?"

"If you like."

"I'll pick you up at two at your home." She gave him a curious glance. "Won't you rattle around like marble, alone in that huge place? I should think you'd prefer a suite at the hotel?"

He shook his head. "I haven't had anything that could pass for a home since my mother died. I left here with one silver dollar in my pocket, hopped a freight train. For more years than I care to recall, I knocked around the slums of New York and other large cities, sleeping in alleys or the back end of pool halls and saloons. After I got to going in the fight racket, I lived in training quarters and cheap hotels. Later the hotels were more expensive, recently they've been of the de luxe variety, but I've reached the point where it makes me ill to look at a printed menu and I don't care if I never see another bell hop."

"So now you're going to gratify another of your suppressed desires and buy a home of your own with all the trimmings?"

He nodded. "And of course I shan't live there long alone," he added casually.

She started. "You're going to be married?"

"That's next on the programme, isn't it?" "I suppose so," she said, thinking how disappointed Priscilla would be to find that the inimitable Tony Ryan was not as she supposed in the open market.

"Naturally," he said, "one can't select a wife as quickly as a house."

"You haven't selected one yet?" cried Janet in a dismayed voice.

He grinned. "All I know is, she'll have to be out of the top drawer."

Janet stared at him. "I remember," she said, "you promised yourself to buy only the best."

"Yes."

She decided she hated him. "Locally you'll find Priscilla Leigh our highest-priced article," she remarked disdainfully.

"So she's given me to understand," said Tony Ryan.

So far as Berenice was concerned, the party at Lou Fletcher's that same evening was not a success. The Fletchers had an apartment on a lower floor and they had bought a couple of bottles of gin for the occasion. Guy Shelton, May's husband, produced a new recipe for a cocktail which he called

a Ring-Tailed-Tooper and the others said it was potent. They ran the radio and danced and made a great deal of noise. The people in the adjoining apartment knocked on the wall, but no one paid any attention.

Bill did not trouble himself to tell the Fletchers he had enjoyed the party. Berenice scowled with anger. Bill was never polite to her friends. If one of them came in when he was home, he was so rude it made Berenice's cheeks burn.

"I hope you're satisfied," she said, when they were alone in their own apartment.

Bill stalked into the dressing-room and began to hunt for his pyjamas. "If I refuse to go to their damned parties, you're sure. If I give in and go, you're sure. It's got to be misery around here any way you take it."

"Maybe you think that's news to me," snapped Berenice.

"What can you see in that flock of morons?"

Berenice shrugged her shoulders. "They aren't any crazier about you."

"That tickles me to death."

"If you could," cried Berenice in a choked voice, "we'd never have any friends. You—you're selfish and narrow and—"

"You can't juggle dynamite and expect nobody to get hurt," said Bill. "A he was undressing. "There are other things besides gasoline that light don't mix with."

Berenice was angrily brushing her curly, red-brown hair. "You talk as though we were all drunkards," she protested.

"Nobody ever started out deliberately to land in the gutter. You arrive there by easy stages."

"You're simply hide-bound with a lot of silly prejudices that everybody else has outgrown!" declared Berenice. "How can you expect to get anywhere in business if you're like that?"

Bill let down the in-a-door bed with an angry thud. "If it takes wild parties to sell advertising, they can count me out. If I weren't crazy about you, I wouldn't care what you did," he said unthinkingly.

"I know," wh purred, Berenice.

He put his arms about her, and for a moment they clung together, their eyes wet. Berenice did know that Bill loved her. He had from the very first time he saw her. That was why he could not endure for another man to look at her.

"It scares me," he said huskily, "the way we seem to be going off the track. Sometimes you look at me as though you hate me. Sometimes I feel as if I'm leaping to hate you."

Berenice had a cold feeling at the pit of her heart. There was a second when she seemed to have dropped a long distance so that everything inside her turned over. Then she reminded herself that Bill was wild about her, that he could not live without her.

"I had something to tell you when I came home," said Bill, "only you weren't in a receptive humor."

They were sitting on the edge of the bed. He still had his arm about her and Berenice's head was cuddled against his shoulder. She brushed back the unruly lock of black hair which was forever falling down over his eyes and pressed her cheek to his with a tremulous sigh.

"I don't know why we ever fight," she sighed. "What did you have to tell me?"

"The boss had a talk with me to-day."

"Oh!" cried Berenice radiantly. "You've got the raise at last! Now we can have a car like everyone else."

Bill swallowed hard. "No," he said. "I didn't get a raise."

"But you were so sure!"

"They're cutting salaries again."

"Bill!"

"We'll have to find some way to get by on ten dollars less a week."

"We can't!" wailed Berenice. "You know we can't."

"Not by paying fifty a month for rent."

She stiffened and drew away from his embrace to stare at him. "You mean we'll have to move?"

"I don't see any help for it."

Berenice colored furiously. "Back to cheap housekeeping rooms without a bath or anything?" she demanded.

"If you ask me," said Bill in a grim voice, "we were better off there than here, and a darned sight happier."

"Of course you're glad," cried Berenice. "You'll be delighted to get me away from my friends."

"I won't be sorry," snapped Bill.

"It will just suit you to stick me off somewhere in a little cubbyhole where I'll never see anybody but you!"

"For heaven's sake," protested Bill, "I'm no gilder."

"You are too," she wailed. "That's exactly what you'd like to do, put me in a cell. You don't want me to be popular, you don't want me to see anyone else. You'd like to make an old granny out of me, and you will, too, if you get me away from my friends."

"We've your so-called friends to thank for all the trouble we've had," said Bill indignantly. "We can't get rid of them too soon to suit me."

"No man has any right to insist that his wife shouldn't have women friends!"

"There isn't one I'd introduce to my mother."

"When you preach, you make me so mad, I could die," cried Berenice in a stifled voice.

"You don't sweeten my disposition any," remarked Bill savagely, snapping off the light.

They lay there side by side, but each was careful to put as much distance as possible between them. Berenice could not go to sleep and she knew Bill was also wide awake. She had only to stretch out her hand to have him take her into his arms. He, too, was never able to withstand any gesture towards conciliation on her part, but she did not make the gesture.

ARRIVING out to the club in his battered flier early the next morning, Jim Phillips after a nearly sleepless night had arrived at a decision, not a happy one, but one from which he was determined not to swerve. He had made a complete idiot of himself the night before; he did not propose to repeat the performance.

"I've got to keep my head," he advised himself grimly.

He was prepared to be relieved, not chagrined, if she failed to arrive. Nevertheless, knocking golf balls idly against the side of the caddy house, he kept his eyes steadily on the drive leading down to the gates, and when the Leighs' scarlet and white coupe turned in at the club entrance, Jim's heart gave an agonised bound.

"Hi!" murmured Miss Sanders, bringing the machine to an abrupt stop with a scream of brakes and a flurry of gravel.

"Hello," said Jim in a voice that did not sound like his.

She was alone in the coupe, except for the elaborate bag of golf clubs which Howard had procured for her the day before.

She looked disgruntled and sleepy, and she smothered a yawn as she climbed out of the car.

"Of all the ungodly hours to get up!" she

complained. "I left everybody else fast asleep."

"That's why I didn't expect you," said Jim.

She gave him a sultry glance. "Maybe that's why I came, to prove you can't be right all the time."

He shrugged his shoulders and congratulated himself on his perspicacity. Her sullen manner would have been a jolt, had he expected to carry on from where they left off the preceding evening, but he had expected nothing of the kind.

"Where do we go from here?" she demanded crossly.

Jim led the way without comment toward the big canvas curtain tacked up at the end of a wire enclosure behind the caddy house.

"This is the practice court," he announced and set out a tin bucket filled with ancient golf balls.

Miss Helen Sanders stopped short. "I want to learn to play golf," she announced curtly.

"I've no intention of straining my temper, bating at a piece of cloth, if that's what you have in your mind."

"If you take lessons from me, you'll do exactly as I say," remarked Jim.

Her dark eyes met his defiantly. "You think so?"

"I know so."

There was a silence in which they continued to gaze stendfastly at each other, and it seemed to Jim that the atmosphere crackled with electricity, but he stood his ground and finally with a grimace she lowered her glance.

"All right," she muttered, and picked up her club.

"You've got three things to learn," said Jim, "to pivot on your left foot, to follow through with the club head, and to keep your left arm straight like this."

"All right," she said impatiently. "Give me a ball to hit at."

"You're a long way from being ready to hit a ball yet," said Jim. "Let's see you swing. No, no! That isn't a baseball bat. Hold it this way, and for heaven's sake cut out the debilitate slouch and get some backbone into your stance."

She glared at him. "Howard's right. You are a boor."

Jim reddened. "Absolutely."

To help with your unfinished education, I'll inform you that a little of the Tarzan stuff goes a long way with me."

"I had suspected that," said Jim.

She swung viciously. "No," said Jim, shaking his head. "That's all wrong. You looked up when you drove and both your knees were right. Can't you forget for once that you are a very pretty girl and concentrate on something besides yourself?"

She was furious. She had to bite her lips to hold back a retort. Jim ignored the black glances she gave him from time to time. He went quietly on showing her where she was doing everything wrong. It was tedious work. Once he took hold of her left elbow to demonstrate the manner in which she failed to hold it straight while she was carrying through.

"Don't!" she cried in an outraged voice. "Sorry," said Jim, with no change of expression, although inside he felt a little sick because his touch was obnoxious to her.

"Now," he said, after as gruelling a half hour as he had experienced, "we'll see how much you've learned, if anything."

He placed a ball on the tee before her. He told her just how far to stand back.

He reminded her curtly that she was to pivot on the left foot, carry through with the club head, and hold her left arm straight.

"Yes, yes," said Miss Helen Sanders impatiently, "you've said all that before, and I'm not a nit-wit, whatever you may think."

She measured the distance with her eyes, she kept her glance down, she swung gracefully and with considerable vigor. The ball carried straight and true. It slapped the curtain smartly in the centre. She took a quick breath and glanced swiftly at Jim.

"Not bad, eh?" she murmured.

"Pretty darned good," he admitted with a reluctant smile. "Only you don't have to murder the ball. Beginners always do. Form is what counts, not brute strength."

She eyed him maliciously. "In golf, you mean?"

He flushed. "Yes."

He placed another ball on the tee. He had to confess that she had proved an apt pupil. She back-slid occasionally, but in the main she seemed to have acquired a surprising grasp of the essentials in the time allotted.

"All right," said Jim when the hour was up, "that will do for to-day."

She flexed the muscles of her left arm.

"I seem to be sorer than I realised."

Jim grinned. "Wait till to-morrow. You'll know all about Charley horses then."

Her glance smouldered. "Maybe I'm not so soft as you think."

He said nothing, and her cheeks flushed with anger.

"Anyway, I'm going to play around this afternoon. Charley horses or not," she announced defiantly.

"I don't want you to set foot on the course until you've had four more lessons," he said. "If you continue to pick up, you can play Saturday."

"Has it occurred to you that possibly I don't care what you want?"

"Dimly," said Jim.

"I'll play when I like."

"That's up to you," said Jim. "Only if you do, I've lost a pupil."

"You'll wash your hands of me, Professor?" she demanded in a bright, taunting voice.

"With the greatest of ease," said Jim.

Again their glances tangled and again it was hers which fell first. "All right," she said. "You'll win. I'll play Saturday."

She gave him a rueful glance from under her lashes. "No one was ever mean to me before; I ought to hate you."

Jim could feel himself growing white.

"Don't you?" he asked unsteadily.

She had come nearer, so near he could not get his breath.

"I'm a spoiled brat," she said.

"Except in spasms," remarked Jim ruefully.

"Maybe it's because you're different," she whispered, "but I wish you didn't despise me."

Jim could think of nothing except her face, lifted alluringly to his.

"I don't despise you," he said hoarsely. "I think you're the prettiest thing I ever looked at."

"Honestly?"

"Honestly," repeated Jim with a painful flush.

"I have a feeling, given a proper chance, we could go for each other in a large way," she murmured.

Jim's head was whirling. "I expect you could get any man you want."

She gave him a glance that made his heart plunge. "Even you?" she asked softly.

"Even me," growled Jim.

She nodded, hesitated, then turned abruptly towards the car. "See you to-

morrow morning, Professor," she said and drove rapidly away.

Jim watched her take the turn on two wheels. With a wild ache in his heart he stared after her until the cloud of dust settled on the gravelled drive, and then he kicked the tin bucket at his feet as far as he could send it.

THE nearer the time came for her appointment with Tony Ryan that afternoon, the less Janet liked the idea. She could not imagine what had prevailed upon her to let herself in for more of his society. Something about him stirred up all her resentment. She was scowling when she met him at the door.

She gave him no opportunity to come into the flat. The contrast between Priscilla Leigh's large and luxuriously furnished drawing-room and the shabby and worn aspect of the Phillips' living quarters was too sharp to escape notice, and of all people Janet thought she could least endure being patronised by Tony Ryan.

"How do you do?" she murmured in her most formal manner.

"On the up and up," he said with the self-possessed smile which she found so irritating.

He led the way without further comment down the stairs. He was, she had noticed, disposed to be laconic if possible. A magnificent car was standing at the kerb outside.

"You better keep your eye on the weather, Jannie. My off knee says rain before dark," old Mr. Jacoby called after them from where he was as usual sunning himself on the front stoop.

"Thanks," said Janet. "I will."

Tony Ryan smiled. "Funny old coot!"

Janet flushed. "He probably looks so from where you sit. He happens to be a friend of mine. However, he wouldn't interest you, because you're collecting only our best people, aren't you, and Mr. Jacoby, like myself, occupies a very obscure place in the local set-up."

Tony Ryan unobtrusively shifted gears and the long, sleekly polished machine pulled smoothly ahead. "Every time I open my mouth, I step on your toes, don't I?" he drawled, not as if it particularly mattered.

Janet flushed. "Yes," she acknowledged and added frankly, "It's partly envy, the dog in the manger attitude, you know. And partly it's because of the fuss the town's making over you. It proves something I'd rather not have known."

He gave the wheel a sharp tug to avoid a small white dog which ran in front of them, barking enthusiastically. "It's always been possible to chance seats in the bleachers for ones in the grandstand if you have the difference in price," remarked Tony Ryan dryly.

"Especially if you're a man," she said with bitterness.

"A man with funds and a wife from the right circle," he amended and smiled. "Our American aristocracy is made up of rough-necks who came from the mines or the goldfields or a railroad section gang and married into the first families."

"You have it all mapped out, haven't you?"

"Sure," said Tony Ryan.

She thought of Priscilla and winced. "I should say that you have only to keep your wits about you to succeed in your design for living."

"I always have my wits about me," he said and smiled. "That's one lesson a guttersnipe learns early if he survives."

Janet's lips curled. "Your self-confidence is shattering."

"The other things such as table manners and not to wear tan shoes with a tuxedo and when to precede a lady into a cafe come later," went on Tony Ryan with a wry grin.

"Evidently you took a thorough course," remarked Janet, eyeing what she again felt was the too pointed correctness of his white linen suit and narrow black and white knitted tie.

"Though you've probably been told otherwise," he said, "one doesn't go places in the night racket if all one's brains are in one's fists."

"I suppose," murmured Janet with deliberate intent to hurt, "that there are places where one can enroll for How to Acquire the Veneer of a Gentleman in twenty lessons."

She did not succeed in annoying him. "It's simpler," said Tony Ryan coolly, "to employ some broken-down gentleman who needs the cash to train you."

"Yes," she said, turning white, "your kind can always persuade broken-down gentleman and ladies to pass their birthright for a consideration."

"Sure," said Tony Ryan. She was astonished to find that her eyes were stinging with tears.

"Here we are," he said, turning in at the tall iron gates of the old Radcliffe place. "Yes," said Janet with a pang, "here we are."

The grounds took up an entire block. The drive swept in at one side, made a graceful arc before the mansion itself, and then curved on in a semi-circle to other tall iron gates at the opposite end. A rough stone wall enclosed the property on all sides. Behind it were cotton fields to the left, to the right an open wood. Once both the fields and the woods had belonged to the Radcliffe estate. The Civil War and Reconstruction had stripped the family of all except the big house and the acres immediately surrounding it.

"You see before you," said Janet to Tony Ryan with acid flippancy, "the horrible example of what happens to haughty old Southern aristocrats when they go to seed."

The huge water oaks which framed the sagging walls of the mansion were frowny and unkempt. The shrubs had not been pruned in years.

"I wish I hadn't come," cried Janet with a sob. "I can't bear it. It's like a funeral of all your sweetest memories."

TONY RYAN said nothing. He merely let the engine idle until she had mastered her emotions.

"I'm sorry," said Janet. "I assure you, I am not in the habit of indulging in heroics. It shan't happen again."

"You never lived here, did you?" he asked curiously.

"I suppose that's why I feel rebellious. Because I never did and I never shall, but you're going to."

You and Priscilla, she was thinking, or someone like her who is a shining social light.

Tony Ryan said nothing and after a moment Janet went on: "My grandfather died when I was four, my father the next year, but mother held on to this place as long as she could. It represents something to us, our last feeble clutch on the family prestige, I daresay. We used to come over here when we were little and clean out the weeds and tie up the rose bushes. Until mother had to sell. It was our regular Sunday outing."

There was another prolonged silence and then Janet managed a wry smile. "If I hate to think of your having it, it's because so long as no one lived in the house, it still

seemed in some queer way to belong to us. Illogical, isn't it?"

"Perhaps," he said briefly, "I'm in no position to judge, never having had anything in the way of a family seat except a shack in Shanty Town with dog fennel in the front yard and black wash pots in the rear."

"You're fond of flinging that into people's faces."

He grinned. "Why not, if I can make 'em like it?"

She remembered that he had seemed to enjoy twitting them all the afternoon before with how his mother look in washing.

"You're the hardest-boiled person I've ever known," said Janet.

He shrugged his shoulders. "That's another way of saying you dislike me!"

"Yes!"

Priscilla warned me that you were like that."

"Like what?"

"I believe she said difficult."

"That doesn't bother you, does it?"

"No," said Tony Ryan.

He drew a large key from his pocket. In turning silence Janet followed him up the wide steps to the great, brass-studded front door with its delicate fanlight overhead. In the same oppressive silence they made a tour of the old mansion.

"Did I say you had purchased a white elephant?" inquired Janet, when they had returned to the double parlors on the south.

He was staring at the wide fireplaces at either end with their black onyx mantels. "They built things to last in those days," he muttered, tapping on the grimy panels of solid walnut wainscoting.

"Yes," said Janet with a mirthless smile. "My ancestors came down that old staircase for almost a hundred years, and your descendants will be sliding on those carved banisters after we're in the grave."

"There's nothing wrong which a crew of high-priced carpenters cannot put right in a hurry."

"Anything's possible if you don't have to consider the cost," said Janet bitterly.

"The real estate agency advises me that Busby is the best contractor in town. He is engaged for a month ahead, but I'll make it worth his while to lay something else aside and get busy here at once. You'll work directly with him."

"I?"

He frowned. "I thought we had an understanding."

She flushed. "I'm the rankest sort of amateur at the interior decorating business. I don't know why I led you to believe if I did, that I could take on a commission like this."

"I'm well aware that technically I could do better," he said with a frown. "It happens, however, that in this particular instance your special qualifications are what I want. Needless to say I shall pay you accordingly."

With a stab of humiliation Janet realised that until that moment she had believed Tony Ryan guilty of a ruse to spend an afternoon and probably other afternoons in her presence. She had not thought him serious about the employment he offered her. His crisp, business-like tone was a slap in her face.

"I'll not be able to get out here often," he continued. "I have a number of loose ends to tie off, now that I've finally decided to retire. I'll tell Busby I want everything in this house put back exactly as it was. You will be the judge of what's what. When he's finished, we'll take up the question of furnishings. In the meanwhile, if I don't see you beforehand, please keep your eyes open in that respect. I mean, find out where, if anywhere, we can buy what's necessary."

He did not intend to make the restoration of the old house an excuse for him to see a great deal of Janet Phillips. He never had intended to, thought Janet. It was all a cut-and-dried commercial proposition. He wanted the Radcliffe mansion restored. "I still feel as though I'd be taking money under false pretences," she murmured uncertainly.

"I never allow myself to be cheated," said Tony Ryan, leading the way back to the car.

MR. JACOBY'S prophecy held true. By five o'clock that afternoon it was raining and the golf course was deserted. Jim Phillips had no desire to hang around with the crowd which was having cocktails in the club-house, a crowd that included Howard and Priscilla Leigh, also Tony Ryan and Miss Helen Sanders.

When Jim entered the flat, Janet was stretched out on the day bed in the dining-room, staring at the streaming window panes with an expression as lugubrious as the weather, and Cathy Wood was sitting on the floor beside Danny who had fallen asleep in the middle of building a house out of an old set of dominoes and was curled up under a faded crocheted afghan like a little bug in a rug.

"Hello, everybody," said Jim, sounding more cheerful than he felt.

"Hello," murmured Janet in a listless voice.

Cathy looked up quickly and smiled. "Hello, Jim," she said softly.

Dropping down into a big wicker chair, Jim leaned his head back and extended his long legs at full length. "Rotten afternoon," he remarked.

Janet's lips tightened. "Some days must be dark and dreary," she quoted bitterly. "Into some lives rain must fall." What gets me down is the discrimination. I mean why must all the rain fall only into some lives?"

"Got the hokey-jeokies, kid?" queried Jim idly.

"Yes," snapped Janet.

Jim laughed. Cathy said nothing. Jim had noticed that as a rule you had to discover what Cathy was thinking by what she did not say. He watched her slim fingers busily engaged with needle and thread. She was mending a pair of brief silken trunks, part of her dancing costume. She was staring down into Danny's flushed, baby face, and her eyes had a fierce light in them. Usually with her cropped fair hair and her angular body, Cathy reminded Jim of a young boy herself, but now she did not look young. There was something in her strained face which made him think of an emaciated limps he had once seen in a zoo, standing with ferocious tawny eyes between her newly-born cubs and the curious gaze of the spectators.

"You could do with a little more weight," said Jim with a smile.

"Not and put on an acrobatic act three times a night," retorted Cathy, "to say nothing of rehearsals."

"Isn't life a mess?" cried Janet with a wrathful frown.

"It is when you're poor but proud," muttered Jim.

Janet stared at him in astonishment. "It's something new for you to feel like that," she said. "You've always seemed to think we ought to thank goodness for our obstacles, because they're supposed to develop character or what have you?"

"Don't be silly. I still think so," growled Jim, but not convincingly.

"Anybody home?" called Anne Phillips, opening the front door.

She had ridden out in a service car, as she usually did if it rained, and, thanks to Mr. Jacoby, she had taken her umbrella to work, nevertheless she was quite wet with running from the kerb into the house.

"Heaven help the poor working girls on a night like this," she said gayly. "At least I saved my new bonnet."

Jim grinned. "There you go, making the best of things as usual."

Anne blew him a kiss and carefully removed her smart black hat. "Is that a compliment or would you be making fun of your aged parent?"

"Aged, heck!" scoffed Jim. "You look about twenty-three and you know it."

Anne smiled at Cathy. "Anyway our sons like us," she said. "How's the boy?"

Cathy hesitated. "He's been asleep for an hour. He feels awfully hot to me and it isn't like him to be so quiet."

Anne smiled again. "Young mothers are that way," she said. "I can remember when if Jim wouldn't go to sleep, I thought he must be ill, and if he slept too long, I was sure he was. I've waked him up many a time out of a sound nap, just because I was inexperienced and nervous and overwhelmed by my responsibility."

"I get like that, too," confessed Cathy, drawing a quick, almost anguished breath. "You know, late at night, when he lies so still or sometimes when I'm working and I think of how babies can get terribly sick in an hour and what would happen if the house caught fire."

Anne nodded. "I almost lost my job once," she said, "for deserting a customer when the fire engines passed the store, headed in this direction, and I'd had to leave Berenice at home in bed with grippe that morning."

Janet felt a passionate desire to do something, anything to make up to her mother for all her hardships.

"Let me get your bedroom slippers, Mums. Your feet must be wet," she said.

Anne smiled. "I can stand a lot of coddling, dearest, but let's look at our young man first."

She knelt down and put her hand on Danny's small flushed brow.

"Has—has he any fever?" faltered Cathy.

"Maybe a little," admitted Anne.

It seemed to Jim that Cathy's eyes had grown too big for her stricken face. "Want me to stroll over and pick up a doctor?" he asked helplessly, anxious to do something for her, resenting it because she seemed so alone in her distress.

Anne shook her head. "It's probably just an upset stomach. More than likely he'll be fine again in the morning."

A tear rolled down Cathy's cheek. "If only I didn't have to go off and leave him to-night."

Anne nodded. "It's not easy to be both the backstop at home plate and the financial mainstay of a family," she said soberly.

"No one knows better than you," remarked Janet in a rebellious voice.

"But the show must go on," said Cathy with a mirthless laugh.

Anne nodded again. "You'd better leave Danny here on the day-bed until you get home to-night, so I can look at him occasionally," she suggested.

"I hate to be a nuisance," said Cathy in a blurred voice.

"How do you get that way?" demanded Jim gruffly. "You couldn't be a nuisance if you tried, you or the kid either."

In his earnestness he put his hand on Cathy's thin, young shoulder and Anne caught her breath at the radiance which flamed into the girl's face.

"You're all so kind," said Cathy with a little sob. "I don't like to impose on you, but Grandma Bauer's old and she doesn't hear very well and if—if Sonny got worse—"

Her eyes lifted to Jim's mother in a mute appeal that was the more pathetic because it was so humble. "I know I'm being awfully silly," stammered Cathy.

She stooped to pick up her little boy. "Let me," said Jim. "He's getting too heavy for you to carry."

Janet thought it queer how awkward Jim could be on the dance floor. He never seemed clumsy handling babies. He gathered Danny gently into his arms without waking him. Cathy went ahead to open the door. Jim, the baby's head resting like a crumpled yellow flower on his shoulder, tiptoed after her.

"Be sure to bring him back when you're ready to go," Anne insisted.

"Thank you," said Cathy.

Janet began to set the dining table. She drew the shades and turned on the old-fashioned chandelier. The flat had been built before the era of indirect lighting, and it had an old-fashioned built-in cupboard in which Anne kept the pieces of fine china and glass which she had inherited. They and a bit of solid silver and a picture were all she had salvaged from her old home.

Janet was thinking of that as she fished out a hand-painted salad bowl from the bottom of the buffet. "I know where we could sell our family heirlooms if we had any left to sell," she remarked, her chin at a mutinous angle.

"Yes?" murmured Anne.

"Someone's bought the house."

It was unnecessary to say what house. There was only one which mattered to the Phillips family. Anne, who had turned toward the kitchen, paused abruptly.

"Yes?" she asked again with a catch in her voice. "Who?"

"His name is Tony Ryan, and he was born in Shanty Town."

"Not really?"

"He's a regular Alger hero. Started out with one silver dollar in his pocket and licked the world. Now he's back here for the parade."

Anne laughed. "He seems to have aroused all your pet animosities."

"I am a little choked on the dust from his conquering chariot," admitted Janet. She hesitated. "He's employed me to help restore the old place."

"He's employed you?"

"Beggars can't be squeamish."

"Why, yes, I think they can," said Anne gravely.

"I need the money and the experience."

"Not if this man gets on your nerves."

"I don't know why he does," said Janet with a frown, "except everybody else is doing handstands over him and he appears to expect it, darn him! Incidentally, he's going to marry Priscilla if he can, and I think he can."

"He's in love with her?"

"Love!" exclaimed Janet with a cynical laugh. "Now where have I heard that word before?"

Her mother flinched. "I don't like to hear you jeer at the eternal verities, Janet."

"Eternal?" repeated Janet. "Maybe they were in your day, but we have outgrown so many lovely things, like chivalry and the Golden Rule and everlasting love."

Anne laid her hand over her daughter's.

"If it's Gordon who has disillusioned you, he isn't worth it."

"It isn't only Gordon," said Janet, blinking her eyes to drive back the tears. "It's a combination of everything." She smiled uncertainly. "Perhaps it's good for me to have my head pulled down out of the clouds."

"No!" her mother protested. "It's a lovely head, and it was made to brush the stars."

"But if life isn't a beautiful adventure," faltered Janet. "If it's just a sordid game of snatching off the main chance for yourself and to the devil with who gets hurt by it, what's the good of hitching your dreams to a star? You'd better learn to keep your eyes on the ground, before you stump your toe and break a leg or your heart."

There had been a time when Anne Phillips thought if she could earn enough to bring her children safely through measles and whooping cough and to clothe and feed and educate them, she could breathe easily. She was learning, however, that a parent's responsibility never ceases.

"Life isn't like that, Janet," she said with a little prayer in her heart.

"It isn't! Not really, is it?" asked Janet feverishly.

"No!"

JANET scrubbed at her eyes with her knuckles as she had done when she was a little girl, and had fallen down and hurt herself.

"All evidence to the contrary notwithstanding," she asked with a flash of her old buoyancy, "there is such a thing as a successful idealist or is there?"

"You're looking at one," said her mother with a gallant smile. "My illusions have been through the wash and emerged without a dropped stitch."

However, that was before Berenice and Bill came in, just as the others were sitting down to the table. "Darlings," exclaimed Anne, "how did you know I was wishing for you? Pull up chairs. You haven't eaten, I hope."

"I'm not hungry," said Bill, with a dull flush.

Anne noticed that Berenice ignored his remark, quite as if he had not spoken. "Are you sure you have enough to go around?" she asked her mother.

Anne laughed. She and Janet were scurrying about setting extra places. "You ought to know," said Anne merrily, "that in a working woman's household, meals have to be elastic. Or have you forgotten how we always cook like fury over the week-end and warm-up and fricasse the left-overs between times?"

"No," said Berenice. "I haven't forgotten that a roast on Sunday can be served cold on Monday and in a meat pie Tuesday and baked with potatoes on Wednesday and cubed with spaghetti on Thursday and end up as hash Friday night."

"This is Friday," said Janet with a giggle. "How'll you have your hash?"

"Our meals are always swell, it seems to me," said Jim. "Must be good management."

Berenice darted an angry glance at Bill. That's what I contend," she said.

Anne's heart sank. Looking from one hostile face to the other, she knew that Berenice and her husband were engaged in another of their futile and recriminatory arguments. And the pity of it is, thought Anne, they are crazy about each other.

"It may once have taken a woman from sun-up to sun-down to do her housework," continued Berenice sententiously, "but no' any more."

"Not if she's clever with a can-opener," said Bill in acidulated tones.

"Mother's employed, and she has fed her family canned stuff," protested Berenice. "Have you?"

"Not, I hope, to excess," said Anne with a smile. "Vegetables can always be prepared the night before, you know, and one can keep the makings of a salad in the ice-box. Then whoever's home first merely has to gather the meal together."

"With an efficiency apartment and an electric refrigerator," declared Berenice, "keeping house is child's play. I'm through every morning by eight-thirty with nothing to do till I start dinner at five." She flung an accusing glance at Bill. "It's so old-fashioned for a man to object to his wife's working. There's no reason why I shouldn't help out except your pride, and if my friends are as bad an influence as you say, you ought to be glad of something to keep me out of mischief."

Bill's shoulders drooped. "You win," he said.

Berenice caught her breath. "I can take the job?"

"What job?" asked her mother, feeling apprehensive.

Berenice, having carried her point, was radiant. "Bill's had another salary cut. We thought we'd have to give up the apartment, and I was sick, simply sick, and all my friends said it was a shame. So May Shelton called up Guy and he said he could use me as a file clerk or something in his office. The salary isn't large, but it's more than Bill's put, and, after all, I had nearly finished my business course when I stopped to get married. If I brush up on my shorthand I might land something pretty good eventually."

A dark flush crept to the roots of Bill's black hair. "I think we'd better off, living on my salary, if we had to live in a goods box," he said. "I think a wife ought to be willing to make the best of her husband's earnings. I supposed that's what it meant when we went through all that for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer stuff."

Berenice glared at him. "You're always thought Mother perfect, and she works."

Anne winced. "I've been compelled to," she said.

"I'm compelled to, also," said Berenice. "If we ever hope to have anything."

The telephone rang and Janet jumped up to answer. "It's for you, Jim," she said.

Jim went into the hall and picked up the receiver. "That you, Phillips?" inquired Howard Leigh.

"Yes."

"I have a message for you from Miss Sanders."

Jim's hand tightened on the edge of the telephone stand. "All right," he said.

"Fire."

"She has decided to join her father for a cruise on his yacht."

Jim's heart felt like an exposed nerve.

"So what?"

"We're leaving at midnight for New Orleans."

"We?"

"I'm invited to go along."

"Think of that," said Jim with a bleak laugh.

"It seems she owes you for a golf lesson. You can send the bill to me."

"And you can go to the devil," said Jim, banging up the receiver.

He was scowling when he returned to the table. Something in the set of his lips forbade questions as he jerked out his chair and sat down again.

"Yeah," he said, continuing the discussion as if there had been no interruption,

"you can prate about how 'kind hearts are more than coronets' all you please, but in real life it's the handsome playboy with plenty of coin who gets the top."

Have I failed, asked Anne Phillips of her shrinking heart, have I failed in everything that matters?

"All the copy-book notions sound sweet in the copy-book," muttered Berenice, "or when you learn them at Mother's knee, but in practice they sour on you."

"And how?" muttered Jim.

"Yes!" cried Janet, avoiding her mother's eyes.

JULY that year ran true to form. Torrid days with pavements sticky under the glaring sun were followed by sultry nights when the leaves on trees hung motionless. It seemed to Anne Phillips that she had never spent a more depressing month. Even Mr. Jacoby's knee held out no promise against the monotony of the heat.

"Nope," he said every morning and afternoon when Anne passed by. "I haven't had a twinge. Looks as if we ought to get some relief, cause this weather is a storm-breeder if I ever seen it."

Anne had a feeling that a storm was also gathering on her personal horizon. There was an ominous tenseness in her family circle, yet it was an uneventful month. There were no untoward incidents on which she could lay her finger to account for her growing uneasiness.

"I'm an idiot to be awake at nights manufacturing trouble," Anne scolded herself.

Unfortunately she knew that Janet, too, was lying awake at night, only she lay perfectly rigid beside her mother without making a sound, inviting no confidences, resolutely armed against bestowing any.

"It's the humidity," muttered Anne with a feeble attempt at humor, "and she's working too hard."

In spite of the heat-wave Janet appeared to be consumed with hectic energy. She went to summer school every morning. She put in the afternoons at the old Radcliffe house. In the evenings, she studied her lessons for the next day or pored over copies of "The House Beautiful" and catalogues from antique dealers.

"You ought to get out and make a little whoopee," urged Anne. "Why did you refuse to drive over to Lakeland to-night with Ted?"

Janet's lips curled. "He just asked me because Gordon didn't and Norma's away this week."

"Aren't you really going to Myra's dinner dance on Wednesday night?"

"I told her I wouldn't come if she put Gordon down as my escort. I'll not be crammed down his throat by my friends."

"I hate to see you having such a dull time!"

"I'm all right," said Janet curtly.

However, to Janet also those four weeks had a sinister quality, like the dead calm preceding a hurricane. Nevertheless the work on Tony Ryan's house was progressing apace.

As Mr. Busby, the contractor, said: "I'm supposed to be working somewhere else, but that young man don't know how to take no for an answer."

"You mean, money talks," remarked Janet dryly.

Mr. Busby smiled and scratched his ear. "It isn't precisely tongue-tied," he admitted.

He was a short, stocky, middle-aged man and a fine workman.

"As near as I can make out, you're the

court of last resort," he said. "If there's any doubt in my mind about how to go ahead, I'm to trust your memory."

He took it for granted that she would be on hand every afternoon from two to five. He sometimes saved up problems for her to work out at night. Frequently he kept her quite busy. Other times she spent the entire three hours wandering about the old house like a ghost while the carpenters hammered and Mr. Busby forgot her existence. The unusual arrangement under which she was engaged did not worry him.

"Mr. Ryan's paying the bill," he said. "If it suits him, it does me."

Janet was eager to know if their employer was pleased, so far as they had gone, but Mr. Busby volunteered no information and in view of Tony Ryan's attitude towards herself Janet was determined to betray no interest in the man. He never came near the Radcliffe place while she was there. Although he kept closely in touch with their progress, he paid his visits of inspection in the morning or dropped in on Mr. Busby at his office.

Janet thought she understood the pointed way in which she was being ignored. Priscilla was a jealous goddess. She demanded undivided attention, and although during July Janet avoided her old crowd she did from time to time run into one of them on the street. The absorbing topic of their conversation was Priscilla Leigh's crush on Tony Ryan.

"I mean to say, the blazer boy come the louder the splash," sighed Tommy Davis, who had once had a crush on Priscilla himself. "You'd think she'd been saving up all these years to go gaga about that big stiff. I never thought I'd live to see the day."

"It's too thrilling," gurgled Myra West. "He's exactly like what's-his-name? You know, that terribly hard-boiled fellow in the movies that the heroine pursues and pursues and he just smiles sardonically, but all the time you can tell he's crazy about her, only he would die before he'd say so till the last clinch."

There was more to that effect, ad nauseam, or so it struck Janet, and if she needed confirmation, Gordon Key supplied it. With Priscilla's attention engaged in another direction, Gordon as usual turned to Janet for consolation. He lacked the courage to ask her for a date. Perhaps on the advice of counsel, which in his case meant his mother, he was afraid to commit himself. Nevertheless, he took to encountering Janet whenever possible, seemingly by accident.

Her afternoons in Tony Ryan's house were to Janet like biting down on a sore tooth. She protested every board that was taken out, every nail that was put in. Yet the place had a fascination for her. She began to understand something about the perverse satisfaction in a hair shirt. She was unhappy watching her family mansion being groomed for a man whom she considered a hopeless upstart, but she was restless away from the scene of operations.

"I must love to suffer," she told herself in high disgust.

She was startled one afternoon on starting out the great bay window of the master bedroom to discover a young colored man, busily engaged in removing the barbed-wire which for years had replaced the wide gate between the big house on the cotton fields behind it.

Janet ran down the back stairs and out the rear entrance. "Aren't you making a mistake?" she inquired.

The man paused to wipe the sweat off his brow with his sleeve and smiled, shifting his feet. She saw that he had a stiff leg.

"No'm, Mr. Tony ordered me to get this wire out of the way. He say, he done sick and tired of snagging himself ever' time he want to go over to his farm."

"His farm!"

"Yas'm, he done bought all de land dis way and dat."

He gestured vaguely in a circle which took in both cotton fields and woods to the east and south. For a moment Janet could not get her breath. It had been her grandfather's dream to reunite the big Radcliffe house to the acreage which had originally been the productive part of the estate. But it had taken a Tony Ryan to bring that dream to life.

"Mr. Tony 'low he going to have the finest stock farm in dis here state," announced the small darky with a broad smile, "and I ain't never knowed him to make a mess of nothing he started."

"Maybe you haven't known him long enough," remarked Janet with pronounced irony.

"Yas'm, I been knowing him six-seven year, and," he chuckled softly, "I ain't seen him beat."

SHE glanced at him curiously. His slight build was deceptive. He was older than she had judged at a distance, close to thirty, she thought. He again shifted his weight off his crippled leg.

"I'm Deke, Miss. Maybe Mr. Tony done told you 'bout me," he said.

She shook her head. "I'm merely an employee here."

"I was a jockey, Miss, before I got jammed at the quarter and cracked my ankle."

He glanced over his shoulder to the rambling farmhouse which stood on the slope of the hill where the fields met the woods. Janet frowned. Apparently the farmhouse was also being restored. A couple of men were sitting on a scaffolding at the side, lavishly applying whitewash. At that distance she could tell little about them.

"Dat's Rufe and the Earl of Jersey," volunteered Deke.

He appeared to think his statement was self-explanatory and Janet was in no humor to ask questions about Tony Ryan's affairs. However, as days went on, she observed that the whitewashing of the farmhouse was nearing completion and she frequently saw a groom walking a large bay horse around the stable yard. The horse's coat glistened in the sun although he limped badly. Then one afternoon Janet discovered more activity near the rear wall of the estate and when she strolled down to investigate, she found a large, muscular man engaged in painting the new plank gates which had replaced the barbed wire while a small, elderly man in worn tweeds directed proceedings.

"How do you do, Miss Phillips?" he murmured.

Janet started. She wondered who he could be and where he had learned her name. He had an impeccable British accent and a monocle and one of the freest and most civilized faces she had ever seen. "Evening, Miss," mumbled the man astride the gate.

Again Janet started. There was a curiously deadened sound to the rumbling voice and a glazed look in the man's eyes. His ears were unnaturally thick and misshapen.

"Don't mind Rufe," said the little Englishman quietly. "I remember when he was a superb physical specimen. Now he's a little blub as to mental awareness, but quite harmless. Punch-drunk, don't you know?"

"Punch-drunk?" echoed Janet.

"Rather! It's a penalty prize fighters often pay for a modicum of ephemeral fame

and fortune. Rufe came within one knock-out of being the heavyweight champion of the world, but the nearer the top the farther the fall. Right-oh?"

Janet watched the dulled movements of the big man and shivered. "How terrible!"

The Englishman nodded. "I recall when Rufe could scarcely force his way through for his admirers. I've known him to stand treat to everybody in the house for hours at a time. Employing the argot of the streets, Rufe was a white guy and good game for the hangers-on while he had it."

"You mean when he lost out, everybody forgot him?"

"Not everybody. Tony Ryan came across Rufe four years ago in the breadline. Since then Rufe has fared very well."

Janet was unreasonably exasperated to discover that a man in whom she was determined to see no good had, it would appear, at least one saving grace.

"Am I supposed to deduce that Tony Ryan is an incognito Santa Claus or what?" she demanded in a sarcastic voice.

The Englishman shrugged his narrow shoulders. "If you'd ask him, he'd tell you he keeps Rufe hanging around, so as to be reminded that 'there, but for the grace of Heaven, go I.' However, in spite of Tony's modest efforts to elude the allegation, wouldn't you say it takes a somewhat altruistic nature to invest in a farm and a farmhouse in order to provide a home and a decent livelihood for several fellow beings who are to a degree human wreckage? Mere flotsam on the beach of fate as 'twere."

"Modest is one word. I never connected with Mr. Ryan," was Janet's acrid comment.

The Englishman removed his monocle and then absently replaced it. "Tony has been spoofing you, eh, what?"

Janet laughed. "It was you undoubtedly to whom Deke referred as the Earl of Jersey."

"Right-oh! My accent and my monocle are inextricably associated in the minds of your countrymen with the trick Englishman of state and screen. I no longer recollect who first called me the Earl of Jersey, but it was an attempt at wit I've never lived down. I've become so accustomed to the name, in fact, I answer to no other. I am, don't you know, a cook."

"A cook!"

"Rather," murmured the man in his distinguished and imperturbable manner. "I came to this country sixteen years ago to play polo by invitation on Long Island. Unfortunately I have a regrettable habit of being what is commonly called a periodical drunkard."

"Surely you could have done better with your life."

"Indubitably, but one adjusts oneself to one's lapses. Naturally, as one grows older, one begins to wonder whether one might not better walk off the dock some dark night and fail to bob up, that is unless one happens to have a friend like Tony Ryan."

"You mean to infer that he is running the farm as a home for human derelicts, yourself included?" asked Janet slowly.

"Right-oh," said the Earl of Jersey.

IT'S too absurd to think of Tony Ryan as a Don Quixote in disguise! stormed Janet that night at the dinner table. "I can't believe it even if I've seen the evidence. I'd be willing to bet that he's the type who'd climb up by way of somebody's else's shoulders and then kick the prop out from under when he was able to dispense with it."

Jim shook his head. "He knows his way

around, and don't let any one tell you he's a fool, but he impresses me as much of a man."

Janet stared at him in astonishment. "How did you get so well acquainted with him all of a sudden?"

"We're handling his legal affairs."

"Oh!" said Janet and then added unpleasantly: "Of course he'd retain Judge Hetchco. He's the best lawyer in town."

"It's good common sense to get the most you can for your money," said Jim.

"You would take his part," said Janet bitterly. "How men do stand together!"

Anne smiled. "Why don't you bring Mr. Ryan home with you some night to dinner? I'm becoming mildly curious about him."

Janet flushed, and then she went a little white. "I merely work for him. Socially I don't exist so far as Tony Ryan's concerned. He's after important game."

"If you ask me," said Jim in the infuriating manner of indulgent big brother putting little sister in her place, "he has had you standing on your ear ever since you met him."

"I detest him!" cried Janet furiously. "I never met any one I liked less."

"You wouldn't kid yourself, would you?" drawled Jim.

To Janet's shocked dismay a tear rolled down her cheek. Her mother telegraphed Jim a warning glance. Her eyes said: Don't tease her, this isn't the moment or the man, and Jim's shrug replied eloquently: Good Lord, I've been clumsy again!

By the last week in July, Mr. Busby was next to finished at the Radcliffe house. There were only the loose ends to be tucked in. Janet began uneasily to wonder what would happen next. She had after considerable research decided on exactly what furnishings the old mansion required. She had the names of dealers and prices at her tongue's end, as well as neatly put down in a slender, red notebook for Tony Ryan's consideration. Her only uncertainty was when, if ever, he was going to find time to consider either her or her figures.

He was never at the big house in the afternoons, yet Janet often saw him tilted back in a cane-bottomed chair on the porch of the farmhouse, talking to Rufe and the Englishman or watching Deke exercise the big bay horse. Now and then there were strangers at the farmhouse who stayed a day or so, then disappeared. Most of them wore clothes of a conspicuous pattern and had large battered faces. Each seemed to possess a penchant for slapping everybody in sight on the back.

"They is old friends of Mr. Tony's," explained Deke.

Deke had been engaged for several days in carefully weeding out the flower beds at the sides of the Radcliffe mansion. It was work to which he could sit down if his leg troubled him. The business of pruning the trees and cutting back the heavy shrubbery was to be left to Rufe under the supervision of the Earl of Jersey, so Deke said.

"Mr. Tony knows I can't handle no scythe," chuckled Deke, "but he promised to skin me alive if I missed any weed in these here flower beds. Mr. Tony can't stand nothing slovenly."

Janet's lips curled. "He expects you to earn your keep, does he?"

"Yas'm."

It was an agreeable thought to Janet that Tony Ryan was not so disinterested a philanthropist as she had been reluctantly forced to believe.

"There's nothing like being able to eat your cake and have it, too," she remarked.

"I mean, it isn't everyone who can make a beautiful gesture pay."

"Yasn," agreed Deke doubtfully.

He had no idea what she was talking about, but the man who had come up behind her knew. "I've seen the skids put under too many Good Time Charlies, to let that happen to me," said Tony Ryan in a hard voice.

Janet turned with a little gasp. He had come in through the rear gate. He was wearing a pair of old, fawn-colored riding breeches and a faded blue shirt, turned in at the throat, but he still looked as if he had that moment been turned out by an irreproachable valet. His head was bare and his hair shone blue-black in the sun. Under the dark tan of his lean cheeks there was a red glow like the dusky flush on a copper vase.

"The man who's to deliver those brood mares telephoned he'd be here at four," he said to Deke.

"You better get back to the stables and help the Earl fix the stalls."

"Yas, suh."

DEKE touched his cap and limped away. Tony Ryan turned to follow, paused abruptly, and then came slowly back to where Janet stood, her cheeks scarlet.

"I don't want you to labor under a misapprehension," he said. "I stand by my friends, but they'll never eat me out of house and home. The farm is not expected to make pots of money. It is expected to pay its way. It isn't likely you're interested in my plans. However, Rufe grew up on the farm. He's going to raise the necessary foodstuffs. The Earl and Deke are responsible for the live stock on the place. Any stumblebumps I used to know who wander in for a handout will contribute their share to the odd chores."

Janet felt as if she were shrinking, growing quite insignificant under the level gaze of his cool blue eyes. Desperately she rallied her defences.

"Anyway it's your own affair," she murmured loftily.

Again he turned away, only to pause for the second time. "I was intending to look you up to-morrow," he said with a frown. "Now that Bushy's part of the job is done, you carry on alone."

"I-I—"

"I'd like if possible to have the house ready for occupancy by the twentieth of August," he said.

Janet felt a little out of breath. "If you'd look over the notes I've made and decide what you want, it should take only a week or so to finish up."

She held out somewhat shyly the small red notebook into which she had congested her findings, but Tony Ryan waved it aside. "Please buy what you think the house needs and have them send the bills to me," he said crisply.

"I couldn't take the responsibility," she stammered. "After all it's your house."

"You can't go wrong," he said. "If you buy exactly what you'd buy if you were going to live here yourself."

She winced, and her old antagonism flared up. "The price is no object, naturally?" she asked.

He gave her a curious glance. "I want the best."

"Being you?"

He laughed shortly. "How do you nurse your grudges?"

She flushed.

"Didn't Priscilla warn you that I am difficult?"

He surveyed her with the lazy, amused smile she found so provoking. "To quote

exactly, she said you are a little soured on life just now because some local swain has made mince-meat of your heart, or words to that effect."

Janet could not conceal how the shot told. "My friends have my broken heart on the brain!" she snapped, hoping he would not notice her trembling chin.

He grinned. "As the Earl would say, right-oh! Rather! Eh, what!"

Janet frowned. "Is he entirely responsible? He told me a most remarkable story, the alleged story of his life, from the back of a polo pony to behind the stove in a hole in the wall."

Her nose tilted a little and Tony Ryan scowled. "Did he tell you that he was gassed as well as decorated in the war and why so long as I have a crust of bread, he can eat?"

"No."

"See this scar." He pointed to the small triangular blemish beside his mouth. "The Earl gave me that with an uppercut to the teeth. He was working in a tough cafe on the Bowery when I started in the fight racket. I used to hang out at the place a lot. Most of the ring crowd did at that particular time, but the Earl took a fancy to me, maybe because it never seemed so funny to me as to the others to watch him frying steak and onions with a monocle in his eye. I liked to talk to him. He may be a drunkard to you, to me he was a liberal education. He corrected my English and my etiquette. He told me what books to read to turn a sow's ear into a silk purse."

"Are you trying to say that the Earl saved you from being a drunkard, even if he couldn't save himself?"

"I've seen a lot of good men with my opportunities go that way," said Tony Ryan.

IT was the next afternoon and May Shelton was speaking. "If I was helping to earn the living," said she, "no mere husband could tell me where to head in."

Berenice sighed, shifted her highball to the other hand, and picked up her lighted cigarette from the Shelton's white-and-chromium cocktail tray.

"I suppose I'm a glutton for punishment," she said wearily, and glanced at the clock. "Oh, heck, it's nearly six. Bill will be walking the floor."

She rose with a frown. "Going with us to-night?" inquired Lou Fletcher.

"You know how Bill loathes night clubs," murmured Berenice, pouting her lips.

"Why not let him stay home alone and sulk it out?" demanded May. "After you've slaved all day you rate a little fun. All work and no play is what gives Jill crow's feet and grey hairs."

Berenice nodded. "I know," she said reluctantly.

Theoretically, after she had been busy at the office for eight hours, Berenice should have been satisfied to stay quietly at home with Bill at night, only it had not worked out that way. She had had a promotion and a rise in salary. One of the regular stenographers eloped and Berenice inherited the job in the emergency. She did well with it. After six weeks Guy Shelton said Berenice could work rings around most of his older employees. He declared he was going to give her another rise the first of September.

"You'll be earning more than I do before long," said Bill, looking grim and white when she told him.

"I'm just trying to do my part," Berenice reminded him.

However, the effort to live up to her posi-

tion at the office was more of a strain than she had expected. Usually The Bunch was together somewhere, having cocktails. They encouraged her to join them.

"You look like you need a pick-me-up," May would say.

Berenice was no longer so careful as she had been about taking a drink or a cigarette in front of Bill. As her friends pointed out, she was paying the rent. It was true Bill had not wanted her to work, nevertheless it did not seem fair that he should police her behaviour when she was contributing her half to their common expenses.

"I'm earning the right to be my own mistress," Berenice told herself.

When she came into the apartment that afternoon Bill was slamming things around in the kitchenette. He hated meals dumped out of tin cans and warmed up at the last minute. If Berenice was late, he usually started dinner.

"Hullo," he said without looking up, his face like a thundercloud.

"Hullo," said Berenice coolly, going into the dressing-room to put her hat and gloves away.

There was dust on the floors. Dirty towels littered the bathroom. The living-room needed clearing of cigarette butts and scattered newspapers. Berenice made a face at herself in the glass. They had played bridge at Sue Berry's the night before over Bill's protest. It was after one when they got to bed, and they overslept. Berenice had barely had time to pile the dirty dishes in the sink and slam up the bed before she left for the office.

"Come and get it," called Bill from the dining-room.

Berenice shrugged her shoulders. "I can see that this is going to be another of our pleasant evenings at home," she remarked, pulling out her chair.

Bill said nothing. They did not quarrel as much as they had, because Bill had taken refuge in sullen silence. Berenice sawed away at an underdone piece of steak and continued to feel sorry for herself. Her friends assured her that she was an angel to put up with her husband's crankiness. Berenice was beginning to agree with them. There were times when she thought that Bill was a millstone hanging around her neck, when it seemed to her she would be a thousand times happier if she were free to lead her own life.

"Have you thought any more about going to the fair with the bunch?" she asked after a while.

Bill laid down his knife with a clatter. "For Pete's sake," he protested, "what is there to think about? I can't afford a jaunt like that, and you know it!"

He glared at her like a badgered animal, and Berenice felt a little sick. She knew it galled his pride because he made less money than any husband in the bunch. Sometimes she felt terribly sorry for Bill. He was so proud and he was so in love with her. That was why, she thought, no matter what her friends said, she would never leave him.

"No," she said sadly to herself. "I'll have to go on wearing a millstone about my neck for the rest of my life, because Bill's crazy about me. It would kill him to lose me."

She meant to be generous, her heart was full of tenderness when she said: "I have money enough in the bank to pay our expenses to the fair, Bill, if you'll go."

He started to his feet so violently, she dropped her fork. "What are you trying to make out of me?" he cried in a tortured voice. "A gigolo!"

Berenice's cheeks flamed. "It's like you

to be that unjust," she said. "You've been unjust about everything."

She stalked into the living-room and deliberately lit a cigarette. "Has it occurred to you that after I've pounded the typewriter from nine to five, I'm not exactly in the mood to be shouted at the rest of the night?" she demanded.

Bill's mouth tightened. "Maybe you think I'm crazy about coming home to this sort of thing when I've tramped the streets all day, trying to sell advertising?"

"Is that why you're not so hot at it?" she asked stinging.

He turned deathly white. "If you're going to begin twisting me with being a failure!" he cried in a thick voice.

She was tired and nervous, she did not want to say it, only she could not seem to stop herself. "You aren't exactly a howling success, are you?"

He looked at her as if he hated her. "And I used to think you were the sweetest thing on earth!" he cried.

He picked his hat up from where he had flung it down on the littered desk. He did not speak or glance back as he jerked open the door and banged it to behind him. Berenice stood very still, listening to his retreating steps. For a moment she felt as though she were an alarm clock, and inside her a brass bell was clanging.

Suppose Bill did not come back?

Suddenly Berenice was shaking and very cold. What had happened, she thought. How had she and Bill become enemies? Continually at each other's throats! Each of them saying hateful things to injure the other's pride, things neither of them could forget, so that when a fresh quarrel started they carried right on from the one before, all the bitterness festering in their hearts, poisoning their life together.

She had a longing to run to her mother, to hide her head in Anne's lap as she had done when a child if she had had a nightmare or been frightened at something.

"Mother never fuses, she just tries to help," she thought.

She had stretched out her hand to take up the telephone when it rang. Berenice had meant to call Anne and ask if she could come over, but May was on the wire. "Meet us down in the lobby. You and Bill are riding in our car."

"Bill isn't here," stammered Berenice, trying to conceal the fact that she was crying. "We had one of our famous battles, and he walked out on me."

"He'll be back," said May with a hearty laugh.

"Oh, yeah?" muttered Berenice.

"Surely you aren't going to give him the satisfaction of staying at home and moping," said May. "That's exactly what he'd like."

Resentment began to stir its old venomous brew in Berenice's heart. She had had a hard day at the office. She told herself it was not her fault that her husband was less successful than other women's husbands. She was doing all she could to add to the family purse, but when she tried to be generous, Bill acted as if she had insulted him.

"Give the gentleman a taste of his own medicine," was May's advice.

Berenice's round, childish chin hardened. "All right," she said. "I'll meet you downstairs as soon as I can climb into my best bib."

She wore the sheer black chiffon which Bill loathed because it displayed so much of her back. It should have been more exciting than it was to be out with the bunch on a party with no Bill to scowl every time

she took a highball, but though absent, Bill still spoiled the fun for Berenice. At the back of her brain that little alarm clock clanged away.

Suppose Bill does not come back?

However, when she let herself into the apartment a little after two, Bill was there, asleep on his side of the bed. Berenice drew a long breath. So she could wind him around her finger if she chose, just as her friends said. No matter how she treated him, he would always come back, because he loved her, because he could not live without her.

She closed the dressing-room door cautiously before she started to undress. Her hands were not quite steady, and her eyes did not focus correctly. That was how she happened to pull open Bill's drawer instead of her own in the wardrobe. That was why she did not at once recognise the stack of neatly cut out pictures which lay on Bill's pile of handkerchiefs.

The local newspaper had been running a contest for eight weeks. Each day they published a picture puzzle. There was a grand prize of five thousand dollars and a second of a thousand and a third of five hundred and forty of five dollars each. At first almost every one of Berenice's acquaintances had entered the competition. For a week or two it had been on everybody's tongue, then as the puzzles became trickier, people grew discouraged and dropped out. Berenice had even dabbled with the scheme herself the first couple of days. She laughed and told Bill they could use five thousand dollars.

"Who couldn't?" he retorted.

Not once had he said anything about trying for a prize himself. Berenice had never dreamed he was working at the contest. Yet there were the pictures, painstakingly puzzled out and lettered in Bill's small cramped print. Berenice's heart ached. He must have put in hours on them, probably at the office between calls, maybe at his lunch hour.

He had secured duplicates of each puzzle, so that the set he finally sent in should be neat and legible. These were the ones he had worked from. They were almost tattered where he had written in and then rubbed out and rewritten his answers. In spots the cheap, ragged paper had been worn through in holes from his patient eraser.

"Oh, poor Bill!" Berenice whispered to herself.

For all the pictures were torn in half and in the waste basket beside the wardrobe lay a crumpled newspaper. Berenice picked it up with shaking hands. There were the names of the winning contestants. The winner of the grand prize headed them all in huge black letters, the second in smaller type, the third in still smaller print, and at the bottom stood the inconspicuous column of forty who received five dollars each.

Berenice's trembling finger ran down the list, and then for a moment she could not see anything because her eyes were blind with tears. Bill had not received a prize, not any at all. His name did not appear anywhere on the page. Berenice felt an anguish of pity. She knew why he had wanted five thousand dollars, why he had clutched at this forlorn hope to save his self-respect, but he had failed. No wonder he had been heartick when she taunted him with not being a success no wonder he had flung out of the apartment.

"Oh, Bill!" whispered Berenice, crawling into bed beside him and putting her arm across him.

But even in his sleep he flinched away from her.

EVEN the bay horse Janet learned was a bit of wreckage which Tony Ryan had salvaged.

"They wa'n't no better two-year-old in the world than Clip," explained Deke one August afternoon, pausing in his weeding operations to rest his back. "Looked like nothing couldn't stop him from winning the Kentucky Derby like his pappy." Deke sighed. "Den he had to go and pull a tendon."

Janet, perched on the stone bench beside the rose pergola, also sighed. "You have to get the breaks to be a winner," she murmured.

"Yas'm," said Deke. "Mr. Raines was down to his last dime and he wouldn't take no money from his friends. That's why he had to race Clip after he pulled up lame. Clip done his best. Him and Mr. Raines was powerful fond of each other. Clip was limping in the stretch, but he gave all he had before he stumbled and fell, broke his right hind leg. Dat's curdins for a race horse."

"What a shame!"

"Yas'm," said Deke. "Mr. Raines shot himself that night."

"Oh!"

"Yas'm. It broke Mr. Tony all up, Mr. Raines put up the bucking for Mr. Tony's first fight. They said they might as well shoot Clip, too, but Mr. Tony bought him. He's been boarding him in a stable in New York ever since. Cost a lot, but Mr. Tony says he sort of figures Mr. Raines can rest easier because Clip's being took care of."

Janet rose abruptly, her face very hot. She seemed to have been completely wrong about Tony Ryan. She much preferred to believe him a hard-bodied realist, yet from all the signs, behind his pose there lurked an idealist who believed in putting his idealism into practice, or was he like that really?

What was Deke saying? "Course it looks now as though Mr. Tony's going to cash in on Clip."

"But you said he'd never race again."

"Yas'm, only thanks to all Mr. Tony spent on veterinaries. Clip's as healthy a horse as ever got turned out to grass. He limps, but dat ain't nothing to keep him from siring a bunch of thoroughbred colts." Deke chuckled. "I'd like to bet that some day Mr. Tony will be winning fifty thousand dollar purses all over the country with Clip's colts."

Janet walked away, mentally washing her hands of the vexatious problem of Tony Ryan. To save her life, she could not decide if he was a supersentimentalist or an opportunist with a talent for putting his charities to work for him, laughing up his sleeve the while with his provoking, lazy grin.

Mr. Bushy and his carpenters and painters and floor-finishers collected their various paraphernalia and moved out of the old Radcliffe mansion the next day and Janet began to spend her afternoons between furniture stores and upholstery shops. Because Tony Ryan was in a hurry she telegraphed certain antique dealers in New York and Atlanta, reminding herself with a grim smile that expense meant nothing to the man who was footing the bills.

By the second week in August boxes and crates were standing all over the lower floor of the old house and Janet rushed away from school every afternoon to meet the furniture vans backing up to the door. She hired a buxom colored cleaning woman and two stout colored men to assist with

uncrusted the heavy pieces of solid walnut and the fine, gold-sprigged china.

Gradually the stately old house which for years had shrunk in upon itself in dingy neglect began again to take on a gracious and gleaming aspect. Worn floors and wainscoting developed a satin sheen. Rich gold brocade appeared at the tall windows in the high-ceilinged double parlors. The same gold was repeated in the needlework tapestry of quaint old love seats and divans. White lamps with gold and white parchment shades stood on pie-crust tables beside deep lounge chairs.

In the dining-room a Sheraton table and white leather-seated chairs rested on a hand-woven blue rug. On the shelves of the antique dressers in each corner sparkled old ruby glass and sapphire decanters under great convex Colonial mirrors. Upstairs, prim ruffled white curtains framed the windows of bedrooms in which there were mahogany four-poster beds and high-or-lowboys and slipper chairs and chintz-covered chaise longue.

"ALMOST finished," breathed Janet towards the middle of August, uncertain whether she referred to her task or to herself.

It was still hot and dry. There had been a brief shower or two which had merely made things steamier. Janet could never remember being so tired. Her fatigue went clear to the bone, or perhaps to the heart. She was eager to turn over her responsibility to Tony Ryan along with the key to his house. She could not wander through the lovely old rooms without a pang. She had put too much of herself into them.

"Thank goodness," she muttered, "there are only odds and ends left to do. The sooner I get out of here the better. The first thing I know I'll be breaking down and sobbing on the interloper's hearth-rug."

A man stood at the foot of the stair. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to startle you."

He was a slight man, thin for his height. He had prematurely iron-grey hair and steel-grey eyes and a whimsical smile. He looked to be about forty-five and his expensively tailored grey suit was a little shiny at the seams. There was also something worn about his expression as if life had ridden him with spurs.

"You are Miss Phillips, of course," he went on. "I'm Steve Hill, a friend of Tony's. He's mentioned me, I imagine."

He smiled deprecatingly, and Janet thought: "Oh, dear, another delf!"

She was beginning to feel as if she would scream if people continued to spring up toward whom Tony Ryan had played the Good Samaritan. "Yes," she said, not cordially. "I am Miss Phillips and I'm employed here, but not as Mr. Ryan's confidante, on the contrary."

Steve Hill laughed. "Tony's not loquacious. You have to read between the lines with him."

Janet flushed. "I'm not interested in fine print."

He looked at her curiously. "Strange! Most attractive young women find it worthwhile to make quite an effort to know Tony. Jane elevated her nose. 'I'm the well-known exception to prove the rule.'"

"Test!"

"Yes!" she cried and realized she was being more emphatic than the occasion called for.

Again he glanced at her curiously and she felt uncomfortable under his quizzical grey eyes. They had a piercing quality as though they were trained to see *below* surfaces or even around corners.

"Tony," he observed, "grows on people."

Janet was sure he was another pensioner whom Tony Ryan was paying off. "I suppose you too once did him a great favor," she murmured impatiently.

"No," he said. "I never did Tony any particular favor, but he's done me a great service by being alive."

He showed no disposition to elaborate upon his remark, and while Janet was busy in the library, carefully unpacking the volumes which she had bought to fill the tall shelves of the bookcases, he strolled out the back door. Later she saw him back of the farmhouse in overalls and a huge straw hat, helping Rufe cut weeds in the south pasture.

"Just another stumblebum, looking for a hand-out and assisting with the chores, poor fellow," decided Janet.

The next afternoon he was in the library when she arrived, sitting on the cushioned window seat, turning the leaves of an exceptionally fine copy of "Tristan and Isolde."

"Allah be praised, you don't buy books for the color of their bindings," he said. Janet flushed. "Quite likely Tony Ryan will never know the difference," and it's certain Priscilla won't, she was thinking.

"You'd be surprised at what Tony knows," he murmured.

Janet stared at him critically as he talked on. Steve Hill had a sensitive mobile face, and he seemed to have read everything worth reading and to have been everywhere worth seeing and to have known everyone worth knowing from Mary Garden and the new King to Emperor Haile Selassie. Whatever else Stephen Hill might or might not be, Janet realised that he was the most cosmopolitan person she had ever encountered.

"Sorry," he said, glancing abruptly at his watch. "I'm afraid I've bored you."

She discovered with an incredulous start that they had been sitting there for an hour while he literally charmed her with the gently satirical flow of his conversation. She still did not know what form of human wreckage he represented, but she was convinced that his society alone was enough excuse for his being.

"No," she said, "you haven't bored me. I doubt if you ever bored anyone in your life."

To her dismay his mouth twisted with pain. "I failed lamentably with the one audience in the world which mattered to me," he said and walked quickly away as if a horde of tormenting memories had been loosed about him.

But he was back again the next afternoon. Janet was hanging pictures.

"Nothing's lacking," she told Steve Hill. "except the portrait of my great-grandmother which is in our living-room at home. It belongs here, commanding the whole house." She indicated the space opposite the wide staircase and the entrance to the library. "But nothing could persuade us to part with it."

Steve Hill smiled. "There was a time when I thought I'd outgrown the old gods but that's merely a phase, you know. In the end you realise that life without sentiment is a wine without bouquet."

She caught her breath. "I'd like you to know my mother," she said, and blushed because until then she had not known she approved of him to that extent. "It's because," she stammered, "although they have become passe, mother's never been afraid to admit to illusions. She looks very up-to-date. It's part of her job to keep up with the latest fads. At heart she's as sweet as a cluster of old-fashioned lilacs. If you can imagine what I mean."

"She's like you?" Janet flushed. "We're both supposed to

be like my great-grandmother." She hesitated. "Would you like to go home with me to-night to dinner? It'll be informal. We live in a flat and we can't entertain on an elaborate scale, but mother's the only person I know of in this town who could talk to you about books and philosophy and poetry and hold her own. You see, she grew up in a library like this."

"I'll be delighted," he said.

Janet watched him strolling away, one of his inevitable cigarettes between his lips. He was slightly shabby, yet there was something debonair about the quirk of his shoulders. He captured her imagination; he had from the first. However, she wished she had not yielded to a momentary impulse and asked him to her home. After all, he was one of Tony Ryan's down-and-outers, she told herself and there had to be some reason why a man of Steve Hill's personal magnetism should be adrift at his age.

"He must have a screw loose somewhere," she muttered.

Nevertheless, when he returned, still wearing the grey suit, but with a fresh white shirt, Janet found herself once more yielding to the man's casual charm. It was stimulating, walking down the street beside him. His comments on any subject were intriguing. She offered no apologies for her home. It seemed to Janet that apologies are odious under such conditions. She had not wanted Tony Ryan to see the flat, not because she was ashamed of it, but because she distrusted his sense of values. She did not have that feeling about Stephen Hill.

"Please make yourself comfortable," she said, smiling as she took his hat on their arrival at the flat. "I shall have to do something about food. We have no maid. Where everyone's employed, meals have to be co-operative."

There was not a lot to do. Anne had made a gelatine salad the night before. Janet had boiled the potatoes before she went to school that morning. They needed only to be heated with sprigs of parsley and a butter sauce. The ham which they had baked on Sunday had merely to be sliced. Janet glazed rings of pineapple to adorn the platter. She fixed tomato juice cocktails and tall glasses of iced tea with rounds of lemon and a bit of crushed mint. There was a chocolate pudding in the ice-box. She whipped the cream for it and set the table.

"ANYBODY home?" called Anne from the front door.

Feeling unpleasantly flushed, Janet hurried back to the living-room. Her mother had never been difficult about the friends her children brought home. She had always said she would rather be anything than the stuffy kind of housekeeper who has to have everything "neatly-nice" before receiving a guest. Nevertheless Janet felt uneasy about Stephen Hill. She did not know how she could bear it if Anne saw only the shiny seams of his coat sleeve.

"Mother, this is Mr. Ryan's friend, Stephen Hill," stammered Janet.

She was watching Anne's face anxiously. It seemed to Janet she had never seen her mother look prettier or more elegant.

"How do you do, Mrs. Phillips?" murmured Stephen Hill.

Anne smiled. When she smiled, her grey eyes always deepened in hue, and her cheeks flushed softly.

"How do you do?" she said, putting out her hand.

Janet's heart swelled with relief. She wondered why she had ever thought the moment could be awkward.

"Mother never lets you down," she thought.

with passionate gratitude. Aloud she said, rather shakily: "I knew you wouldn't mind if I asked Mr. Hill to eat with us."

Anne had removed her small black hat, she put up her slender white hands to smooth her dark hair, and laughed. "Don't be absurd, dearest. I'm pleased."

It was not the words, it was her warm, gracious tone which removed all strain from the situation. Janet gave Stephen Hill a radiant smile, but he was staring curiously at Anne Phillips.

"How's for eating?" demanded Jim, banging the front door behind him.

"My brother, Mr. Hill," said Janet.

Jim started forward with outstretched hand and tripped over a lamp cord. "Sorry," he said with a grin. "I'm the blunderbuss of the family."

Steve Hill laughed. "Tony tells me your mind never blunders."

Jim shook his head. "I'm not so sure of that as I was," he said ruefully.

Janet's remaining qualms were dissipated by the unobtrusive manner in which her guest fitted in at their table. It did not matter that the dining-room had to be reached by a long narrow back hall and that one of the salad plates was chipped and that there was no maid to serve. They sat for two hours after they finished eating. Janet's eyes glowing, Jim looking more relaxed than he had in weeks, Anne leaning forward, her cheeks bright, all of them wafted out of themselves on the Magic Carpet of Stephen Hill's fascinating drawl to the far and strange places of the earth, to the Peacock Throne and the lacy minaret of the Taj Mahal, to crocodile-infested tropic jungles, to Piccadilly on a balmy May afternoon, to the boulevards of Paris on a fantastic moonlit night.

"I'm afraid I've overstayed my welcome," said Steve Hill when he rose to go.

"You couldn't!" cried Anne breathlessly. Janet had accompanied him to the door, but he glanced beyond her to her mother's face. "Thanks," he said gravely.

"Isn't he wonderful?" cried Janet when he had gone. "I don't care if he is just another one of what the Earl of Jersey calls a bit of flotsam on the beach of fate, Steve's precious."

"Yes," said Anne. "In rage he'd be the most interesting guest at anybody's dinner-table. At least I'd be glad to have him at mine if he hadn't a shirt to his name."

Jim began to laugh. He laughed immoderately. He had to pound himself on the back to keep from choking. Janet stared at him with exasperation.

"I suppose you know all about him," she said. "I suppose Tony Ryan has told you, and the joke's on us. But I don't care if Steve's a—a gaol bird or what he is. I like him."

"So do I," said Anne indignantly. Jim wiped the tears from his eyes and then he began to laugh again. "I can't help it," he pleaded. "It's just that when I think of you two, determined to feed the crumbs of your divine charity to Stephen Hill, I get the giggles." He put an arm about each of them. "Dear sweet innocents," he explained, "don't you ever read the bylines in the newspapers, haven't you ever listened to the radio, did you never see a travel book?"

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" cried Janet weakly. "He isn't the Stephen Decatur Hill!"

Jim nodded and Anne clutched his arm. "The famous war correspondent!"

The sixteenth day of August began un-

pleasantly for Anne Phillips. She had not slept well the night before. It was very hot and she rolled and tossed. She knew she was keeping Janet awake, or at least something was. In the end Anne put on her crepe kimono, took her pillow and went out and lay down in the porch swing. It was cooler there, but still she slept by fits and starts.

"If only I knew exactly what I am afraid of," she told herself. "You can fight anything, after it comes out into the open. It's wondering when and where it'll strike that gives you the jitters."

She was nervous the next morning. She let the toast scorch, something she had not done in years, and burned her hand on the oven.

"The ingenuity with which you can do everything wrong on some days really should be utilised," snapped Anne, snatching at the box of baking soda.

Janet, who was preparing the grape fruit for breakfast, gave her mother a startled glance. It was unlike Anne to be irritable. As a rule she could make a jest of petty annoyances. She could generally manage a smile even over annoyances not so petty. "Sorry, darling," said Anne. "I got up on the wrong side."

"At least," muttered Janet, "you won't have to worry about dinner to-night."

"Not?" murmured Anne uncertainly.

She was worried about dinner that night. Norma Poole's mother was having a small party and she had asked the entire Phillips family. Anne sighed. She and Wanda Poole had been chums as little girls. They were still fond of each other although since Anne went to work she had through necessity seen less of the other woman. Mrs. Poole went in ardently for club work. She took the lead in all local women's organizations. She was continually immersed in committee meetings and membership drives.

Anne sighed again. "You must wear your new ivory lace," Janet was saying. "It's perfectly luscious on you."

Anne made a grimace. "If I can get my mind off how many coats we moved today and the minimum number of sales we have to make by the end of the week and remember that a lady at a dinner party is expected to be a found of inconsequential conversation, I'll be lucky."

"That's just it," said Janet, "you can't be a working woman and have anything in common with women whose most pressing anxiety is what color scheme they'll use at their next tea and how to make their new club year books distinctive."

"No," said Anne soberly, "we don't speak the same language."

She was thinking of that later when, having washed the dishes and straightened the flat, she and Janet came down the stairs. They usually walked to town together. Janet had a nine o'clock class every morning, her mother was supposed to be on the floor fifteen minutes before the store opened to customers.

"Mercy!" cried Anne, stooping short on the stoop in front of the flat building. "I forgot to put out the card for the ice man," Janet laughed. "No, this isn't your day. Never mind, I'll run back and see to it."

When she returned her mother was talking to old Mr. Jacoby. She smiled at Janet. "That young man of yours is a right nice young chap, I'd say. He drove all the way by here yesterday to ask me if it'd be safe to cut his *Lepidoceras* hay."

Janet stared at him. "Who on earth do you mean?"

"Tony Ryan," said Mr. Jacoby. "The one you went riding with that day. I told him it wouldn't rain before to-night, and 'twon't."

"He's not my young man!" protested Janet, coloring violently.

Mr. Jacoby shook his head. "Then I wasted a lot of time, telling him how I knowed you since you was a kitten, and I never knowed nobody nicker."

Anne giggled. "You've always been our best press agent, Mr. Jacoby," she said.

A sideways glance at Janet's face warned her mother that Janet did not find the incident amusing.

The store was crowded all that morning, but most of the women who had been attracted by the advertising campaign were not in the humor to buy. They wanted to look they said. Anne dragged out heavy fur coats until her arms ached and both her complexion and the fresh white collar on her tailored dress melted down. Mr. Davies, head of the floor, appeared to think that Anne and the saleswomen in her department were wilfully and maliciously allowing customers to slide through their fingers.

"What a day!" muttered Anne walking home at six o'clock. "And I'm expected to go out and scintillate in society to-night."

When she came into the flat, she found Jim fulminating all over the place. "I don't see why I have to be let in for this sort of thing. Everybody knows I hate dinner parties. I always turn over a glass or something."

Janet, who had finished her bath, made a face at him. "Isn't Big Brother cute in a rage!" she murmured.

Jim glared at her. "If that's wit, you can tie my portion outside."

Janet scowled. "I've told Norma, if she paise me off with Gordon, I simply shan't talk to him."

Anne smiled ruefully. "I wonder what Wanda's dug up to place with me. Someone I'll bore to death probably."

"Oh, well," sighed Janet, "we might as well dress and get the ordeal over. Personally I'd rather chew nails."

"And I'd a darned sight rather take Cathy and the kid out to catch a breath of fresh air in the car before she goes to work," growled Jim.

Anne laughed. "The only thing that could possibly appeal to me this night is an easy chair with lots of pillows and an ice bag over my eyes."

"Got the headache?" asked Janet quickly.

"No, just tired," said Anne.

However, when she had had her bath she felt better.

"You look lovely!" cried Janet.

"Always does," said Jim.

Anne smiled at them.

"Sometimes," she murmured philosophically, "a woman's best defence is her make-up. Why am I to sniff if you feel the need of painting on a smile? Heaven knows, I hope mine lasts the evening out."

"Come on," said Jim, "it's seven and it'd be just my luck to have to change a tyre when I'm wearing my only pair of ice-cream pants."

Cathy and Danny were sitting down on the front lawn as they walked out to the car. "Have a brand time," she called after them in a wistful voice.

"You're talking to three other fellows!" jeered Jim.

THERE were sixteen around the Poole dinner table that night, a table that glittered with thin crystal and fine silver and gleaming damask. The centrepiece of exquisite pink asters completely screened Jim from Janet's view, but she did not need to see her brother's face. She knew exactly how furious he was, wedged in between the opulent and ex-

travely decollete figure of Mrs. Henry Leigh on one side and the gurgling Myra West on the other.

"Where have you been keeping yourself lately, Janet?" murmured Gordon Key, who sat at her left.

Janet had warned Norma Poole not to place her beside Gordon. Janet had said she positively would not be polite to him, but she had not expected to find Mr. Henry Leigh on her right. The one person on earth whom Janet felt incapable of monopolising in conversation was Howard's and Priscilla's father. She made several rather frantic attempts at it, then with a sigh abandoned him to her hostess.

"You were saying, Gordon?" she murmured.

"I haven't seen you lately," he complained. "Have you changed your route from school and so on?"

Janet's grey eyes regarded him balefully. "Yes," she said, "I have, for reasons you might puzzle out, if you tried."

HE flushed. "I don't blame you for feeling so at me, Janet. Every time I think how I've hurt you, I could die."

"For heaven's sake," cried Janet, "do I look as though I'm going into a decline?"

Directly opposite Gordon sat Tony Ryan with Priscilla on his right. Priscilla was ravishing in scarlet chiffon, her sleek blonde hair like a shining cap, her cheeks as brilliant as poppies. Tony according to his custom was impeccably turned out and even more laconic than usual. However, Priscilla had enough preface for two. Janet carefully did not look at either of them but every time Gordon stammered something into her ear, Janet was furiously aware of Tony Ryan's amused grin.

Anne was having a marvelous time. She did not believe anyone could fail to be plucked out of the doldrums if Stephen Hill, who was her partner, took a notion to do so. He was the most distinguished-looking man she had ever seen in evening dress.

"I knew I didn't make any mistake, Anne," murmured Wanda Poole. "When I asked you for our visiting lion."

Stephen Hill swept Anne a gallant little bow. "I'm already indebted to Mrs. Phillips for one of the most delightful evenings I ever spent."

Across the table Mrs. Henry Leigh looked disconcerted. She had not known for some days after his arrival that Tony Ryan's guest was the international globe-trotter of radio fame. As soon as she found out, she insisted on including him in her every invitation to Tony. Between them she and Priscilla had managed to keep Steve Hill thoroughly entertained, or so they believed. It was provoking to discover that Anne Phillips had in some manner insinuated herself into the great man's good graces.

"I never did trust Anne Phillips," Mrs. Leigh informed herself. "I dare say Priscilla's right about the girl too. More than likely they're both designing creatures."

She glanced complacently down the table at her own daughter. Priscilla was leaning a little forward in order to transfix Janet with a peculiarly brilliant smile. "Darling," she said in a high, carrying voice, "I do hope you are doing right by our house."

Anne thought she had never seen her child look so defenceless. Janet's hand had tightened on her glass. So they are engaged, Priscilla and Tony, she really is going to marry him and live in my house. Janet was thinking and felt as if all the high winds of heaven were blowing in her face. Dearest, dearest, Anne whispered to

herself, don't let them see that you are hurt. All around the table there was one of those ghastly silences that happen even in the best of society.

"I wouldn't know, of course," said Janet at last in a slow painful voice, "exactly what you'd expect of your dream house, Priscilla."

Priscilla looked up into Tony Ryan's inscrutable blue eyes. "I suspect it's all right," she said. "I mean, I could go for anything that includes Tony."

"Sure," he murmured with an ironical grin.

Janet turned a little blindly to Gordon. "You asked me if I'd save you every other dance," she said quite loudly, "I'd love to."

"Thanks," murmured Gordon in a startled voice.

There were two tables of bridge after dinner for the older members of the party. Myra and Jim to his disgust had to fill in. Mrs. Leigh succeeded in seeing to it that Anne did not play at the same table with Stephen Hill. The others danced to the radio. Janet wondered miserably why she had promised Gordon so many dances. He had asked her for them and she had refused. That was why he looked startled when she changed her mind, but she was certain that everyone present believed she had invented the request in order to clamp Gordon to her side.

Priscilla gave Tony Ryan little opportunity to dance with any one except herself. She had never been afflicted with false modesty, and she always took the short cut to what she wanted. If Tony did not approach her the minute the music started, she skated across the floor into his arms.

"Why not, since they're engaged?" Janet asked herself. "It's her privilege to do as she pleases with her own property."

She went on dancing with Gordon, wretchedly self-conscious because her friends beamed every time they looked at her in his embrace. Not one of them would have cut in for the world, but Tony Ryan did once, without even a by-your-leave. He merely tapped Gordon on the shoulder and waited off with Janet.

"I'm breaking the unwritten law taking you away from that bird, or so I've been given to understand," he said with a grin.

Janet's heart confused her with its frantic pounding. It was because he was so big and tall and strong, she thought a little dizzily. It was like being swept off your feet by a tidal wave, except that he danced beautifully.

"I can stand it if you can make your peace with your fiancée," she stammered.

Tony glanced at Priscilla, who was glowing at them. "Do you believe everything you hear?" he asked lazily.

Janet was shocked at the wave of raw joy which shot through her. "Do you mean you aren't engaged to Priscilla?" she stammered.

"I've never got around as yet to asking any woman to be my wife," he said with an evasive smile.

Janet had an infuriated conviction that he was amusing himself at her expense. "I don't believe Priscilla would take everything for granted unless she had something pretty definite to go on," she said hotly.

"Don't you?" drawled Tony Ryan as if he did not care at all what she believed.

The bridge game broke up at eleven when Mr. Henry Leigh announced with a bleak smile that it was time for all good people to be in bed. Norma protested that it was barely the shank of the evening, and Priscilla, preparing to dance again with Tony, agreed with her.

"Naturally, the young folks aren't ready to go," murmured Mrs. Leigh, and smiled venomously at Anne. "That's our penalty for getting on."

Anne smiled. "I must admit we're not so kittenish as we were."

She rose and Myra clutched Jim's arm. "You can't run off and leave me odd man."

"I've got to take my mother home," said Jim firmly, and added under his breath, "Thank the Lord!"

"I'm taking Mrs. Phillips home," observed Steve Hill pleasantly.

"But—" protested Jim, looking blank and crestfallen.

To his surprise Tony Ryan without a change of expression kicked Jim violently in the shin and tossed a bunch of keys at Steven Hill. "Use my car," he said.

"Thanks," said Stephen, and reached for Anne's short silver brocade evening wrap.

She was laughing softly when he tucked her into Tony's elongated black and silver machine. "I'm afraid you've made an enemy of Jennie Leigh," she said. "She has never liked me very much. She doesn't approve of middle-aged widows who can still wear a size sixteen dress."

Steve smiled and put the big coupe in motion. "From the way you look now, you were a mere child when your husband died."

"I was twenty-nine."

"And you never remarried."

"No."

"Queer," he said. "You're so very attractive."

Anne smiled. "I have children."

"What of it?"

"There were several men who tried to be nice to me after I'd been widowed a couple of years," explained Anne. "I mean, they sent me flowers and candy and wanted to take me to shows and so on." She was silent for a moment. "I was a little lonely and it was not unpleasant to have small attentions like that, though fortunately I was not particularly interested in any of the men."

Steve Hill chuckled, and then his face sobered. "You're warning me that your children come first with you."

"Yes."

"But you can't keep them always."

ANNE thought of Berenice and the sharp cleavage which her marriage had made. "I know," she said. "Have you never realised how lost you'll feel when they're left you?"

"I've been staring that in the face for quite awhile," said Anne in a low voice.

He had stopped the car outside the flat building, but he sat there motionless gazing straight before him, a crease like a wound between his eyes. "There's no emptiness so ghastly," he said, "as having nobody to go on for."

Anne nodded. She did not trust herself to speak.

After a long silence he turned to her with a sigh. "I had a son, Anne."

"Yes?"

"His mother died soon after he was born. I banked everything on the boy. I was a struggling young reporter in those days, having the devil of a time to get by. I couldn't see a lot of the kid because I was out till all hours every night, but he was the cause for everything so far as I was concerned. I had a dream of being able to retire some day. I thought we'd get a house and live together, have a real

home, you know. In the meanwhile I had to snatch my minutes with him, and they were far between. I boarded him with a family, good people, only he wanted to be with me.

"When the war broke out and the paper sent me to the front, I couldn't see him at all, of course, but I was beginning to get into the big money. I told myself that every day I spent away from him brought us closer together, because soon I could afford to keep him with me all the time. After the war I had my passage engaged to return to New York when the office cabled me to cover a flare-up in the Far East. Then before I knew it, I was in Australia, interviewing the Anzacs. It was four years before I saw the boy again, and I had lost him.

"He was nearly grown and he must have missed me terribly at first, but he ended by tearing me right out of his heart. I tried, but I couldn't break down the barrier. He didn't mean to let me hurt him any more by not being there when he needed me. He ran away three days later. I employed detectives. I was frantic. They found him at last. He'd been killed, riding the rods on a freight train out West. He died, Anne, putting as much space between us as possible. A lot of me died that day."

"I'm so sorry," she whispered, putting her hand over his.

"That's what I am doing down here," he said. "When I get to where I can't stand the blankness any longer, I look up Tony Ryan. He is a lot like the boy I lost. Hard-boiled on the surface and proud as Lucifer, but with a big ache inside him. He's been pretty lonely, too, most of his life and he understands about me. You and he are the only persons I've ever told. Strange, isn't it, how almost everybody thinks I'm sitting on top of the world?"

Tears were sliding down Anne's cheeks. "Thank you for telling me," she said.

He put her hand to his lips. "I knew the minute I saw you that I'd be able to tell you."

"I D as soon be boiled in oil," said Jim fiercely, "as get stuck on a party like that one last night."

Cathy smiled. It was the next evening and Jim was taking her for a little drive into the country before she had to go to work. Danny lay, sound asleep, doubled up on the seat between them, his curly head on his mother's lap, his chubby legs across Jim's knees.

"I like people," went on Jim, "but I can't go the asinine round of empty flourishes that's called society. It's so infernally futile."

"Like chasing feverishly around in circles?" asked Cathy.

"Yes," said Jim. "I'm not a misanthrope. I think I'm fonder of the people I am fond of than the average man. I'd hate not to have friends, and I like to get together with them. But deliver me from pink teas and formal dinner parties and that kind of drive!"

Cathy's slim fingers caressed Danny's moist brow. "It's so much waste effort."

"I'll say!" cried Jim. "Principally it's keeping up with Lizette and fawning on people you dislike, and I'm not clever at dissembling."

Cathy nodded. "That's why people depend on you. You are sincere."

Jim was surprised to discover a lump in his throat. "Be yourself!" he growled. "I'm a bull in a china shop most of the time."

"You're not!" protested Cathy. "You're wonderful!"

Jim stared hard at the cracked windshield in front of him. It seemed to be all misted over.

"I don't deserve that," he said, "but thanks anyway. Goodness knows, Cathy, if I had my way, you'd get a break for once."

"A break?"

"You ought to have a home," said Jim savagely, "a real home, and somebody to take the knocks for you."

They took Danny home. Jim carried him upstairs without waking him. Jim drove Cathy around to the rear of the night club where there was an employee's entrance and he waved reassuringly as he started off. It struck him that she looked as though she were about to cry.

"Poor kid!" muttered Jim. "Life's never given her a chance. I'll hang around the office and pick her up when she's through work."

However, Jim did not see Cathy again that night. When he came into the building which housed Judge Hatchcote's office, Jim found a telegram pushed under the door, a not uncommon event in the firm. The Judge had a state-wide reputation and people were saying that young Jim Phillips was enough like the old lawyer to be his son. Jim was still thinking of Cathy when he tore open the telegram. The signature leaped out at him like a blow from a hammer. There was a moment when he could see nothing else. In his temples the blood roared.

Am passing through Bay City to-night at nine five on the way to New York, the telegram read. Must see you. Come down to the station and ask for Father's private car. (Signed) Helen.

The old clock on the discolored wall behind the Judge's desk pointed to six minutes to nine. Jim could not get his breath. He seemed to be bathed in liquid fire. By a tremendous effort he jerked his hat down over his eyes and snatching the door open plunged recklessly down the stairs. His hands were shaking. He had difficulty unlocking his car.

It was eleven blocks to the station and the esplanade was crowded with machines waiting for the express from New Orleans. Jim did not have time to look for a parking space. He left his battered old flivver leaning against a Don't Stop Here sign and raced into the depot. The train to New York was heading in. Jim galloped down the track beside it. A Pullman porter was staring at the open door of a vestibule, preparing to lower his portable step the minute the train stopped.

"Where will I find the Sanders' private car?" shouted Jim.

"On the tail end, suh."

Jim was panting. He suddenly realised what a dishevelled spectacle he must present. Sheepishly he slowed to a walk, but he could not check the lashing of his heart. He ran a finger around his wilted collar and tried desperately to achieve an unconcerned air, only it was no use. His pulse was running away with him and he was confident that all the blood in his body was congregated in his face.

"Jim!" called a clear, imperious voice from the observation platform of the rear car.

There she stood, leaning out to beckon to him. Jim almost groaned. She was still the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life. She was wearing a thin silvery dress, as diaphanous as moonbeams. The lights of the station did not reach as far as the back end of the private car, but the door into it stood open and from within a silken-shaded lamp shed a faint rosy glow on

the girl's exquisite golden face and wide dark eyes.

"Jim!" she called again in a thrilling voice. "Jim, darling!"

Somehow he was beside her on the platform and she was in his arms, clinging to him. Her lovely red mouth lifted to his. He kissed her, and it was ecstasy and it was torment, just as it had been in all the dreams he had dreamed about her. He thought, she is my yellow lotus bud, and her lips are the jewels of my desire.

"I've missed you so!" she cried. "I ran away from you and every day I've wanted to come back. I love you!"

It could not be true. He did not believe it was happening. Yet the lithe body in his arms was real, more real than anything Jim had ever known.

"You are so different," she said with a little gasp. "You are the only man I've ever known I couldn't wind about my finger."

Jim's knees were ropes of sand. "We've only ten minutes here," she explained, breathlessly, "and you have to see Father."

SHE caught his arm and pulled him into the car. A stout, bald man with a harassed face and snapping brown eyes was sitting in a large wicker chair dictating to a solemn young fellow wearing thick tortoise-shell glasses.

"Father!" cried Helen rapturously. "It's all right! Everything's all right! This is Jim. We're going to be married."

She kept her arm about Jim's neck as she shoved him forward. He was horribly embarrassed. He barely escaped colliding with a waste basket. He felt exactly like a stick that an eager puppy had retrieved from the rubbish heap and dragged up to his master's feet.

Mr. Olive Sanders cleared his throat. "So this is Jim," he said with an amiable, though slightly rusty smile. He put out a strong, chubby hand. "Congratulations, my boy. You seem to have successfully harnessed this young typhoon of mine."

Jim swallowed painfully. "I—er—"

Helen interrupted. "We simply haven't time for the customary conventional speeches," she said impatiently. "We've got to go on to New York to-night, but we'll be back. In about four days."

"I doubt if I can finish what I have to do in that time," objected her father.

"Of course you can. You must." She wound her arms about Jim's neck, she laid her cheek against his. "Darling, I don't know how I'll live till I see you again."

Jim's face was burning. He glanced apologetically at Mr. Sanders, who had turned ruefully to his daughter. "I suppose it's too late in the day to start denying you things now," he said.

"Yes," she said, "it is."

Ahead the engine gave a warning blast. "Oh!" wailed Helen. "We'll be pulling out in a minute. Oh, Jim, darling!"

She began to draw him back to the platform. Jim's head was whirling. He tried to murmur something respectful to his future father-in-law, but he was prevented by the sweet delirium of Helen's lips again pressed to his for kisses.

"Four days is forever!" she cried tragically. "How can we bear it?"

"I—I'll write," stammered Jim.

"Write!" she exclaimed. "As if I can wait for letters! Wire, darling! Wire me every night and morning!"

"All right," said Jim, uneasily aware that the train was beginning to move. "I—er—I expect I'd better get off," he muttered.

Helen wound her arms more tightly about

him. "Nobody has ever been so happy as we're going to be, Jim. I have the most gorgeous plans for both of us."

The station was slowly sliding past. Jim nervously disengaged himself from her embrace. He stooped and kissed her.

"Do you love me?" she cried.

"Yes, yes, Heaven knows I do!" he stammered. "But I—I've got to go, dear. I can't afford to be carried by."

"What does it matter?" she cried ecstatically. "What does anything matter if we love each other?"

It mattered a great deal to Jim. He had an important hearing scheduled for the next morning. It was, he admitted, the most glorious moment of his life, but even glorious moments cannot be allowed to disrupt a man's business of making a living, or so Jim believed.

"Good-bye, good-bye, my darling!" he cried a little frantically and dropped off the end of the observation platform.

He was whistling when he came into the flat, whistling unsteadily because his head was still whirling. "Ain't She Pretty? Ain't She Sweet." Anne, sitting alone in the dark on the front porch, had been feeling unusually depressed.

"Dearest," she cried, "I haven't heard you sound so cheerful in ages."

Jim swooped her off her feet, he held her up, suspended in mid-air, he kissed her soundly.

"Mums," he shouted, "I'm the luckiest fool in the world!"

"What is it?" cried Anne.

For a moment, she thought he had been drinking, her Jim who had never given her a moment's uneasiness in his life.

"Prepare for a shock!" he said gayly. "I'm going to be married!"

"To Cathy! Oh, Jim, I'm so glad!" cried Anne joyously.

Jim stared at her as if he had walked off into nothingness. "To Helen Sanders!" he corrected her roughly.

So it has come out into the open at last, thought Anne. This is one of the things I have been dreading all summer.

"Isn't it great?" cried Jim.

Oh, no, Anne wanted to say. It is all wrong, she longed to cry out. Only she was merely the mother who bore him and ranged against her was the other woman with youth and passion on her side.

"If only she makes you happy?" said Anne in a broken voice.

"What more could a man ask?" demanded Jim.

IT was the next day at noon. Janet on her way home from school had encountered her sister on the corner outside her office. "Jim's going to marry the daughter of a multi-millionaire? I can't believe it!" exclaimed Berenice.

"It's true, worse luck," muttered Janet. "Why worse luck?"

"She's a spoiled little cat. She'll probably make Jim perfectly miserable, but he's gaga about her," said Janet mournfully. "And I thought Jim was the last person on earth to build his house on the sands."

"As long as they're golden sands, he should worry," said Berenice with a flippant laugh.

Janet glanced at her curiously. "What have you been doing to yourself? You look terrible, as if you'd been to the wars or something."

Berenice flushed. "I'm doing nicely, thank you."

"Are you and Bill fighting again?" asked Janet wearily, wondering how she could ever have believed that life is a lovely and gallant adventure.

"No," said Berenice with a bright, metallic laugh. "Bill and I don't fight any more. You see," she drew a ragged breath, "he's left me."

"Berenice!"

"Yes," said Berenice, laughing shrilly. "he packed up and moved out a week ago while I was at work. So funny, isn't it? Here I've been going around for months, thinking I had to wear him like a millstone about my neck because he couldn't live without me, and then I come home one night and he's gone, bag and baggage."

"Oh, Berenice, I'm sorry."

BERENICE'S lips tightened. "I'm not. It's swell to be free, free to lead your own life, without anybody to cramp your style."

"This will break Mother's heart!"

"You aren't to tell her," cried Berenice, gripping her arm. "I won't have her told. It would worry her to death. I got into this without any help, and I'll paddle my own way out if it kills me."

"But, Berenice—"

"It isn't as though she could do anything!"

"She'll never forgive me if—"

"I don't want to talk about it. You'll just hurt her if you tell her. You've got to promise, I'll keep you here till you do."

"All right," said Janet wearily, "I promise."

She was heartsick when she turned away. Yet she doubted if it would help to tell their mother, who was already distressed about Jim.

Back at her office Berenice snatched the cover off her typewriter and began to bang the keys with a great clatter, but her fingers were all thumbs.

She tried to concentrate on her stenographic notes, only she couldn't. On and on she scurried her thoughts. She had been prepared for anything but what had happened. She had felt sorry for Bill after he failed to win in the contest. She had made up her mind to be more gentle and considerate.

She had even refused several invitations and stayed quietly at home with him for a night or two. They had played chess and had a pleasant time. It had been almost the same as it used to be when they were first married and so in love with each other, except that Berenice was no longer in love with Bill. She merely felt sorry for him, she thought, poor Bill!

Then they had another quarrel and all Berenice's antagonism went into arms again. It was about Guy Shelton. Bill had never liked Guy, and Bill liked the other man still less as his wife's employer.

After that she did not stay at home any more in the evenings and she stopped feeling sorry for Bill. She told herself that he was prejudiced and unfair. She said he took all the joy out of her life and her friends constantly reminded her that she was a little idiot to put up with it since she was earning her own living.

Guy Shelton promised to raise her salary the first of September. "I'd double it if you'd get rid of that millstone you've got hung around your neck," he said.

Berenice felt very virtuous because she had no intention of getting rid of Bill.

She thought she was a martyr to go on and on, being miserable but refusing to free herself because poor Bill could not live without her. And then he left her. She was late getting home from the office that afternoon. She stopped downstairs for a cocktail. She expected Bill would have started dinner, but he was not there when she came in. She did not discover the note at once. She kept listening for his step. Even after she read the note she did not believe it.

"I'm getting out," it said, "and this time I won't be back. I tried to put up with you because I used to love you and I owe your mother a great deal. But you've killed my love for you and you won't let yourself be saved, so there's no point in carrying on. If I had made a lot of money, it might have been different. But I failed in that just as I failed with you. Probably it's more my fault than yours. Maybe you might have had some respect for my opinions, if I had been a success."

No, she did not believe it at first. She could not believe Bill had got over loving her. It was fantastic to think of his not caring if another man kissed her. She went downstairs that night and played bridge with the crowd because the apartment seemed unbearably empty when she was alone with her thoughts. She was sure, Bill would be there when she came back, but he was not there.

"Did you know my husband's left me?" she told everybody. "Isn't that a shock?"

"You mean, you finally had the sense to push him off," said her friends.

They refused to believe that Bill was the one who had walked out. "The pity is said May Shelton, you didn't get rid of him months ago."

They all had a great deal to drink and they stayed out till after two, but Berenice was not ready to call it a day even then. She begged them not to go home. She kept asking everybody not to go off and leave her alone.

Berenice called up the all-night chemist over on the boulevard and ordered a tube of sleeping tablets. She took a tablet, and then another, but they did no good. At least she slept only by fits and starts. She kept waking up and listening for Bill's step.

She still did not believe he could live without her. She did not believe she had killed his love. She told herself he was trying to scare her. She went to the office every day, expecting to find Bill at home when she returned, but he never was. Every night she went out somewhere with her friends. She drank a great deal. She was noisy and reckless. The Bunch thought it was funny.

ON the twentieth of August, Tony Ryan planned to give a house-warming at the old Radcliffe mansion. He sent out elaborately engraved invitations. "At home from four to six," they read. Janet turned over her key to him the afternoon before. Her job was done. The house shone from attic to ceiling. She had even filled every available vase with flowers.

"I hope everything is satisfactory," she stammered.

"Sure," he acknowledged absently.

Her heart seethed with rebellion. It meant nothing to him, the gracious old home into which had gone so many of her dreams. It was merely something for which he had paid out cheques. He was handing her a cheque at that moment, a very generous one. She yearned to tear it up and fling the pieces into his face.

"I included your services for to-morrow," he said carelessly.

"To-morrow?"

He grinned. "I've done a lot of weird things in my time, but I've never yet been the hostess at an afternoon tea-party."

"But—"

"Please be on hand early," he said. "to help me receive or whatever they call it, and for Pete's sake keep an eye on the refreshments. I've engaged the best caterer in town, but he's already asked me a dozen questions I don't know the answers to." He smiled crookedly. "It takes a woman to say how thick to spread the pate de foie gras."

Janet was thinking about him the next afternoon while she dressed for the party and her cheeks burned.

She received a small square florist box from Tony Ryan shortly before she was ready to start that afternoon. It contained a corsage of tiny yellow rosebuds with a cluster of pale lavender violets in the centre, all mounted on delicate green tulle with silver ribbons.

"Not bad," muttered Janet grudgingly.

There was a card enclosed across which he had scrawled, "Will send a car for you Tony." Janet made another face. She did not want him to do the gracious thing in her behalf. She never had wanted to be compelled to think better of him. She was frowning when she came downstairs to wait for the car. To her astonishment she found old Mr. Jacoby posed on the front stoop in an ancient frock coat and striped grey trousers, wearing a white daisy in his buttonhole.

"Ready?" he inquired in an eager voice. Janet stared at him. "Why, Mr. Jacoby, how scrumptious you look!"

He smiled and somewhat anxiously patted his high standing collar. "Maybe you'd better look me over," he said. "It's many a year since I've been to a party."

Janet could not believe her ears. "You're going to the tea?"

"The boy wouldn't take no for an answer," said Mr. Jacoby proudly. "We've got to be pretty good pals, you know, I and Tony."

"No," said Janet feeling as if her head were going round and round. "I didn't know."

"He comes by every now and then to talk to me. Says he has to hear from my trick knee before he makes any plans for the day. Reckon he knows I get tolerable lonesome with no one to yarn to. Reckon he's got a heart as big as all outdoors, that Tony."

JANET shook her head. "I've given up trying to figure Tony Ryan out."

Mr. Jacoby chuckled. "Them was my tactics when I was courting," he said. "I used to keep 'em guessing till they didn't know whether they wanted to bite me or kiss me."

Janet's cheeks blazed. "I don't believe Tony Ryan needs any prompting on that score. He's the most infuriating man I ever saw."

Mr. Jacoby sniggered. "Ain't he!" he exclaimed delightedly.

At that moment a new and very glittering closed car drove up to the gate. Deke in a resplendent chauffeur's uniform was at the wheel. He got out and ushered Janet and Mr. Jacoby into the car with a flourish. "Mr. Tony who believes in doing everything in style," observed Deke.

It was a crisp blue and gold August afternoon. The lawn at the old house

flashed like emeralds as they drove in. The shrubs were beautifully shapely again, the mansion itself stately and white and impressive. There was a tight feeling in Janet's throat. It was all so lovely and it should have been hers. It was her heritage.

Deke let them out at the front door. "Gotta go after a couple of other people," he explained with a broad smile and drove away.

Tony Ryan in immaculate white flannels was standing in the doorway with Stephen Hill. "Hi, Mr. Jacoby, how's the boy?" cried Tony.

He came forward and wrung Mr. Jacoby's hand. Steve Hill smiled at Janet. "Isn't Tony priceless?" he murmured. "They never made another like him."

Janet, watching the beaming smile on Mr. Jacoby's withered face, nodded feebly. "Don't like Tony Ryan," she said. "I think he's hard-boiled and crude, but I could almost love him for being so sweet to Mr. Jacoby." "That is," she added incoherently, "if I didn't hate him, Tony, I mean."

Steve grinned. "Hard-boiled? Tony?" He laughed. "Didn't you ever hear of protective coloring?" Janet stared at him blankly, he shrugged his shoulders. "Tony learned in a difficult school to disguise his feelings."

Janet flushed, and then she gave a little snip. "Do you see what I see?" she asked.

He glanced followed her to a powerful figure in a white linen suit, uncomfortably perched on the edge of one of the tall, tapestried chairs in the rear parlor.

"Yes," said Steve Hill. "Tony said there wouldn't be a party if Rufe didn't come. Tony said a party that was too swell for his pals was too swell for him to give."

"Oh!" cried Janet.

"The Duke of Jersey will be a little delayed," went on Steve gravely. "He—er—had one of his temporary aberrations yesterday and Tony has a masseur over at the farmhouse getting the Duke presentable for society."

Janet began to laugh hysterically. "I suppose they'll bring the bay horse in before they pass the sandwiches."

"Don't remind Tony," said Steve hastily. "That's the only thing he hasn't thought of."

"I'm wondering how Mrs. Henry Leigh will react," said Janet.

Steve grinned. "It's going to be a swell show."

Shortly after four, guests began to dribble in. Janet stood between Tony and Steve Hill just inside the front parlor. Horace, very black in a white duck suit, opened the door for people and ushered them up to the reception line. Priscilla and her crowd were late about arriving. Janet knew they could be trusted to put in appearance not much sooner than the fashionable hour of five. In fact Janet expected no great press before then. However, by four-thirty the house was comfortably filled.

It was then Janet began to realise that the guests presented a curious assortment. Deke had driven up not once, but twice with the closed car. He brought first a little, dried-up old lady with a bright inquisitive face, nearly eclipsed by a huge straw hat covered with enormous nasturtiums of a bilious orange hue.

"How are you, Mrs. Delancey!" cried Tony Ryan. "Sure, it's swell to see you!"

Mrs. Delancey patted his arm. "When I used to rock your cradle while your mother bled clothes, I never expected ye to be living in this gr-r-and house some day."

"One of my oldest and best friends, Mrs. Kate Delancey, said Tony to Janet.

"Pleased to meetcha, love," murmured the old Irishwoman.

Janet took her worn, calloused hand. "I'm pleased to meet you, too," she said gently. Do you know Mr. Hill?"

Steve Hill smiled and nodded. "Tony has often told me how Mrs. Delancey darned his stockings the day his mother died and gave him fifty cents to buy himself a shirt."

"Faith, and that was dividends for the future," said the old lady. "Hain't the boy sent me twenty dollars every month for years? And wouldn't I be in the poorhouse if he didn't, bless him!"

Mrs. Delancey was not the only person who reached the party from the wrong side of the town branch by means of Deke and the closed car. There was a tall, shrunken old man whom Tony put his arm around and called Brother Mason. Janet knew about him. He had a mission down on the river for what most people called the riff-raff. Janet had been there with Anne to take contributions of food and old clothing.

THIS is Brother Mason. He gave me the lone silver dollar with which I set out to seek my fortune," said Tony to Janet with a grin.

The shabby old preacher smiled. "I know Miss Janet. She and her mother have helped me. Not of course," he smiled at Tony, "as much as you have. No one has."

Tony laughed. "Prizefighters are a superstitious lot," he said. "They think if they slip a coin into God's collection plate now and then, they can buy off bad luck."

Brother Mason smiled at Janet. "Tony doesn't like to be reminded of his charities."

He moved on. "Wonderful character!" murmured Steve Hill. "Tony says there's no telling how much good Brother Mason has done the less fortunate in this town."

"Yes!" cried Janet.

Tony's been contributing to the mission for years," continued Steve. "He and his mother went there. Their clothes were very poor, they would have felt uncomfortable in a more stylish church. Tony worshipped his mother. It nearly breaks his heart that she didn't live till he could buy her everything she had to do without."

Janet could not see the guest whom Horace was admitting for the tears in her eyes, but she recognised Priscilla's triumphant voice.

"Tony," she was saying, "the house is gorgeous! I mean, it really is. And such a grand afternoon for a party! Darling, I can't think of a lovelier time to announce our engagement. I mean, there really does come a tide in the affairs of men or what is so rare as a perfect day in August?"

Something inside Janet seemed to be tearing itself loose from the roots. It was no news that Priscilla and Tony were going to be married. Janet had understood as much from the first. Yet to hear their engagement put into words in a formal announcement was something she felt incapable of facing. She glanced a little wildly at Tony. He was smiling at Priscilla, his eyes amused, inscrutable.

"Maybe I'll call your bluff," he said.

Priscilla gave him a provocative glance. "I dare you."

Behind her, her mother laughed archly. "I've always expected to set off the fireworks myself when it came time to announce the engagement of my only daughter."

Priscilla scowled at her. "Go chase yourself," she said.

"Rude, but to the point," murmured Steve Hill in Janet's ear.

"Priscilla has all the subtlety of a volcano in violent eruption," said Janet.

Steve laughed. "In Tony she has met someone as direct as herself in action."

"They should clash well."

"She'll never put anything over on him he doesn't want put over."

"I suppose not," murmured Janet dismally.

"Do we have to stay on the spot marked X forever?" demanded Tony. "Isn't it about time we got out and circulated among the company?"

"Yes," said Janet. "I think everyone's arrived."

Janet and Stephen Hill attempted to unite the various cliques without conspicuous success. Janet went over and chatted with the Earl of Jersey for whom she was achieving an affection. Steve drew Brother Mason towards the tea table in the dining-room. On their way he gathered in Mr. Jacoby who was standing on one leg in a corner like a lost stork. Tony was talking to Rufe when Janet, with Mrs. Delancey clinging to her arm, approached Mrs. Henry Leigh.

"This is one of Tony's oldest friends," said Janet. "I thought you'd like the privilege of taking her in to tea."

Mrs. Leigh coldly surveyed the awful spectacle of the old Irishwoman's hat. "Sorry," murmured Priscilla's mother loftily. "I'm not having tea till later."

Kate Delancey's Celtic temper rose to the bait. "Faith," quoth she, "I can remember, Jennie, when you'd have fainted all over your father's butcher shop if someone had offered ye tea in the middle of the afternoon."

Mrs. Leigh turned purple and Janet, suppressing a grin, took Mrs. Delancey in to tea herself. Tony joined them in the dining-room. He insisted that Kate Delancey should try every one of the many kinds of little cakes.

Mrs. Henry Leigh approached the tea table like a majestic ship under the convoy of her friends. She did not apparently see anyone outside her immediate group. Unfortunately Rufe chose that moment to blunder out of the dining-room. He did not actually step upon Mrs. Leigh's pudgy foot, but he came so near to it, the lady glared at him.

"Really," she murmured audibly, "that man looks as though he isn't all there."

THE Earl of Jersey smiled at her gently. "It's a matter of relativity," he murmured, looking her up and down through his monocle.

Again Mrs. Leigh turned purple, and Janet thought she heard Tony choke down a laugh. When she glanced at the Earl of Jersey, he solemnly closed one eye. Janet all but giggled in Mrs. Leigh's pompous face. Some time later Kate Delancey, smiling broadly, departed with Brother Mason and Mr. Jacoby in the closed car.

"She had a lovely time," said Janet. "And isn't she precious?"

"Sure," said Tony Ryan.

Mrs. Leigh sniffed.

Others were leaving and Janet began to realise what a strain it had been. She had feared that with such diverse chemicals in juxtaposition, everything might not go along so smoothly as desired. She had, she confessed, been more afraid of Priscilla Leigh than anything. Janet had witnessed a few of Priscilla's famous tantrums. They

required little in the way of a spark to set them off and were catastrophic, nothing less, without regard for consequences or the innocent bystander. However, no contretemps had occurred and the rooms were almost emptied. Janet drew a breath of relief and then she heard a shrill furious voice in the back parlor.

"He is too a lunatic! I don't care what you say, Tony Ryan. The man's a punch-drunk lunatic!" Priscilla was saying. "And that Englishman's as phony as his glass eye! The nerve of you, having people like that at a party to which you invited me and my friends!"

With a little gasp Janet stepped into the back parlor. Priscilla, berserk with anger was confronting Tony Ryan who was smiling at her with that slow, amused grin on his wide mouth which Janet had so often found exasperating.

"I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the kind of freaks you expected us to meet socially," Priscilla went on furiously.

"They happen to be my friends," remarked Tony.

"An ignorant old Irish washwoman!"

"Like my mother," put in Tony softly.

"I thought I could marry you!" blazed Priscilla. "I thought I could overlook that you came from Shanty Town. I didn't know you intended to drag Shanty Town around after you. Maybe you'd expect your wife to have Mrs. Delancey to dinner, along with her paper sack! And that awful old preacher!"

"My wife will never snub my friends," observed Tony Ryan.

"I'm through with you!" cried Priscilla.

"Yes?" murmured Tony.

"Come on," said Priscilla crossly to her mother. "Don't stand there gaping like a nit-wit."

They departed, and Tony smiled at Janet across the empty room with a quizzical light in his blue eyes. "That's that," he said. "Now we've both been jilted."

"In spite of what you may have heard," she said in a choked voice, "I am not wearing my heart away for Gordon Key or any other man."

Tony grinned. He had drawn something out of his pocket. He kept juggling it idly back and forth in his hand.

"Love isn't that important," continued Janet, compressing her lips.

"What is?" he drawled.

"You should know," she said bitterly.

"Money?"

"A person's an idiot," declared Janet in a tragic voice, "to have dreams. You merely wake up with a bad taste in your mouth."

"You sound disillusioned."

"I am!" cried Janet with a little sob.

He tossed up the shining object in one hand and caught it in the other. "You think life's a matter of dollars and cents?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Janet. "All that glitters may not be gold, but it's the only glitter that doesn't rub off."

"In that case," murmured Tony Ryan, "maybe you'd like to marry me for my money."

She could not speak. She could not even get her breath.

He smiled at her. "Catch," he said.

He tossed the glittering object at her. Her hand closed on it involuntarily. It was a superb diamond, magnificently set in a platinum band with emeralds.

"I've got a house," said Tony. "It's a nice house, but it needs a mistress. It's in a way more your house than any one's."

She was staring at the ring, the ring which he had bought for Priscilla before

she walked out on him, or so Janet told herself.

"Of course," drawled Tony Ryan, "if you're only kidding yourself. If you aren't really so disillusioned as you pretend, you might not care to marry a man for a house."

He was very near, so near Janet was acutely aware of his hand almost touching her. His blue eyes staring down at her with an expression that made her heartibrate like a stretched wire.

"I've heard of trial marriages," said Tony Ryan. "Shall we have a try at being engaged?" He grinned. "It might come out even."

She had to meet the challenge of his mocking smile, or burst into tears then and there, to the eternal crucifixion of her pride.

"Why not?" she demanded, and slipped the diamond onto her finger.

MISS HELEN SANDERS and her father arrived the next morning at eleven-forty. Jim, forewarned by one of the series of telegrams which had been showering down upon him for four days, met the train. Helen, lovelier than ever in a sheer black travelling dress with peach-colored accessories, flung herself into his arms while her father stood about on one foot and then on the other, waiting for her raptures to subside.

"I've got the old flivver here," said Jim.

Helen gave a little squeal of amusement and kissed him tenderly. "Darling, your days of riding in a flivver are over."

"But—" began Jim in a blank voice.

She squeezed his arm. "We brought one of the cars and a chauffeur."

Jim gulped. He realised he had a long way to go before he became acclimatised to the luxuries which great wealth takes for granted. A trim chauffeur in lemon-colored livery bobbed up apparently from nowhere and touched his cap to Mr. Sanders.

"The limousine's waiting, sir," he said.

Jim gulped again, and followed meekly to where a huge pale yellow machine, having just been rolled out of the baggage car, stood glittering with chromium at the side of the station. By it were several trunks, a pyramid of travelling bags, a wooden-faced Frenchwoman in a maid's uniform, and the solemn, bespectacled young man who was Clive Sanders' private secretary.

"Going to be rather a close fit," observed Jim anxiously.

Helen gave another trill of tender amusement. "Darling, when we travel, the impedimenta follow by taxi." She kissed him. "You have a lot to learn, but it'll be such gorgeous fun teaching you."

Jim was beginning to perspire. He felt more than usually all arms and legs as they rode up to Bay City's most expensive hotel. There was no bother about registering. Mr. Sanders' secretary had wired ahead for reservations. It seemed to Jim he had never seen so many bell boys as at once surrounded them. They relieved Mr. Sanders of his light top coat and Helen of her summer furs which she was carrying on her arm. They stared at Jim reproachfully because he had nothing to be relieved of except his battered straw hat which he was clutching desperately.

Mr. Sanders, so far as Jim could tell, had engaged practically the entire fourth floor for himself and his party. Helen and her father each had a sitting-room, bedroom and bath. Their sitting-rooms opened together, and it was where they had lunch,

Jim had planned to take his fiancée and her parent out to lunch. He had painstakingly audited his bank account and decided he could afford for once to tackle the Bel Air Restaurant at a dollar a plate, but Helen vetoed the suggestion.

"We'll be so much more private up here," she said, "and anyway, darling, Father's footing the bills."

Mr. Sanders' secretary telephoned down to the café and the head waiter himself came up to take their orders. Jim automatically began to study the prices, listed on the right side of the large, willowy menu sheets. However, Helen merrily disregarded his modest request for roast beef and head lettuce.

"You'd better let Father do it," she said. "He has a genius for picking out the most delectable and expensive dishes."

It was five minutes to two when they rose from the table. "Got to get back to the office," said Jim, and smiled. "You know the old bromide, business before pleasure."

"DARLING," cried Helen, "you can't run off to a poky office when I've just got here."

"I've a couple of chores that can't wait," said Jim.

She wound her arms around him and cuddled her cheek deliciously against his. "You can't go," she said.

Jim caught Mr. Sanders' eyes. "Might as well give in, young fellow," he remarked dryly.

"But—" began Jim.

"You don't really want to leave me, do you, darling?" cooed Helen, nibbling at his ear.

"No—of course not," stammered Jim, wishing she would restrain her affectionate gestures to a private audition.

In the end Jim telephoned the office and in a not very happy voice informed Judge Hetchcote that he would not be back that afternoon. Such a thing had never happened before, but the Judge took it "like the thoroughbred he is," thought Jim, feeling guilty.

"Don't bother about that Myerson brief, sir," he urged. "I'll get it off somehow before the ten o'clock train to-morrow."

The Judge chuckled. "You spoiled me, my boy. I've left so many of the little mean jobs to you, I've lost the knack."

"That's what I am there for," said Jim.

Helen had been tickling the back of his neck with tiny, moist kisses while he was telephoning. When he hung up the receiver, she pulled him down upon a seat by the window and cuddled into his arms.

Bell boys ran in and out with more telegrams. The telephone rang constantly. Mr. Sanders called his New York office, an oil field in Texas, and once he talked to his London agency, as usually as Jim would have telephoned to the nearest town. A florist arrived with an enormous box of flowers which the secretary had ordered at Helen's request. She sat with her head on Jim's shoulder and opened the box in the presence of the delivery man.

"They look wilted," she said. "Take them away."

"But, Miss—"

"Take them away."

She called out to the secretary to wire for flowers fresh out of New York every day, by the mail plane. He made a note of it. Again Jim's collar developed a choking tendency.

"We're going around the world on 'our honeymoon,'" she cooed, kissing the tip of his nose. Father's giving us a villa in Palm Beach for a wedding present. We'll spend January there every year. We'll live in the New York duplex during the season

of course, and I think after I'm married, I'll want a house in Newport for July and August. Everybody does."

"But—" "If you're worrying about what a vice-president is supposed to do to earn his salary, forget it," she said, winding his hair into absurd little corkscrews. "Naturally Father won't expect you to be at the New York office if it's the fashionable season somewhere else." She giggled. "It's one of those sinecures, darling, made for rich men's sons-in-law."

She was gently nuzzling his Adam's apple which made it difficult for him to speak. "I've g-got a j-j-job," protested Jim.

"Darling, I could never live in this dull little town," said Miss Helen Sanders.

"But—" "It isn't to be thought of."

"But—" "I can't wait to take you to Father's tailor," she went on dreamily. "You'll need gangs of clothes, evening and sport toga, and a valet to keep them straight."

"You have the Midas touch all right," said Jim in a weak voice. "I feel as if I were turning into a Golden Calf."

"Isn't it marvellous?" she cried, reaching up and brushing both his eyebrows backward.

Mr. Sanders appeared in the doorway. "Bring your mother and sister to dinner to-night, Phillips," he said genially. "And any one else you like. Dinner at eight, you know."

Once out in the street Jim drew a long breath. His lungs felt cramped. He had to walk back to the station where he had left his car. He walked very fast as if he were trying to out-run something.

His mother and Janet were at home when he came in, sitting rather forlornly. It seemed to Jim, in the kitchen. "Aren't you early, darling?" faltered Anne.

Her eyes looked reddened. Jim felt conscience-stricken. "We're all invited to dinner with Mr. Sanders. At eight," he added, "and I'm starved, darn it."

He rummaged in the ice box and found a cold baked potato. He sat down on the edge of the kitchen table and munched it. He did not look very happy and he was definitely on the defensive.

"We're going to be married right away," he explained stiffly. "I'm to be vice-president of something. You know, with a handsome salary and no work to do. We're supposed to follow society from New York to Palm Beach to Newport, and back again. She's planning to buy me flocks of clothes and a valet to back me into them. It's going to be geo-orgious." He made a grimace.

Anne was very white. "But, Jim, your job with Judge Hetchcote!"

"She can't live in this poky town."

There was a painful silence. "I can't go to the dinner-party," said Janet shortly.

"I've a date with Tony Ryan."

"Tony Ryan!" echoed Anne incredulously. Janet flushed and put her hand to the place inside her dress where she had hidden the diamond and emerald ring. "Miracles do occur," she murmured mockingly.

"I understood he's engaged to Priscilla," protested her mother.

Janet's laugh lacked mirth. "Priscilla backed her ears at the last minute and refused the jump."

"S all right about Tony," said Jim gruffly. "I was told to bring along anyone I liked."

"He's all in the family anyway," remarked Janet with a flippant smile. "I mean, were engaged."

Anne uttered a startled exclamation. "Engaged!"

"He needs a hostess, I need the money. We've both been turned down by the other fellow, *selah!*" said Janet, shrugging her shoulders.

Anne's cheeks were fiery red. "You aren't in love with each other?"

"Love!" cried Janet in a jeering voice. "It hasn't been mentioned. I don't believe it's going to be."

Anne was on her feet, the skin over her knuckles white where she was holding onto the back of a straight kitchen chair.

"So I've failed," she said in a voice neither of them had heard from her before.

Jim wriggled his feet. "Gee, Mums, I'm sorry."

Anne looked him up and down disdainfully. "My son is going to be a rich woman's kept husband! He loathes society. He owes it to Judge Hetchcote to make good. But now he's turning his back on everything he ever stood for to be a lap dog."

"Mother!" cried Janet, shocked at the look on Jim's face.

Anne turned and this time it was Janet who was slowly and disdainfully looked up and down. "My daughter hasn't the courage to live life as a gay and gallant adventure, the way it's meant to be lived," said Anne. "She prefers to take the easy way out and become a little gold-digger."

"Oh, Mother!" whispered Janet. "Heaven knows where, except for Bill, my other daughter would have landed," said Anne.

Janet felt stricken, but she was glad she had not told about Bill. "Yes," she said dully, "we've let you down, every one of us."

Anne's mouth was white. "There's an old Arabian proverb which says: 'Our children, what else are they, except our hearts walking on the ground?' You are my heart, all of you, and you've broken it."

Jim gave a little gasp. "Don't, I can't stand it."

MR. CLIVE SANDERS elected to entertain his party for dinner that night in the main dining-room of the hotel. There were elaborate hot-house flowers for a centrepiece and every variety of costly delicacies to eat. Four waiters and two bus boys gave their undivided attention to the six people about the table. Jim could not bear to look at the cheque, but everyone saw the ten-dollar tip which the multi-millionaire left beside his plate.

Anne tried to be her usual gracious self, but she was pale, and every time Helen exuberantly referred to her glorious plans for Jim, his mother winced. Janet sat in glum silence beside Tony Ryan, avoiding the slightest possible contact with him and speaking only when addressed. Tony, looking on with cool sardonic eyes as if he found Helen and Jim an amusing exhibition, also had little to say, and he was equally careful not to allow his hand or shoulder to brush Janet's.

Nevertheless they progressed, through dinner with only one awkward moment, precipitated by Helen. "It's so funny to think of my mother-in-law clerking in a store," she observed.

Anne saw Jim stiffen as if he had been shot in the back. "I mean," Helen explained with her usual bright disregard for the feelings of anyone in what she considered a mental position, "one knows saleswomen must have private lives like everyone else, only one never realises it, does one?"

It was Tony Ryan who leaned a little forward and lazily put a period to Helen's remark. "One wonders," he drawled, imitating perfectly the cool and condescending tones of her honeyed voice, "how one

ever manages to breathe the common air when one's so la-di-da."

Helen knitted her brows and stared at him. "Are you by any chance taking a crack at me, Mr. Ex-Prizefighter?"

"What do you think?" murmured Tony.

Mr. Sanders, aware of the tempest which was beginning to form about his daughter's exquisite brow, interposed with haste. "What shall we do with the rest of the evening?" he asked awkwardly.

"I want to go somewhere and dance," said Helen in a fretful manner. "I think mixed parties are a frightful bore." She reached over and pulled Jim closer. "Darling, take me where we can wait and wait in each other's arms and forget other people. They seem so unnecessary."

"I trust you don't feel like that about an orchestra," put in Tony dryly. "It's a little difficult to wait and wait without one."

Janet giggled, and Anne who had thought she would probably never smile again laughed, but Miss Helen Sanders bestowed an acid frown on Tony.

"You are no aid to my disposition," she remarked curtly.

"Isn't that just too bad?" he drawled.

They went in the end to The Golden Pheasant because it was the only reputable night club in town. There were cheap road-houses, but nothing to compare with the rocco blue and gilt of The Golden Pheasant. However, Helen said it was really dreadfully antediluvian.

"I mean," she explained, "glass tables and imitation stars in the ceiling went out, oh, years and years ago. But then one has to be in New York to keep abreast, don't you think?"

"Abreast of what?" drawled Tony. "Gangsters and so forth?"

"Really," said Helen, "you are a little sickening." She turned abruptly to Jim. "Let's dance."

Jim's arms felt peculiarly leaden when he took her into them. He could never remember a day which had left him so exhausted, both physically and mentally. He was as tired as though he had been dragged forcibly through one knothole after another when they danced off.

"Sorry," he said miserably. "I'm afraid I stepped on your toe."

"If you can't step without walking on me, perhaps we'd better sit down," she suggested coldly.

"Suit yourself," muttered Jim. "You will anyway." And they returned to their table.

The little pony chorus which had been doing a balloon dance on the stage scampered off, gayly kicking up their heels. Helen yawned and stirred restively in her chair.

"It's really too boring," she said. "I think I'd like to go."

Jim did not want to go. The presence of other people afforded some small protection. Back at the hotel there would be more kissing. She would most likely insist on sitting on his lap again. He shuddered.

"Here comes Cathy!" cried Janet excitedly. "Doesn't she look lovely?" Jim twisted about in his chair. Cathy was doing her solo specialty. It was a military routine.

She is lovely, thought Jim, she always has been. He called himself a blind, stupid fool for not having known before that Cathy was the loveliest girl in the world. She was not bronze-and-pink-and-white pretty like Helen Sanders, but the stead-

fast line of Cathy's firm chin, her level eyes, her generous droll mouth spelled beauty, beauty of soul and of character.

"Oh, Lord," thought Jim, "that's what I threw away for—for—"

He lacked the heart to conclude the sentence, but he glanced bitterly at Miss Helen Sanders who was listlessly watching the movements of Cathy's slim, lithe body.

"Isn't it queer how common stage women always are?" she drawled. "So trashy, don't you know?"

"You can't call Cathy trash," said Jim. "Not in my presence."

"Cathy?" echoed his fiancée. "My word, do you know her?"

"I'll say I do," said Jim, "and she's wonderful."

"Really? Really?" murmured Miss Helen Sanders, knitting her delicate brows.

"Yes," said Jim. "Really I know her and really she's wonderful."

Miss Sanders elevated one exquisite white shoulder, made another caustic inspection of Cathy.

Jim's eyes narrowed, but his tone was pleasant, almost conversational. "You couldn't earn a decent dime if your life depended on it," he observed. "Cathy supports herself and a baby. She and my mother work for their living, but you'll never live to be as much a lady as either of them."

"This is too much," remarked Miss Helen Sanders, rising to her feet.

Jim had also risen. "If you mean you're breaking our engagement," he said, "it's all right with me. In fact it's fine."

"Father," said Miss Helen Sanders, "will you take me away from these odious people? At once! I want to shake the dust of this hateful town off my feet. To-night!"

"Yes, Helen," murmured Mr. Clive Sanders wearily.

Silently he laid a large-sized greenback on the table beside the cheque, accepted his daughter's arm, and allowed himself to be marched out of the night club, practically by an ear.

Jim gave his shoulders a little shake as if he were freeing them of a load. "Tony, will you take Mother and Janet home when they're ready to go?" he asked. "I—I've got to see somebody."

Tony grinned. "Right-oh!"

Anne's eyes were misty, but she managed to smile. "Give Cathy my love," she said.

Jim blushed. "You would call me stupid," he said ruefully, "only, thank heaven, I can wake up."

It was after midnight when Cathy came slowly out of the employees' entrance to The Golden Pheasant. The wind was chasing ragged clouds across a large pale moon. Cathy moved as though she were very tired or deeply dejected.

"Cathy!" whispered Jim.

She started violently. He took her arm and guided her down the street. He had gone home after his fluster. He helped her gently in.

"I thought—I thought you were with—They said you were going to marry that Sanders girl," stammered Cathy.

"Did you care, Cathy?" whispered Jim.

She looked up at him and he caught his breath. "You do care!"

"Oh, Jim!"

He put his arm about her. She was trembling. She could not meet his eyes. Her lashes were wet with tears.

"I'm not going to marry anyone except you, Cathy. If you'll have me," said Jim. "I love you."

"Jim!"

"I've been blind, Cathy!" he groaned. "I almost lost you."

He drew her to him. She was shaking, like a shy, frightened child. He stooped and kissed her. Her lips were as sweet and as fresh as Danny's. There was no torment in Cathy's kisses, only ecstasy.

"Will you marry me, Cathy?" asked Jim unsteadily.

"It'd be heaven," breathed Cathy.

His arms tightened about her. "Gosh," cried Jim in a radiant voice, "am I happy!"

IT was the next night. Berenice was pacing her living-room floor when the telephone rang. She no longer leaped up to answer it. Bill had been gone almost two weeks. She knew now that he would not call, he had meant every word in his note. He never wanted to see or hear from her again.

She thought it was one of The Bunch on the telephone. They had pointedly ignored her for three days, but she flattered them by believing they would not drop her completely. However, when she picked up the receiver, it was not May or any of the others. It was Janet, in a state of excitement over the latest development in Jim's affairs.

"He and Cathy are going to be married next month and live in a bungalow on Arsenal Street! Isn't that lovely?" cried Janet and then her enthusiasm dampened. "I forgot," she said in a woebegone voice. "You don't think much of love-in-a-cottage."

Berenice met her own eyes in the mirror over the console, sombre eyes ringed with black in a pallid face. "I've changed my mind about a lot of things," she said listlessly.

Janet's voice trembled. "You sound dreary."

"I am."

Janet hesitated. "Why don't you come over? I have a date with Tony Ryan. He and his friend, Mr. Hill, are going to play Monopoly with Mother and me. It's barrels of fun. Tony and I'll come after you. It's been forever since you were here."

"Forever?" said Berenice. "It seems forever and a day."

"You'll come?"

"Have you told Mother, Janet?"

"No. You made me promise."

"Yes."

"But don't you think she ought to know?"

"I got myself into this mess, Mother and everybody tried to stop me," said Berenice. "The least I can do is not worry her with it."

"She always encouraged us to tell her things."

"That's why I'm not coming over," said Berenice. "If I saw her, I'd break down and weep all over the place."

"At least," sighed Janet, "Jim's come through with the old flying colors."

"Yes," said Berenice, "you and Jim will have to make it up to Mother for me."

After she had replaced the telephone receiver, she began again to walk the floor. There was no getting around it, she thought, her friends had ditched her like an exploded tire. She had an idea she was slated also to lose her job the first of the month.

She had had almost no rest for two weeks. She had kept going on alcohol and cigarettes and black coffee. Her thoughts, like small angry rodents, constantly nibbled at her self-control. Regret tortured her, futile regret for her birthright which she had squandered on a group of cynical acquaintances who from the first had been her enemies, never her friends.

No, she was not herself. "If only I could go to sleep and forget for a while," she whispered.

She was going to take only two tablets, she told herself. It was not as if she meant to do anything desperate. She had to have some rest. She moved slowly towards the bathroom. She kept looking over her shoulder and shivering.

"Maybe I won't take even one," she whispered. "Perhaps I'll throw them all away, empty both tubes right down the sewer, so I'll never think of them again."

She opened the medicine cabinet. Her hands rattled on the glass shelves. She picked up the first tube and poured the contents into her palm. There were only four tablets.

"Four didn't kill me before," she muttered, "and I've got to sleep."

She filled a glass with water. She put the tablets in her mouth and drank the water. She kept watching her drawn face in the mirror. She felt no different. Her brain was still crawling with thoughts. "I have to have some rest," she whispered.

She picked up the other tube. It was over half full. She emptied it jerkily into her mouth and drank more water. She had a terrible time swallowing. She kept drinking water till all the tablets were gone.

She went back into the living-room and lay down on the couch. She closed her eyes. She thought in a few moments I'll go off to sleep. Only she did not feel sleepy. Her head began to swell. It felt giddy as if it were floating away from her body.

"I'm getting a little crazy," she muttered confusedly.

She could not think clearly. She staggered to her feet and off the couch. She lurched a little when she walked as if she were drunk.

"I just want to sleep," she mumbled. It seemed to her if she could go home, back to the single bed she had had in the flat, she would be able to rest.

"I could always sleep if mother tucked me in with a kiss," she thought.

Somewhere she was going down the street. She did not remember how she got there. She could not remember anything except she had to go home to rest. Once she fell. She lay there for a minute against the kerb.

Again she staggered to her feet. After a while she was standing at the bottom of the back stairs at the flat. She sat down on the lower landing. She could scarcely get up. She was drowsy at last, terribly drowsy. She had reached the point where she could sleep anywhere and she had forgotten why she had ever thought it necessary to climb the stairs, but her sick brain clung to its fixed idea.

"Got to get to mother," she whispered and pulled herself step by step up the stair.

The screen door at the back was latched. Berenice's body was numb from feet to waist. She glanced longingly at a porch chair. Nobody would disturb her there before morning. No one ever came out on the back porch late at night. She felt that she could sleep forever.

"I'm—so—tired," she whispered and slumped to her knees and then forward onto her face.

W

HAT'S that?" exclaimed Tony Ryan.

He and Janet and her mother and Stephen Hill were playing Monopoly in the living-

room. The others stared at Tony. "I heard a noise out back," he explained.

Steve smiled. "Tony's senses are as keen as an animal's."

"They've had to be," said Tony with a grimace.

Janet frowned. "It must have been the wind."

Tony shook his head. "Not that noise."

He got to his feet. He moved lightly, like an animal whose safety had often depended on his going warily, thought Janet.

"Think I'll have a look," he said.

Anne had been uneasy all summer. She followed him. Janet and Steve after a moment's hesitation trailed along. Tony opened the screen door at the back. He stooped swiftly and gathered up what Anne had taken for a shadow on the porch.

"Berenice!" she cried.

Tony stood Berenice on her feet. "It's—all—right, Mother," she said in a slow thick voice. "I haven't been sleeping lately. I'm—so—tired. I want to sleep in my old bed."

"Dearest!" cried Anne. "You're ill."

She was shocked almost beyond endurance at Berenice's ravaged face. Berenice made a desperate effort to clear her brain of the fog which whirled through it.

"I'm just sleepy," she whispered. "I haven't had any rest in—"

"Bill's left her, Mother," faltered Janet. "Two weeks ago. She made me promise not to tell you."

Anne flinched as if she had been struck and Berenice shook her head. "Didn't want to worry you. Nobody's fault but mine. Can I go to bed now, Mother? I'm—so—sleepy."

Tears were running down Anne's cheeks. "Of course, dearest. Mother will tuck you in."

She put her arm about Berenice's sagging shoulders, steadied her stumbling feet towards the door. "You can sleep till you feel like waking up. No one shall bother you," whispered Anne tenderly.

"Wait," said Tony Ryan.

Anne glanced at him. Her face blanched at the look in his eyes. "What is it?" she gasped. "Why do you look like that?"

"I'm sorry," he said. He turned to Steve.

"Call a doctor. Call Dr. Reynolds."

"Oh, what is it?" whispered Anne.

"She—" Tony drew a long breath and shook his head. He took Berenice's arm. He began to walk her up and down the kitchen. He slapped her wrists, her hands.

"Make some strong black coffee," he said to Anne. "Hurry."

"Has she been drinking?" stammered Janet.

He shook his head again. "Take her other arm, Janet. Help me keep her moving. We mustn't let her go to sleep."

"What is it?" asked Anne again very quietly.

"She's taken something, some kind of poison."

"Oh!" Janet's voice rose to a thin scream.

"It's my fault. If I had told Mother, this wouldn't have happened. If Berenice dies, how can I forgive myself?"

"Don't do that," said Tony, speaking evenly and very positively. "We haven't time for hysterics."

Janet caught her breath. "Yes, you're right," she whispered.

"Please, Mother, make them let me alone," mumbled Berenice. "I'm—so—tired."

Anne's face was like a graven image.

"You shan't go to sleep, Berenice. We are not going to let you sleep. Do you understand? Here is the coffee, Tony."

"Prop her up, Janet. Keep flexing her arms and legs," said Tony. He glanced at Anne. "Can you help me force her teeth apart? She's clenching them."

"Yes," said Anne.

The coffee cup did not tremble in her hand, although her eyes were like death. "Heaven!" whispered Tony. "you're brave!" "Am I?" asked Anne dully. "Mothers have to be."

She pried Berenice's rigid jaws apart. Anne's hands did not flinch. She refilled the coffee cup. She forced another cupful between her child's colorless lips.

"Let—me—rest," panted Berenice.

"No," said Anne.

Berenice moaned pitifully. Tony and Janet took up their dreadful march again, half carrying, half dragging Berenice's slack body between them. Steve came back into the kitchen.

"The doctor will be here in ten minutes," he said.

"She isn't coming out of it," said Tony.

"Get ice and towels, somebody. Whip her face and neck with them."

"I'll do it," said Anne.

"I'll do it," said Anne.

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Berenice. Anne brought basins and towels and pitchers of water. The doctor worked fast. No one spoke. The only sound was Berenice's labored moaning.

After a long while the doctor stood up. Still no one spoke, but Anne's eyes were fixed on his in anguished entreaty.

"She has a chance," he said. "Thanks to your prompt action in the emergency." He glanced curiously at Tony. "Not many people would have known what to do."

"I've had a varied experience," said Tony briefly.

"If you hadn't kept her awake until I got here—" The doctor spread his hands in a helpless gesture and Anne began to tremble. "Steady," whispered Tony. "We're not over the hill yet."

"It depends on the patient's resistance," said the doctor gravely, "on whether she wants to live."

"Bill, Bill," moaned Berenice.

Anne held her close. "We've sent for Bill, dearest," she said tenderly. Berenice's wan face was transfigured. "Oh, Mother! Mother!"

"Suppose Steve doesn't find him," Janet faltered. "Suppose Bill won't come." "Bill mustn't fail me now," whispered Anne.

"Steve will bring him," said Tony.

Steve did bring Bill, a Bill whose clothes hung on him, whose face was gaunt. Berenice's eyes were closed. She did not open them when he came in. Bill dropped on his knees beside her. His lips worked, but he could not speak.

Berenice stirred feverishly. "Bill," she whispered.

He took her thin, limp hand and laid it against his cheek. "I'm here, Berenice."

She gasped and opened her eyes. "Bill!"

He put out his arms and cradled her in them. Berenice drew a great weary sigh. She looked up at him, her eyes dazed.

"I had such a dreadful dream," she whispered. "I dreamed you didn't love me any more."

Tears grooved their way in channels down Bill's haggard cheeks. "I do love you," he said. "I love you better than anything on earth."

Berenice's eyes lighted, then clouded again. "I dreamed I tried to kill myself. I thought I was going to die."

"Oh, Berenice!"

Bill was sobbing. Berenice began to tremble terribly.

"It was all a dream, Bill! It isn't true, is it? I don't want to die and leave you, Bill."

"It was just a dream, Sweet."

With a tired sigh Berenice rested her head on his shoulder. "You'll be here when—when I wake?"

"I'll always be with you, Sweet."

She fell to sleep like an exhausted child in his arms. The doctor began to gather his instruments together.

"She's—she's going to be all right, doctor!" asked Bill. "Please tell me she's going to be all right."

The doctor laid his hand kindly on Bill's thin quivering shoulder. "She'll live—for you."

Bill was crying like a baby.

"Want me to relieve you, Son?" asked Anne gently. "Your arms must be cramped."

Bill shook his head. "I want to hold her. I want to hold her like this forever."

Anne went with the doctor to the door. Janet and Tony had gone to the kitchen to make some fresh coffee.

"We all need it," Tony said.

Anne closed the front door. Everything began to go black in front of her. She bit her lips. She held onto a chair.

"I mustn't faint, I've never fainted in my life," she whispered.

"It's the reaction," murmured Steve. "The let-down after you've been so brave. I was afraid of it."

She had not known till then that he had followed her. She tried to smile.

"You—you're a very understanding person," she whispered. "And I won't—I won't faint."

She did, however. She almost fell but Steve caught her. Janet who had just come into the living-room with a tray of coffee cups would have dropped them if Tony had not taken the tray and put it on a table.

"Mother! Mother!" she wailed.

"She'll be fine in a minute," said Steve. He laid Anne on the couch. Janet was wringing her hands. Tony came swiftly across the room. He took Anne's wrists and began to chafe them. Janet clung to his arm.

"Mother! Mother!" she sobbed.

Anne opened her eyes. "I'm all right, dearest." She glanced from Janet to Tony and smiled weakly up at Steve. "I think everything's going to be all right," said Anne.

"YOU'RE really going to marry Tony Ryan?" exclaimed Norma Poole as she and Ted met Janet one morning. "Janet, it's incredible! I mean, he has so much money and all," she ended lamely.

Janet winced. "Hasn't he?"

"And he's nice, too," went on Norma, knitting her brows. "I mean, he really is."

"Yes," said Janet, wincing again.

"Tony Ryan would be a great person if he didn't have a penny," put in Ted.

He stared resentfully at Janet. "I suppose you mean he's too nice to be married for his money," she murmured.

"It's funny," said Norma, "how nearly everyone thinks he's in love with Priscilla."

"Many a good fellow has been caught on the bounce," remarked Janet bitterly.

Ted scowled. "He's worth a dozen like Gordon."

Janet shrugged her shoulders and turned away. It was no news to her that the town believed she was marrying Tony for his money, and because she had been jilted by Gordon Key. Her engagement was only five days old, but the secret had leaked out though Janet had told no one except her family. In the beginning she had not been sure that Tony intended her to take him seriously. She was not sure even yet.

She was on her way to the Bel Air to have lunch with her fiancé.

She was a little early for her appointment, nevertheless her first impulse when she saw Gordon Key on the corner outside the Bel Air was to slide him. Then she reminded herself that this moment would have to be faced some time.

"You're actually going to marry Tony Ryan," murmured Gordon, his charming face distressed. "Janet, I'm not worth your being reckless and bitter over. I mean if I've driven you into a loveless marriage, I'll never forgive myself."

Janet's chin squared. "Why should you think any such thing?"

"Everybody says you've never liked the man. They all say you're marrying him because—because—"

"You threw me down?" asked Janet. She put her hand on his arm and gave it a little shake. "For goodness sake, Gordon, I don't feel bitter about you."

She was going to add that she did not

feel anything for him at all, but something in his eyes halted her. He was staring over her shoulder and he looked odd, very odd. Janet turned and felt a little odd herself. Priscilla Leigh was sitting in her scarlet and white roadster at the kerb, and Tony Ryan had one foot on the running board, the other on the pavement. Priscilla was talking to him in her animated fashion, but his gaze was fastened on Gordon, and there was an amused grin on Tony's wide mouth.

Janet, flushing, snatched her hand from Gordon's arm and with a hurried, "I'll be seeing you," he moved rapidly off down the street.

It is exactly like Gordon to slide away from anything awkward, thought Janet. Her eyes were defiant when she strolled over to the car. "How are you, Priscilla? And you, Tony?" she murmured coolly.

Priscilla's trill of affected laughter held a malicious note. "Darling," she said, "one's supposed to be off with the old love after one's on with the new."

Janet smiled sweetly. "Don't let my love affairs get you down, Priscilla."

Priscilla colored and Tony Ryan laughed. "One up for the home team," he murmured aside to Janet. Turning he tipped his hat to Priscilla. "Sorry we can't dally. My fiancée and I have a date to go places."

Janet's cheeks were flushed as she followed Tony into the fashionable restaurant. He had telephoned ahead and made a reservation. There were flowers on the table. They were neither too near nor too far from the orchestra. A fountain played softly in the centre of the room.

Tony was smiling as he pulled out Janet's chair. "I like people with the old fighting spirit," he observed.

Janet scowled. "Priscilla always brings out my claws."

He laughed. "You are natural opposites." She glanced at him curiously. "You think so?"

"Know so." She shrugged her shoulders. "Still sure of yourself?"

He nodded, and she went on resentfully. "Sure enough to marry a girl who's supposed to be in love with another man?"

His blue eyes regarded her steadily.

"Yes."

Her heart gave a lurch under his glance. "Everyone thinks you deserve better than to be married for your money."

"I can take care of myself," said Tony Ryan.

"But then we're only having a try at being engaged, aren't we? A diamond ring doesn't make a wedding."

"Not necessarily."

She was furious. "Isn't it a bit of a farce, our engagement? Perhaps it's intended merely to serve a purpose, with Priscilla."

"Perhaps."

"We've been jilted before, you and I."

"So, they say."

"Anyway we've given the town plenty to talk about."

He smiled. "Haven't we?"

He had ordered an appetizing luncheon, but Janet was not hungry. She toyed with her food. There was a thick feeling in her throat. It seemed to have been there for weeks and weeks. She avoided looking at Tony Ryan as much as possible. His eyes disturbed her. They had from the first. She was glad when they rose from the table. She wished she could think of some legitimate excuse not to let him drive her home.

"How about a spin into the country this afternoon?" he inquired when they reached the flat.

Janet shook her head. "Sorry, Berenice and Bill are moving and I promised to help. I'll be busy till quite late."

He shrugged his shoulders. "But you will have dinner with me before the dance?"

"If you like," she said ungraciously and walked into the house.

Berenice had not been back to her apartment since her illness. She said she never wanted to see it again or anyone connected with her life there, anyone that is except Bill. It was pathetic how Berenice clung to Bill, how she could scarcely bear to let him out of her sight nor be, her. They were like small children who had had a fright and felt safe only in each other's arms.

Tony first interested Steve Hill in Bill. Steve's word carried weight in the radio world. He had Bill promoted to the script department on the local station. Steve said Bill had ideas, ideas that were needed on scenarios and advertising programmes.

"The boy's no salesman," he explained, but he'll rise and shine in the writing field if I know creative talent when I see it."

In the meanwhile, although his promotion carried a modest rise in salary, Bill and Berenice were going back to three house-keeping rooms in an old brick house which had once been somebody's handsome residence.

"We're starting all over," Berenice told Anne with a radiant smile, "but this time there will be no detours."

In the end everything was done by four o'clock. Janet decided while she had Jim's flivver to run an errand for Anne. Old Mrs. Givens who lived on a back road behind the Country Club earned her living by making patchwork quilts. Anne saved samples of materials for her. Janet went by the flat after the bundle and delivered it. Mrs. Givens was a lonely old body. She loved to talk if she had anyone to talk to. Janet hadn't the heart to tear herself away in a hurry. It was after five, the hottest time in the afternoon, when she started back to town and until it joined the highway the road was untraveled.

"Thank heaven, there's only a mile of this," she muttered, choking on the cloud of red dust she had kicked up.

She felt apprehensive about the tyres on the car. They were badly worn. Jim was tinkering for new ones. She could think of many things she would prefer to a blow-out on that particular stretch of road. It was little more than a country lane and the nearest garage was at the edge of town.

"I knew it," she exclaimed when with a slap, bang, whoosh, the left rear tyre went flat.

She climbed out, walked around to the back, and gloomily surveyed the damage. "It's gone where all good tyres go," she decided.

There was nothing alluring in the prospect of an enforced hike under the sickening caress of the August sun. She drew a breath of relief when she saw a whirl of dust approaching.

"As I live and breathe!" cried Janet. "A rescue!"

However, when the roadster slowed down beside her, her exultation took wings. "No," she muttered morosely, "there are days when you can't get a break."

"Having trouble?" inquired Gordon Key nervously.

"Oh, no," replied Janet with elaborate sarcasm. "I rip tyres to pieces for the sheer girlish fun of it."

"If I had some patching, I guess I could fix it," he murmured dubiously, "but I haven't."

"You wouldn't," muttered Janet.

"We can telephone Jim after we get to town and have him send out for the car,"

he suggested timidly. "That is, if you don't mind riding in with me."

"There doesn't seem to be any help for it," snapped Janet.

She looked the flivver and climbed in beside Gordon, ostentatiously ignoring his offer of assistance. "Of course you realise," she pointed out, "that we'll never convince anybody this wasn't pre-arranged."

He started and turned very pink. "You mean, they'll think we—er—planned it?"

She nodded bitterly and Gordon's charming face took on a perturbed expression. "I hope Tony Ryan isn't of a jealous disposition," he ventured uneasily.

Janet was enjoying the alarm on her erstwhile suitor's countenance. "What do you think?" she murmured cruelly.

Gordon shivered. "One never knows about a man like that. He—he's sort of overpowering, don't you think?"

Janet flushed. "Yes," she confessed, "he is."

Gordon's foot unconsciously bore down more heavily on the accelerator. "I wouldn't want to cause you any trouble," he faltered.

"Nor yourself," remarked Janet unpleasantly.

After all she owed Gordon a number of small, yet grueling humiliations. However, it was not Gordon's fault that just as they turned in off the dirt road, Priscilla Leigh should drive out of the Country Club grounds in her white and scarlet roadster. But it was Gordon's fault when he became excited and stalled his engine right across the highway so that neither machine could move.

"Really," murmured Priscilla, "this has all the earmarks of a tableau, the famous triangle, you know."

She began to laugh. She almost strangled on her mirth. "Excuse it," she gurgled, "but it is funny my meeting you like this."

"I'm practically dying with laughter," muttered Janet.

The car began slowly to move away. "So nice to have seen you," Priscilla called after them with a silvery mocking laugh.

"I'm positive," said Janet.

"Of course she'll tell Tony Ryan," groaned Gordon.

"Before sundown," said Janet, making a face.

Gordon mopped his perspiring brow. "I expect this has torn it."

"Yes," said Janet, "this is one of those things you can never explain."

ANNE had asked Cathy and Danny to supper that night. Anne also insisted that Berenice and Bill come back to the flat to eat. Berenice was not yet up to preparing a heavy meal. They were all gathered about the table when Janet finished dressing. She looked very lovely in white mousseline de soie, ruffled from her knees to the heels of her slender white sandals, with a tight bodice as severe as the chalice of a calla lily.

"Sit down with us, dearest, and have a glass of tea," urged Anne. "They never serve dinner at the club till eight."

"Tony will be along in a minute," she said and frowned.

Anne smiled. "You can always depend on that one."

Janet shrugged her shoulders. "He's got you wound about his finger like everybody else," she said crossly. "It isn't fair."

Bill bent anxiously over Berenice. "Tired, Sweet?" he asked tenderly.

Berenice laid her cheek against his hand. "A little."

"Run on, you two," said Anne with a smile. "I shan't be alone. Steve Hill is coming by to take me to a talkie."

The doorbell rang and Janet, coloring painfully, started to her feet. "There's Tony," she exclaimed and added hurriedly, "I'll be seeing you."

She did not ask Tony in. She merely nodded and turned towards the stair. Neither of them spoke until they were in the car.

"I hear you had a flat this afternoon," he drawled.

That Priscilla had supplied him with a lurid account of the incident, Janet did not doubt, but neither his tone nor his expression betrayed what he was thinking.

She stared at him defiantly. "Yes," she said, "I did."

"Too bad," murmured Tony and let it go at that.

He would, thought Janet rebelliously.

Most of their crowd were having dinner at the club prior to the dance. They had arranged to sit together at one long table. Having retired to the dressing-room to remove her short evening cape of yellow organdie, Janet came upon Norma Poole in the process of powdering her nose. Apparently Priscilla had spread her story broadcast. At least Norma had heard a highly spiced version of the affair.

"Whatever possessed you, Janet?" she demanded. "I mean, when you're fresh engaged to a perfect prince like Tony Ryan, why did you have to pull this idiotic stunt with Gordon? It's absolutely too thin, for you two to come dragging in out of the hedgerows and the byways, looking like sheep-killing dogs, babbling about flat tyres and things."

"Gordon babbled," said Janet brusquely. "I haven't said a word. What's the use?"

"What do you suppose Tony thinks?"

"Only Heaven and Tony know," remarked Janet with a grimace.

"Ted says," continued Norma indignantly, "that if you prefer a weak dither like Gordon Key to a he-man like Tony, you deserve to lose him. Tony, I mean."

Janet's voice had a muffled sound. "Skip it, Norma. I'm not in the humor."

Norma went right on regardless. "You're simply playing into Priscilla's hands," she said bitterly. "Maybe she's telling the truth when she claims to have turned Tony down once. But if so, she's changed her mind."

"Do tell," murmured Janet with a metallic laugh.

"If you ask me, she's all set to lift him off your hands."

"I didn't ask," said Janet shortly.

"You're too splendid, Jan, to be left in the lurch a second time," insisted Norma.

Janet felt as though she were being massaged with briars. She murmured something unintelligible and fled. Her cheeks were scarlet, her hands icy, and it did not improve her state of mind when she walked into the lounge and confronted Priscilla in the act of caressing a small red rosebud in the lapel of Tony Ryan's coat.

"So sorry," said Janet. "Didn't mean to intrude."

She fled for the second time, walked blindly out upon the screened verandah which ran across the side of the clubhouse. The sun had set in a riot of violent colors. Janet advanced unsteadily to the end of the porch. Not until she had bumped into him, did she realise that she had cornered Gordon.

"Yes," she said sadly, "it would be you. Life's like that."

He gave her a dejected look. "You were right, Janet, about everybody thinking that we—er—that we—"

"Yes," said Janet wearily. "I know exactly what everybody thinks."

"If you ask me," he said, "Priscilla's dying to break up your engagement."

"I haven't asked anybody anything," declared Janet with fervor.

"Maybe, since Priscilla wants him back, Ryan will be glad to get out of it," volunteered Gordon.

Janet winced. "You believe in encouraging a feller, don't you?"

Gordon looked startled. "You aren't in love with Tony Ryan, are you, Janet?" he exclaimed incredulously.

Janet could feel her heart flinch. "Certainly I'm not in love with Tony Ryan!" she cried. "Love's something we've never discussed."

Gordon made a distracted gesture, and Janet turned abruptly. Tony stood at her elbow, his lips parted in a lazy grin.

"So sorry," he murmured, imitating the tone which Janet had employed upon him a short while before. "Don't mean to intrude, but everybody's going in to dinner, and," he gave Gordon a glance that made him squirm, "I've a yen to be with my fiancée. I'm funny that way. If you can bring yourself to spare her for a minute, Key, it will be all right by me."

GORDON was already fading from the scene, making small croaking sounds in his throat. Tony looked at Janet and smiled. "I haven't made love to you, have I?" he drawled.

Janet's cheeks flamed. "I'm starved. Shall we eat?"

"Sure," said Tony Ryan. Janet was not starved. She could not even put up a pretence at eating. If Tony noticed, he gave no sign, his attention being forcibly engaged elsewhere. Priscilla had managed to seat herself beside him. She completely ignored Gordon, who was her escort and monopolised Tony. She chattered and giggled and every so often dramatised her humorous sallies by small affectionate pats on Tony's hand or arm, and once on his cheek.

Janet's friends glared at Priscilla and then bestowing commiserating glances on Janet. "It's sickening," muttered Myra as they were leaving the table. "I mean, it really is. I have yet to see what's-his-name, Tony, go out of his way for Priscilla Leigh, but I suppose she'll bring down her man. That kind always does."

"I suppose so," murmured Janet miserably.

The orchestra had not arrived, somebody turned on the radio. Priscilla wriggled her shoulders and snapped her fingers. "That music's too smooth to waste," she announced. "How's for dancing, Tony?"

She held out her arms. Tony did not appear to notice. "Want to dance, Janet?" he asked.

He did dance beautifully. Janet had never denied him that compliment. You felt safe in his arms, she thought. He was so big and strong and his muscles always behaved exactly as he wished them to. She sighed, and glanced up into his face to find him smiling down at her.

"I gotta girl, gotta girl," hummed Tony along with a crooner on the radio. "Got the sweetest girl alive."

"That was perfect," said Tony Ryan, and sounded a bit breathless.

Priscilla skated across the floor. "Tony, show me how to do the Lindbergh hop. You promised."

Janet, felling a little giddy, turned away. Ted came up to her. He was scowling.

"Anyway, your friends will rally around," he said.

Janet's friends did rally around, but that

failed to help a great deal. She stood it for two dances, and then she knew she could not watch Priscilla's determined pursuit of Tony Ryan another minute without going into hysterics. Biting her lips Janet made for the wide open spaces.

There was no moon. The sky might have been black taffeta, worked with tiny silver stars. A damp breeze, perfumed with newly cut hay, fanned Janet's flushed cheeks as she came down the verandah steps. The swimming-pool was edged with a concrete walk, not very wide. Janet set her teeth and marched around and around it, trying to bring some order out of the chaos of her thoughts.

"There's no use sticking your head under like a silly ostrich," she told herself desperately. "You're crazy about him. I guess you have been all along."

Her eyes were stormy with tears. She neither then nor later saw the wet bathing suit which had been left on the edge of the pool. Something wet and clammy wrapped itself about her ankle. She thought of snakes, screamed wildly, missed her footing, and plunged straight towards the water.

"Janet!"

A hand closed about her wrist and jerked her back to the concrete walk. Still off balance, Janet clutched frantically at her rescuer. His arms went about her and clung.

"Janet, darling!" cried Gordon.

This is too much, thought Janet. It seemed to her that Gordon had been in her hair all day and that if she never saw him again, it would be too soon.

Gordon was trembling. "I haven't had a happy minute since I lost you," he declared. "It was all Mother's fault. Oh, Janet, you've got to take me back. I'll never amount to anything without you."

"Please, don't, Gordon."

"You can't have got over loving me, Janet! Please say you haven't."

Janet was trying vehemently to say that any lukewarm affection she may once have possessed for Gordon had long since dissipated into thin air, but she could not produce the words, because Gordon, swept out of himself at last, was kissing her with an abandon which Janet found peculiarly revolting.

"Gug," she said, trying to repossess her lips.

"If you have no objection, Key," murmured a cool, self-contained voice behind them. "I'll do all the kissing my fiancée requires."

Gordon, with a violent start, dropped his arms. Janet, still unable to say anything except "Gug," drew her hand in a scrubbing motion across her lips. Gordon had retreated a few steps, but suddenly he threw his usual caution to the wind.

"Janet was mine before we ever heard of you," he stammered.

Tony Ryan turned and looked at him. "Seet!" he remarked pleasantly.

Gordon hesitated, eyed the set of Tony's jaw, and then suddenly and ignominiously scatted. Tony looked at Janet. There was a gleam in his blue eyes which terrified her.

"As you reminded me, I haven't made love to you," he said. "I haven't even kissed you. This is to correct the oversight."

He swept her into his arms. He held her as if she were a small helpless kitten. He kissed her not once, but three times, as thoroughly as he did everything else, and Janet realised that she had known nothing in the world about being kissed, not the way Tony Ryan kissed a girl.

"I trust that's satisfactory," he murmured.

I hate him, thought Janet, and I love him. She was a snarl of complex emotions. Even

her knees buckled under her, but, like Gordon, she had just strength enough to run away. In the dressing-room she cried furiously for ten minutes, then she washed her face, repowdered her nose, painted a fresh smile on her lips, and came down the stairs, the light of battle in her eyes.

"He shan't get by with this," she told herself passionately.

She was humming "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" when she passed the small trophy-room at the back of the hall. Janet did not mean to snoop. The door was slightly ajar. It was purely involuntary, her glance inside. Then for a moment she could not move or speak, she could only go on staring at Tony Ryan's back. Over his shoulder Priscilla's eyes met Janet's. Priscilla's arms were tightly wound about Tony's neck.

Janet could no more have heiped what she did next than she could have stopped breathing. Drawing the glittering diamond off her finger, she flung it in Tony's general direction.

"Catch!" she said. "You bought it for her anyway."

And then she turned and walked out the front door. She was past connected thinking, but she had no intention of remaining anywhere in the vicinity of Priscilla Leigh and Tony Ryan. It was six blocks from the Country Club entrance to the nearest trolley through a subdivision which had never been developed. In the day the neighborhood was more forlorn than otherwise, having been abandoned to tall weeds and rubbish. At night it had a sinister quality.

It seemed to her she had been stumbling along for years, choking down her sobs, when she heard a car coming down the gravelled road behind her. Her first instinct was to hide in the underbrush, anything to escape curious eyes. She was too late, however. The glaring headlights of Tony Ryan's powerful black-and-silver roadster impaled her like a bedraggled butterfly on a pin.

"Nice night for a walk," he remarked, bringing the machine to an abrupt halt six feet away.

HE rummaged in his pocket, found a cigarette, lit it, and lowered himself lazily to the ground. Janet stared at him with bitter resentment, humiliatingly conscious of her tear-stained cheeks, of her quivering lips.

"You know," he observed idly. "I believed your explanation about this afternoon and I didn't hold you responsible for being caught in the boy-friend's arms to-night?"

"Didn't you?" asked Janet in a stifled voice.

He grinned. "I've never from the start been able to think of that bird as a rival."

"Not?"

"It would take somebody more naive than I to imagine a swell girl like you in love with that plush rabbit."

"You flatter me," murmured Janet feebly. "All the evidence of your fidelity to the contrary, you never were in love with him, were you?"

"N-no."

He laughed. "You might have given me the benefit of the same doubt."

She would not look at him. "What do you mean?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I've seen a thousand girls like Priscilla Leigh. If I'd been going to fall for the empty-headed siren, I'd have done so years ago."

"But—"

"Priscilla tried to stampede me into marriage," he said, and grinned. "But if she

HEARTS WALKING

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.

were the last woman on earth, I wouldn't have her, so help me."

"Aren't you forgetting I've just seen her in your arms?" demanded Janet furiously.

"That scene was stage-managed. Priscilla heard you singing in the hall. I was merely the stooge to support her act."

"But—"
"I determined years ago to have the best for myself. Do I strike you as the sort of fool who could be deceived about the quality of a girl like Priscilla?"

"I—I—"
"You called me a realist once. I am in a way. I've had to be. But I have my dreams." He smiled wryly. "If you'd bother to pry under surfaces, you'd probably discover that I am a realist with idealistic trimmings. In any case you're the only woman I ever asked to be my wife."

"How can you expect me to believe that when you've been pursuing Priscilla Leigh all summer?" cried Janet, burning with indignation.

"At the risk of sounding inauspiciously egotistic, I shall have to tell you that I've never pursued Priscilla. I simply allowed her to pursue me as long as it suited my purpose." He laughed. "Priscilla made an effective smoke screen, you'll admit."

"I must be dense."
His voice was no longer quite so self-possessed. "I never have been eloquent. I take mine out in action. However, I made up my mind to marry you the first time I saw you."

"Oh!" gasped Janet.
"You were defending your mother, remember? You said you never had been able to be flippant about her. My mother worked, too, Janet. She worked herself into an early grave, taking care of me. I've never been able to feel flippant about that, either. When I stood there in the doorway and looked at you, something in my heart clicked. I knew then you were what I'd been looking for."

"But you've paid me no attention!"
He smiled. "I haven't made a move since that day except in your direction."
"Priscilla!" Janet reminded him in choked accents.

YOU were so determined to despise me. I never could have got within speaking distance if you hadn't believed that Priscilla had me hobbled."

"You deliberately led me to—to think—"

Tony Ryan grinned. "I had to come up on your blind side," he said. "It's an old pugilistic stratagem. Point with your right, bring up your left in an undercut."
"Oh!" cried Janet furiously. "And now I am supposed to take the count in your arms?"

"Well," said Tony. "I could bear it."
"Don't you think I have any pride?" she blazed.

"You've been batting me over the head with it since June," he reminded her with a rueful grin.

"I hate you!" she cried.

It was then the owl screamed, in a bush about a foot from Janet's ear. She did not know it was a screech owl, calling to its mate. She heard something ghastly, shrieked, and tumbled into Tony's arms. Tony had ever been equal to his opportunities. He may not have been an adept at vocal love making, but in action he was splendid, overpowering as Gordon would have said.

"Precious!" whispered Tony, holding her very close, so close she could hear the wild pounding of his heart against her chest.

"Oh, Tony!" whispered Janet.

He kissed her, so tenderly she trembled and then so fiercely she could not get her breath.

"I adore you!" she cried.

"Sure," said Tony Ryan in a husky voice and kissed her again.

ANNE and Stephen Hill had returned from the movies. They were on her front porch. The light from within the living-room faintly illumined Anne's sensitive face as she stood by one of her window-boxes, absently plucking dead leaves from a tall spike of salmon-colored gladioli.

"You worry about your babies," she said slowly. "From this day they are born, you're never free of your responsibility for them. You waken in the dead of night and you can't go back to sleep. The dark's peopled with all the dire things which might happen to your offspring. Most of your troubles never happen, but you can't be sure they won't, not late at night. Even in broad open daylight sometimes you can't forget the bugbears. After all, other women's children go wrong."

"Yours won't, Anne," said Steve Hill. "You put your own steel into the sword of their spirit. While the tempered blade may bend under pressure, it springs back to form."

She drew a long breath. "I do think they're safe now, don't you?"

"Yes."
"And I feel," sighed Anne, "for the first time in twenty-five years almost totally unnecessary. As if—as if I'd completely outlived my usefulness."

He put his hand over hers. "Not to me."

She colored. "I—I—"
At that moment Janet burst into the hall, closely followed by Tony. "Mother!" she cried, her voice radiant. "Tony and I—We—He and I—"

She blushed furiously. Her tongue failed her. She could not put her happiness into words, but her eyes proclaimed it as Tony's arm tightened about her.

"I take it," said Steve Hill with a chuckle, "you have discovered that you are madly in love with Tony, Janet, and he with you."

"Are we supposed to be surprised?" murmured Anne, laughing softly.

Janet stared at them in ludicrous amazement. "You suspected?" she stammered. Anne smiled. "Dearest, you probably can't imagine, but I was once in love myself. The symptoms are universal."

"Oh, Mother!" cried Janet. "I'm so happy."

Anne's heart smote her. This was the riptide of Janet's life. It must not be shadowed by anything.

"Dearest," she said, "I'm delighted that you are marrying Tony, delighted Jim's marrying Cathy. You must not think I feel sad or deserted. There are any number of things I want to do which I never had the chance to do with three children tied to my apron-strings."

"Really?" murmured Janet doubtfully.

"Really," insisted Anne. "I'll read all the books I never had time to read. Probably I'll learn to play a successful game of contract at last. Maybe I'll go to Biloxi on my next vacation. It sounds like the very place in which to relax from one's responsibilities."

Janet's distressed face was slowly clearing. "You—you won't be so tied down with responsibility now that you've got us all off your hands?"

"No," said Anne gaily. "I'll be like an old sheepdog without any sheep to distract him. Probably I'll feel terribly light-headed and frisky, quite frivolous, I don't doubt."

Janet squeezed her hand. "You've got a lot of good times to catch up on."

"Watch me catch up," said Anne with a blithe smile.

Janet's sun had reappeared from behind the clouds. "Isn't life lovely?" she cried.

Anne did not hesitate. "Yes," she said.

Tony smiled at her. "I want to see Jim. I've got some new business for him." He turned to Janet. "Let's get over to his office before he starts after Cathy."

"All right," said Janet moving towards the door. On the threshold she paused. "Coming with us, Steve?"

Tony caught her hand and hurried her out. "I'll pick you up when I come back, Steve," he called over his shoulder.

Tony put his arm about Janet's shoulders and raced her down the stairs. "Give the man a break," he said, kissing her startled mouth.

"Tony, you can't mean!" she cried.

"Sure," said Tony Ryan with a grin.

"But it doesn't make sense!"

"If you can think of two nicer people, I give up," said Tony. "I'd bank my last nickel on either of them."

"I know, but I never dreamed that he—"

—that Mother—that they—"

Tony kept one hand on the wheel, his other arm tightened about Janet. "Steve came down here for three days. Just dropped off between trains, didn't even bring another suit. He had to wire for a change because it was his oldest suit at that. Why do you think he's been hanging around for weeks and weeks? Missing thousand-dollar engagements on the radio?"

"He's in love with Mother?" gasped Janet.

"Head over heels!"

Janet felt a stab of jealousy. "But Mother—"

—it seems so funny to think of her—

—of her being sweethearty and all that."

Tony laughed. "You wouldn't begrudge her a little of our happiness, would you?"

he whispered and kissed Janet until she

clung to him in a tremble.

"No," said Janet breathlessly. "I could never begrudge Mother anything."

Back on Anne's dim front porch, Steve

put out his hand and took hers. "Of course

you know I've been biding my time," he said

softly.

Anne's heart gave a start. "You are a

very understanding person."

"Life isn't over for you, Anne," he said, "or

for me."

Her eyes fell before the blaze in his.

"Isn't it, Steve?"

"I love you."

She thought of another who had spoken

those words, the mate of her youth.

"I think," said Steve, "if you'll let your-

self, you could love me, too."

"Not as I loved him."

"We love no two people alike, Anne. You

don't bear the same affection towards your

three children, yet you love them all."

"Yes."

"The spring is not the autumn, though

each is a beautiful season."

"Yes."

"You will let me teach you that for you

and me life can begin all over again after

forty, Anne?"

Her smile was a little tremulous, but

very lovely. "Yes, Steve—dear," whispered

Anne, blushing exquisitely as he stooped and

kissed her.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and

have no reference to any living person.)

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